THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 18, '09 — 5cts. THE COPY

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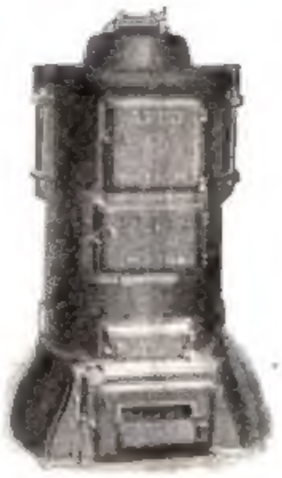

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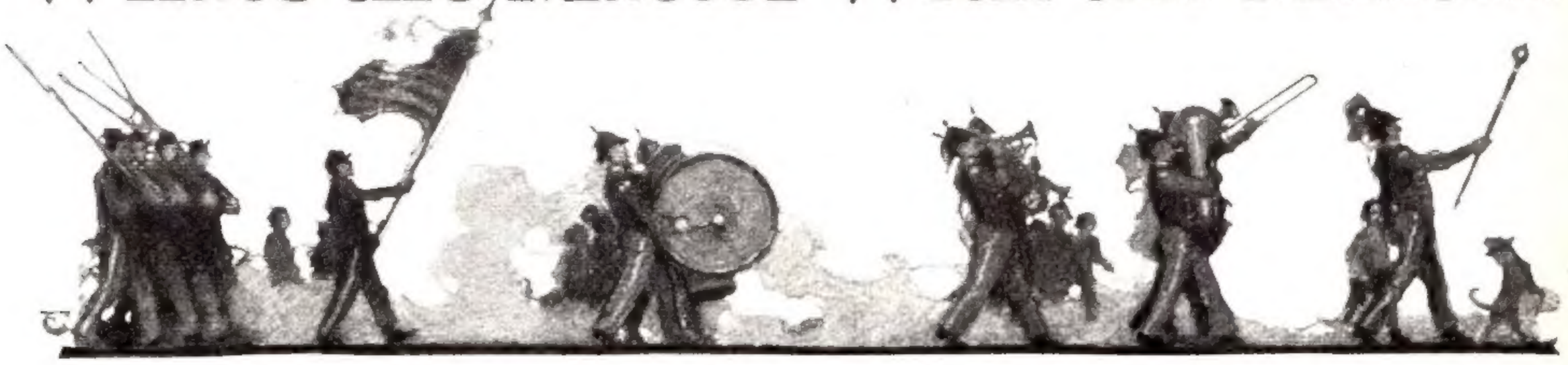
What's the Matter With the Militia?



By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

"AT ONE hundred yards! At the enemy! Ready! Aim! Company, fi-yire!"

From behind the stone wall came the awe-inspiring crash of blank cartridges shot from guns whose sights were set at all ranges from pointblank to one thousand yards, and whose wind gauges showed everything from an Eastern gale to a dead calm and on to a Western cyclone.

But the Red major of the Umpty-ump N. G. N. J., who had forgotten to put out an advance guard, did not know this. He was coughing so hard that his brains rattled; but now he bit his lip as he realized that he had marched into a trap. The discrepancy in the range was equally unknown to his exultant captor, the captain of Company Q of the 26th Blue Massachusetts, who had crawled his soggy men across a potato field and had one eye on the old farmer with the pitchfork, who was threatening to take him in the rear.

The umpire rode up to the Red commander and cried:

"Major, fifteen of your leading company are dead."

The slain marched back to the camp in disgust. They did not want to be dead. They had already been killed twice on account of their major's carelessness.

When they reached camp they were sorry they were not dead, for there was nothing to eat there, thanks to a commissary who had been used to getting his meals by telephone from the delicatessen. And their shelters, mere canvas kennels for water spaniels, were so full of rain that they were more like tubs than tents.

Every man in the regiment had shoes full of blisters, legs full of rheumatism, backs full of lumbago, and lungs full of pneumococci. Everything was full of something except their stomachs.

And this is known as Manœuvers: Fall Manœuvers.

They have been having some of them recently in Massachusetts, and the principal lesson has been that though the city of Boston is indefensible—in a military sense—the climate may be relied upon to protect it. In Holland they open the dikes; in Boston they open the heavens. And the country has been treated to the spectacle of some sixteen thousand men taking the mud cure for patriotism.

The history of the country should have saved all this pother. For the first campaign of the Revolution showed that while foreigners can easily get into Boston, they move out again of their own accord. Did not the British evacuate the city even though Mr. George Washington had no ammunition? Did they ever go back? Did they not sail to New York and stay there till long after the war was over?

The mimic war for Massachusetts has taught many people many lessons. But it seems to me that the chief lesson has been overlooked, namely, that the lessons should be learned otherwise. This is especially true of the militia, who were supposed to be the ones most to benefit.

The Conversational Method Applied to War

OUR militia has always been a dubious and disappointing, and often a disastrous force. Its history is mainly so sad that it is omitted from the schoolbooks or blandly lied about.

Incidentally, I use the word militia in its popular sense. Technically, every capable male citizen who reaches the age of eighteen joins the militia willy-nilly and remains in it till he passes forty-five, if he ever does.

The organized force is strictly the National Guard, but it seems impossible to force the distinction on the public.

Incidentally, also, let me say that I wish to emphasize my firm belief that the National Guard, as it is, is far better than it ever was, and gets better every day; that it is better than any one has a right to expect it to be, and is so much better than none at all that the country would be in a sad way indeed without it. Officers and men are to be credited with a high sense of patriotic duty and with a readiness to make great sacrifices of time, toil and money.

But the trouble with the National Guard, as I see it after more than ten years of service in it, is not a matter of detail; it is a radical and pervading defect. It ought to be reformed from the root up, and it could be with no further outlay of time or money—indeed, with less of each. In a word, the National Guard is on the wrong track. It is trying to learn the wrong things in the wrong place. It is trying to master an infinite subject, and getting only a smattering of it—and at that it is getting the wrong smattering.

Its plight is like this: Jones is going to Paris in a month to spend a week. He wants to learn French enough, outside office hours, to get along without starving. He goes to Professor Know-It-All. The professor starts him on memorizing the irregular verbs and insists on his mastering the subjunctives and the accent, the question of aspirates and the intricate idioms of *en* and *y*. At the end of the month Jones can conjugate *être* and *avoir*, but he hasn't the faintest idea of how to ask for a baked potato or how to pay for it if he gets it by pointing. If he had gone to old Horace Globetrotter he would have been told: "Hang the grammar, especially the subjunctives; don't mind your accent, but learn as many practical phrases as you can. Learn these tables of money and cab fares, and don't forget to lift your hat to the John Darms."

The National Guard is now at last, as it ought to be, a part of the national defense and within reach of a Presidential summons; and it is trying hard to learn the art of war. General Forrest, who had never a subjunctive, but was a love of a fighter, said that the art of war was "getting the mostest there fustest."

The art of war is this and a lot more; it has a deal to do with shooting straight, avoiding sore feet and stomach-ache, and keeping from dying outside battle hours.

Lessons in Getting Wet and Shivering

THE National Guard, however, is set to work, in the pitifully small time it has, learning subjunctives and the niceties of accent. If you drop into any armory on a drill night you will see the men devoting their little while to draping the rifle across their persons, as precisely as possible, in a number of more or less ornamental poses, and to forming lines and columns in a number of highly-ingenious ways that please the young women in the gallery more or less.

But so far as I can find in actual war the soldiers advance individually, taking cover behind whatever best offers itself, and carrying the gun almost any old way except when it is being fired, in which case the butt of it is inserted into the shoulder and the muzzle is pointed up, down or on the bias, according to the position of the man across the way.

Of recent years, it is true, an increasing attention has been paid to extended-order drill and what they call "normal attack," but it is managed in a way to give it the minimum of value.

To supply the vitally important elements of training, portions of the National Guard are now and then invited to join and amuse the regular army in its occasional outdoor manœuvers. There are about one hundred and fifteen thousand men in the whole Guard of the country. The vast majority of these never get near the manœuvers. Those who are chosen are called to a period of far more privation than profit.

What benefit accrues, then, reaches only a minute fraction of the force, and at a cost of money and suffering out of all proportion to the instruction. The ordeal is, in fact, likely to be wantonly cruel and more disgusting than inspiring.

This is not the wail of mollycoddling or crybabyism. He is indeed a poor citizen who would object to wet feet for his country's sake. But he is also a poor citizen who is willing to risk his life and health wallowing in dirt and writhing in pain for the sake of learning what he could learn better in comfortable, sanitary and sane surroundings.

Surely it takes no practice to lie down in a mud puddle, stick a gun barrel through a wet bush and fire a blank cartridge at nothing in particular. It takes no practice to shiver all night in wet clothes, with insufficient cover, and to rise when the bugle blows at daybreak; it takes no practice to gulp chunks of bread and pints of that field swill they call coffee.

Surely one can assume in a soldier an ability to climb a stone wall or a rail fence, to plod through mire and sand and to do his utmost to keep from being left behind alone,

however much his wet shoes gride his howling flesh or his musket grows in weight on his aching shoulder.

These things, so far as I can see, were the only things the private did at the late manœuvers. Nobody knows how much ammunition he would have wasted if he had had it, for blank cartridges tell no tales of unattended sights or of slovenly aim. And there was no test of mettle, for even the most poltroon of troops are willing to charge a gang of fellow-citizens pointing popguns at them. The umpires complained that many officers refused to surrender even though the enemy ought to have annihilated them. But, as I read history, that is the way battles are usually won. Some blamed fool refuses to admit that he is licked and captures *de facto* his captor *de jure*. And then again sometimes he doesn't.

The war of August, 1909, round Boston, was fought, unluckily, during weather of such outrageous violence that the main thought of the soldiers must have been far more on their distant homes and their immediate pangs than on the minutiæ of tactics. The soldiers were mainly city men, and they mainly left their overcoats and extra blankets behind them, for they could not foresee a temperature of fifty-nine degrees and a record-breaking deluge in August.

As one writer put it:

Our gallant defenders have reached such a frappéd state of mind that they can't talk of anything but firesides and hot soup and other elements foreign to warfare. One troop of the Blue army is reported to have seen a sign on one of the country roads near Beverly:

"Hot soup, chops and coffee like mamma couldn't make."

"Come on!" said the captain bitterly. "It's only a device of the dastard foe!"

Sleeping in Puddles

WE TEND to look on the lighter side of these things, but there is a serious side in stories like these:

At Cemetery Hill the engagement was fought in a pouring rain with the troops lying flat for hours in two inches of water. Last night the rain began to come down in sheets. Where the two opposing armies had pitched their camps green soldiers lay down to sleep in pools of water and sentries felt the swashing of their feet in waterlogged shoes.

When reveille had sounded this morning and the troops had climbed out of their rubber blankets sodden with the wet and stiff with cold it was to get a hasty breakfast, then break camp and prepare for the march. Their camping places were swamps and everything that the shivering militiamen touched was dripping with moisture. In the teeth of the driving rain tents had to be struck, commissary wagons packed and the girth of the whole army tightened for the struggle impending. The word passed around from lip to lip that real fighting and swift action were to be the program. That made wet blankets seem lighter and put snap into the aching bones.—New York Sun.

The line of march was over roads that, so far as the depth of mud was concerned, turned out to be the worst yet encountered by the Red army; and it must be remembered that the fine state roads had been tabooed by General Bliss from the moment actual hostilities began. The road was very hilly and some of the big army wagons were stalled for hours at a time before the combined efforts of men and mules could get them over the inclines. Added to the trouble of the teamsters was that of the men who had been detailed to accompany the supply trains. Many of these were suffering from sore feet and exposure, and all along the line of advance were to be seen little squads of exhausted ones who had been compelled to fall out for recuperative purposes.

There is some apprehension felt for the health of the men, as their only protection at night is the little shelter tents, which are just big enough for two men to crawl inside and are not more than two or three feet high. The men are compelled to sleep on the ground, and three times as many blankets as are now available could be used by the drenched thousands. The Kilpatrick, which is anchored off Fair Haven, has been designated as a hospital ship.—New York Times.

There is much sickness today among the New York men. Numbers of the First Signal Corps, the First, Second and Third Batteries, and the Essex Troop of New Jersey were thoroughly soaked in yesterday's rain, the New York men being without any blankets or overcoats.

Last night was a most trying one on the militiamen in camp. The rain fell in torrents and the earth was soaked like a cedar swamp. Only a few of the soldiers passed the night under their small shelter tents. Every barn, shed and house within a radius of six miles of General Pew's headquarters was filled with militiamen. The soldiers did not insist on clean, comfortable beds in which to sleep; all they desired was a shelter from the cold, penetrating downpour, and they stretched out on the soft haymows and hard floors.—New York Globe.

WHITMAN, MASS., August 19.—The mimic war waged in southeastern Massachusetts ended at noon today. The hardships brought on by the terrible weather caused General Wood and his staff of umpires to call a halt. Pneumonia is more to be feared than death by gunshot.

The roads for miles were littered with stragglers. Some had their shoes off, some were sleeping under the shade trees and some were stealing rides with the sightseers on the chance of running across their comrades somewhere along the route. What is more, the Blues knew that they were beaten. That knowledge took the spirit out of their efforts to make head against the Reds.—New York Evening Sun.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., August 19.—Connecticut troops returning from the Boston war game are exhausted to the point of prostration by their experiences before Boston. Nearly all have taken to their beds and will require many days to recover from the heavy colds, the blistered feet and the muscle bruises. William Farren, of the New Haven Grays, said today that the suffering of the Nutmeg State troops was universal and severe. He said:

"Two days in the heavy rain from six o'clock in the morning to six o'clock at night made every soldier look like a drowned rat. The Grays found so many of their company completely prostrated that they hired a house, and it was soon packed from cellar to dome with members of the company who were ill. Others, unable to march longer, begged quarters in hotels and houses and were cared for there. We passed Company A, of Waterbury, and learned that they had not had a mouthful from Monday morning till Tuesday noon. Many of this company dropped out through sheer starvation. The horses of Cavalry Troop A of this city had no water or food and many of them suffered so badly from lack of food that they had to be shot. Only once on the entire trip were we able to get enough water to fill our canteens. All the wells along the line of march were dry. While we were on the transport Meade we were given hardtack that was full of worms, and the coffee was unfit to drink."—New York Times.

The toll of disease will never be known. We are still paying pensions to men whose constitutions never recovered from the Civil War. The Boston campaign should be called the Massachusetts Microbe Manœuvers.

The only thing that prevented wholesale loss by pneumonia and its kin was the violence of the exercise. But this meant all the more distress of mind and muscle. Only those who have been overmarched in bad country can know the anguish of body and the misery of soul the fagged-out soldier endures. The real symbol of war ought not to be any of your helmets and glaves, crossed swords or muskets, but a pair of socks full of blood and blister-water, with pieces of skin stuck to them, and the camp miles away over rocky hills.

The real meaning of the recent manœuvers, then, is that several thousand civilians of ages from young to middling were called out of their offices and shops, their houses and flats, their street cars and subways, their dining-rooms and restaurants, and for a number of days subjected to a life of such hardships as few armies in the field have often to undergo. They endured every distress of war except terror, wounds, death, and the pangs of defeated patriotism. They were spared these, it is true; but, on the other hand, they lacked the support of patriotism and the spur of necessity.

Afterward they were sent back to their offices, shops, flats and street cars to develop the germs of pneumonia, typhoid and dysentery at their leisure. This meant to many of them the only vacations they would have during the year.

They had learned a great deal, it is true. But the very importance of what they had learned is a greater argument for their not learning it in that way.

Furthermore, to repeat, they alone learned these vital things, while the main body of the Guard stayed at home and learned nothing to add to what they acquired in the armories. And I maintain that what our Guardsmen learn in the armories—those enormously expensive armories—is nine-tenths of it useless, or worse than useless—dangerous. The useful one-tenth could be learned better and quicker in other ways.

In real war hardships must be met as in manœuvers. But in real war soldiers enlist for a campaign, spend a period in camp and become inured to hardships gradually. Even then they perish like flies; because soldiers take cold, soldiers are fair prey for germs, soldiers get rheumatism, typhoid, what not. But it is for a cause. They have to be there chasing an enemy or keeping him out of the towns and farms of the people.

Manœuvers may be necessary, desirable; but their chief value is the opportunity they give the majors, colonels and brigadiers to practice what they have no other chance to practice, and the opportunity they give the staff to experiment with the actual feeding, housing, transportation and medical care of armies.

For their sakes mobs of dreary citizens are brought out and moved here and there like mute chessmen on a board as big as may be. The soldiers learn many things, too; but they are things that ought to be taught in the armory, under conditions that are not cruel, but advantageous and more far-reaching.

Before this is to be accomplished a revolution in National Guard practice must take place.

The Radical Faults of the System

THE radical defect of the present training in the National Guard is that it is patterned on that of the regular army, whose whole schooling it attempts to cover in miniature.

But the regular army lives in barracks near large parade grounds under discipline twenty-four hours of the day and three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, and it has frequent experience of actual war conditions in the colonies and against the Indians.

The National Guard is made up of busy men earning their livings elsewhere, most of them with home duties and with a natural craving and need for diversion outside office hours. Drilling once a week for a few months in the winter, a biennial week in camp, an annual trip to a rifle range and a few parades constitute their military life.

It is useless to expect to increase the amount of service. Officers of the Guard know that it is exceedingly difficult to make their men attend drills regularly, as it is. The very citizens who are intelligent enough to make good soldiers are intelligent enough to be too busy and ambitious to waste much time at the armory, and intelligent enough to realize the futility of most of the training.

And I repeat that most of the time at the armory is wasted. Bear in mind, I do not blame the Guard for this. It is bettering itself every year. But it gets its orders from higher up. It is ordered to drill its men according to the book.

The book is better than it used to be. Dozens of complex follies we used to be taught are omitted or simplified. Still, the book of infantry drill regulations is

too much for the Guard to master, and if it were mastered the result would be futility. It is a volume of over two hundred pages, or about eighty thousand words; and the ideal officer is supposed to repeat most of it verbatim. In instructing his men, if he paraphrases he is lost. The officers study hard and the examinations are stiff nowadays, but they have little leisure left for branching out, as they should, into real battle problems, war history and the ingenuities of strategy.

But this book of infantry drill regulations, which is the Law and the Prophets to the Guard, is only the primer, the A, B, C of military work. It tells a vast amount about the different ways of carrying the rifle, but contains practically not a hint of rifle construction, care, repair or shooting. This book teaches nothing of guard duty. It teaches nothing of military hygiene, of trench-digging, of subsistence or transportation, of riot duty, of battle practices, or of the service of security and information.

It teaches a vast number of ways of lining up a lot of men and putting them through a series of cotillon figures, all of which it would be criminal to use within range of the enemy. But it tells nothing about the kind of shoes to wear, how to adapt them and how to take care of the feet inside them. It tells nothing about food, its selection or its preparation. In short, it tells hardly anything about hardly anything that has to do with meeting the enemy and making him ours.

There is, it is true, one chapter on "normal attack"; but, according to Lieutenant-Colonel R. K. Evans, of the regular army, this chapter ought to be omitted. As he points out, there is no such thing as normal attack, and to instill into the heads of officers and men a formula of exact distances at which to deploy, to advance, to halt, to fire so many volleys or rounds, is to endanger their lives when they arrive in a real battle where every irregularity of *terrain* or enemy's position or action compels its special consideration. As he says, the English regulations specifically forbid the teaching of a normal attack. And most of the National Guardsmen think it is the one practical thing in the book!

To revert to the drill regulations, the Bible of the state troops. Officers are required and men are urged to memorize as much of it as possible. The drill season is based on it. At the opening of the season headquarters sends to each organization within its scope an order stating that at the first drill such and such paragraphs are to be taught; on the second drill the following ones, and so on, until the last drills bring the company to the end of the drill-floor movements. But by this time the season is over. Summer brings a day at the rifle range and perhaps a week in camp. Both of these outings to a large extent similarly use up time unprofitably.

A National Guard regiment has, besides, a few parades which mean merely a marching in column and line with a few turns to the accompaniment of a brass band. But the chief work is done in the hour and a half or two hours on the drill floor once a week during the winter.

They have, say, twenty real drills a year, and they spend nearly all of these learning to turn to the right and left, to pick up their guns just so, to shift their guns just so, and to walk about in line just so. But in war soldiers do not walk about in line and they do not pick up their guns just so.

A certain portion of each armory drill is now spent upon extended-order movements. This is more interesting because it is sensible, and the men like it. But they like it so well that they learn it almost instantly, and squads are deployed and assembled, lines of skirmishers formed, advanced and withdrawn, and volleys fired about as well the first night as they need be or are likely to be. After a few drills repetition is tiresome, or at best mere sport, like running round a track.

The rigidities, so to speak, the preciseness and the preciosity of the manual of arms, and the movements of squads, platoons, companies and battalions are exceedingly difficult to acquire, and they have really very little value as discipline. The more intelligent, the more impetuously brave, the better shot a man is, the more he hates to stand in line and raise and lower a rifle again and again and again. When he has mastered it the slower men are still gawky or indifferent, but he must keep it up. By the time they have mastered it he is tired and disgusted. A sleepy or a surly or a slightly-tipsy soldier will frustrate a whole line of precisians.

After an hour and a half of this the soldier is marched to the company room, where he puts off his fancy dress and gets back into his street clothes, thinking of the play he might have seen or the business man he might have interviewed. He goes home wearier, but little wiser.

After the Spanish War, with its desolating, devastating exposure of our national unpreparedness, everybody preached reform, but nobody seems to be practicing it. There are half a dozen regiments in the country that keep up a state of comparative efficiency, but the majority of them are hardly more or less than loosely-organized marching clubs.

Officers and men are patriotic and intelligent; they make liberal sacrifices of time and energy, but without a profit at all commensurate to the opportunity and the outlay. The trouble is, I think, that they try to learn too much in too little time, that they try to learn the wrong things and learn them in the wrong place.

National Guard regiments are practically confined to their armories. But battles are not fought in armories. The National Guardsmen, instead of adapting the armories to the needs of their tuition, adapt their tuition to the armories. Practically all of their work is drill-floor work, such as: right shoulder arms, port arms, present arms, squads right, squads left, squads right about, on right into line, right by platoons, platoons right, and so on.

They labor at these useless things all evening.

A week later they meet again and find themselves ragged once more, so they do it all over again. At the end of the

(Continued on Page 33)

INITIATING OLE

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

WERE you ever Hamburgered by a real, live college fraternity? I mean, were you ever initiated into full brotherhood by a Greek-letter society with the aid of a baseball bat, a sausage-making machine, a stick of dynamite and a corn-sheller? What's that? You say you belong to the Up-to-Date Woodchoppers and have taken the josh degree in the Noble Order of Prong-Horned Wapiti? Forget it. Those aren't initiations. They are rest cures. I went into one of those societies which give horse-play initiations for middle-aged daredevils last year and was bored to death because I forgot to bring my knitting. They are bad enough for fat business men who never do anything more exciting than to fall over the lawn mower in the cellar once a year; but, compared with a genuine, eighteen-donkey-power college frat initiation with a Spanish Inquisition attachment, the little degree teams, made up of grandfathers, feel like a slap on the wrist delivered by a young lady in frail health.

Mind you, I'm not talking about the baby-ribbon affairs that the college boys use nowadays. It doesn't seem to be the fashion to grease the landscape with freshmen any more. Initiations are getting to be as safe and sane as an ice-cream festival in a village church. When a frat wants to submit a neophyte to a trying ordeal it sends him out on the campus to climb a tree, or makes him go to a dance in evening clothes with a red necktie on. A boy who can roll a peanut half a mile with a toothpick, or can fish all morning in a pail of water in front of the college chapel without getting mad and trying to thrash any one is considered to be lion-hearted enough to ornament any frat. These are mollycoddle times in all departments. I'm glad I'm out of college and am catching street cars in the rush hours. That is about the only job left that feels like the good old times in college when muscles were made to jar some one else with.

There Wasn't a College
Anywhere Around Us That Didn't Have Ole's Hoofmarks All Over its Pride

Eight or ten years ago, when a college fraternity absorbed a freshman, the job was worth talking about. There was no half-way business about it. The freshman could tell at any stage of the game that something was being done to him. They just ate him alive, that was all. Why, at Siwash, where I was lap-welded into the Eta Bita Pies, any fraternity which initiated a candidate and left enough of him to appear in chapel the next morning was the joke of the school. Even the girls' fraternities gave it the laugh. The girls used to do a little quiet initiating themselves, and when they received a sister into membership you could generally follow her mad career over the town by a trail of hairpins, "rats" and little fragments of dressgoods.

Those were the days when the pledgling of a good high-pressure frat wrote to his mother the night before he was taken in and telegraphed her when he found himself alive in the morning. There used to be considerable rivalry between the frats at Siwash in the matter of giving a freshman a good, hospitable time. I remember when the Sigh Whoopsilons hung young Allen from the girder of an overhead railroad crossing, and let the switch engines smoke him up for two hours as they passed underneath, there was a good deal of jealousy among the rest of us who hadn't thought of it. The Alfalfa Delts went them one better by tying roller skates to the shoulders and hips of a big freshman football star and hauling him through the main streets of Jonesville on his back, behind an automobile several miles above the speed limit, and the Chi Yi's covered a candidate with plaster of Paris, with blowholes for his nose, sculptured him artistically, and left him before the college chapel on a pedestal all night. The Delta Kappa Sonofaguns set fire to their house once by shooting Roman candles at a row of neophytes in the cellar, and we had to turn out at one A. M. one winter morning to help the Delta Flushes dig a freshman out of their chimney. They had been trying to let him down into the fireplace, and when he got stuck they had poked at him with a clothes pole until they had mussed him up considerably. This just shows you what a gay life the young scholar led in the days when every ritual had claws on, and there was no such thing as soothing syrup in the equipment of a college.

Of all the frats at Siwash the Eta Bita Pies, when I was in college, were preëminent in the art of near-killing freshmen. We used to call our initiation "A little journey to the pearly gates," and once or twice it looked for a short time as if the victim had mislaid his return ticket. Treat yourself to an election riot, a railway collision and a subway explosion, all in one evening, and you will get a rather sketchy idea of what we aimed at. I don't mean, of course, that we ever killed any one. There is no real danger in an initiation, you know, if the initiate does exactly as he is told and the members don't get careless and something that wasn't expected doesn't happen—as did the night we tied Tudor Snyder to the south track while an express went by on the north track, and then had the time of our young lives getting him off ahead of a wild freight which we hadn't counted on. All we ever aimed at was to make the initiate so thankful to get through alive that he would love Eta Bita Pie forever, and I must say we usually succeeded. It is wonderful what a young fellow will endure cheerfully for the sake of passing it on to some one else the next year. I remember I was pretty mad when Eta Bita Pie headed me up in a barrel and rolled me downhill into a creek without taking the trouble to remove all the nails. It seemed like wanton carelessness. But long before my nose was out of splints and my hide would hold water I was perfecting our famous

"Lover's Leap" for the next year's bunch. That was our greatest triumph. There was an abandoned rock quarry north of town with thirty feet of water in the bottom and a fifty-foot drop to the water. By means of a long beam and a system of pulleys we could make a freshman walk the plank and drop off into the water in almost perfect safety, providing the ropes didn't break. It created a sensation, and the other frats were mad with jealousy. We took every man we wanted the next fall before the authorities put a stop to the scheme. That shows you just how repugnant the idea of being initiated is to the green young collegian.

Of course, fraternity initiations are supposed to be conducted for the amusement of the chapter and not of the candidate. But you can't always entirely tell what will happen, especially if the victim is husky and unimpressionable. Sometimes he does a little initiating himself. And that reminds me that I started out to tell a story and not to give a lecture on the polite art of making veal salad. Did I ever tell you of the time when we initiated Ole Skjarsen into Eta Bita Pie, and how the ceremony backfired and very nearly blew us all into the discard? No? Well, don't get impatient and look in the back of the book. I'll tell it now and cut as many corners as I can.

Ole Skjarsen was an imported tornado with straw-colored hair who came to Siwash to absorb learning from the fullback's position, and who plowed through the enemies of Siwash for three autumns like an automobile going through a hen convention on a dusty road. He was as big as a battleship and as hard to dent. He was the wonder fullback of those times, and at the end of three years there wasn't a college anywhere around us that didn't have Ole's hoofmarks all over its pride. Oh, he was a darling! To see him jumping sideways down a football field, with the ball under his arm, handing on one of the opposing side every time and romping over the goal line with tacklers hanging to him like streamers would have made you want to vote for him for president. Ole was the greatest man who ever came to Siwash. Prexie had always been considered some personage by the outside world, but he was only a bump in the background when Ole was around.

Of course we all loved Ole madly, but for all that he didn't make a frat. He didn't, for the same reason that a rhinoceros doesn't get invited to garden parties. He didn't seem to fit the part. Not only his clothes but also his haircuts were hand-me-down. He regarded a fork as a curiosity. His language was a sort of a head-on collision between Norwegian and English in which hardly a single word had come out undamaged. In social conversation he was out of bounds nine minutes out of ten, and it kept three men busy changing the subject when he was in full swing. He could dodge eleven men and a referee on the football field without trying, but put him in a forty by fifty room with one vase in it, and he couldn't dodge it to save his life.

No, he just naturally didn't fit the part, and up to his senior year no fraternity had bid him. This grieved Ole so that he retired from football just before the Kiowa game on which all our young hearts were set, and before he would consent to go back and leave some more of his priceless foot-tracks on the opposition we had to pledge him to three of our proudest fraternities. Talk of wedding a favorite daughter to the greasy villain in the melodrama in order to save the homestead! No crushed father, with a mortgage hanging over him in the third act, could have felt one-half so badly as we Eta Bita Pies did when we had pledged Ole and realized that all the rest of the year we would have to climb over him in our beautiful, beamed-ceiling lounging-room and parade him before the world as a much-loved brother.

But the job had to be done, and all three frats took a melancholy pleasure in arranging the details of the initiation. We decided to make it a three-night demonstration of all that the Siwash frats had learned in the art of imitating dynamite and other disintegrants. The Alfalfa Delts were to get first crack at him. They were to be followed on the second night by the Chi Yi Sighs, who were to make him a brother, dead or alive. On the third night we of Eta Bita Pie were to take the remains and decorate them with our fraternity pin after ceremonies in which being kicked by a mule would only be considered a two-minute recess.

We fellows knew that when it came to initiating Ole we had to do the real work. The other frats couldn't touch us. They might scratch him up a bit, but they lacked the ingenuity, the enthusiasm—I might say the poetic temperament—to make a good job of it. We determined to put on an initiation which would make our past efforts seem like the effort of an old ladies' home to start a rough-house. It was a great pleasure, I assure you, to plan that initiation. We revised our floor work and added some cellar and garret and ceiling and window work to it. We began the program with the celebrated third degree and worked gradually from that up to the twenty-third degree, with a few intervals of simple assault and battery for breathing spells. When we had finished doping out the program we shook hands all around. It was a masterpiece. It would have made Battenberg lace out of a steam boiler.

"Aye Har Yu, Yu Baked Pies! Yust Come on Down Ven Yu Ban Ready"

Ole was initiated into the Alfalfa Delts on a Wednesday night. We heard echoes of it from our front porch. The next morning only three of the Alfalfa Delts appeared at chapel, while Ole was out at six A. M., roaming about the campus with the Alfalfa Delt pin on his necktie. The next night the Chi Yi Sighs took him on for one hundred and seventeen rounds in their thirty-thousand-dollar lodge, which had a sheet-iron initiation den. The whole thing was a fizzle. When we looked Ole over the next morning we couldn't find so much as a scratch on him. He was wearing the Chi Yi pin beside the Alfalfa Delt pin, and he was as happy as a baby with a bottle of ink. There were nine broken window-lights in the Chi Yi lodge, and we heard in a roundabout way that they called in the police about three A. M. to help them explain to Ole that the initiation was over. That's the kind of a trembling neophyte Ole was. But we just giggled to ourselves. Anybody could break up a Chi Yi initiation, and the Alfalfa Delts were a set of narrow-chested snobs with automobile callouses instead of muscles. We ate a hasty dinner on Friday evening and set all the scenery for the big scrunch. Then we put on our old clothes and waited for Ole to walk into our parlor.

He wasn't due until nine, but about eight o'clock he came creaking up the steps and dented the door with his large knuckles in a bashful way. He looked larger and knobbier than ever and, if anything, more embarrassed. We led him into the lounging-room in silence, and he sat down twirling his straw hat. It was October, and he had worn the thing ever since school opened. Other people who wore straw hats in October get removed from under them more or less violently; but, somehow, no one had felt called upon to maltreat Ole. We hated that hat, however, and decided to begin the evening's work on it.

"Your hat, Mr. Skjarsen," said Bugs Wilbur in majestic tones.

Ole reached the old ruin out. Wilbur took it and tossed it into the grate. Ole upset four or five of us who couldn't get out of the way and rescued the hat, which was blazing merrily.

"Ent yu gat no sanse?" he roared angrily. "Das ban a gude hat." He looked at it gloomily. "Et ban spoiled now," he growled, tossing the remains into a waste-paper basket. "Yu ban purty fallers. Vat for yu do dat?"

The basket was full of papers and things. In about four seconds it was all ablaze. Wilbur tried to go over and choke it off, but Ole pushed him back with one forefinger.

"Yust stay avay," he growled. "Das basket ent costing some more as my hat, I gass."

We stood around and watched the basket burn. We also watched a curtain blaze up and the finish on a nice mahogany desk crack and blister. It was all very humorous. The fire kindly went out of its own accord, and some one tiptoed around and opened the windows in a timid sort of way. It was a very successful initiation so far—only we were the neophytes.

"This won't do," muttered "Sallie" Bangs, our president. He got up and went over to Ole. "Mr. Skjarsen," he said severely, "you are here to be initiated into the awful mysteries of Eta Bita Pie. It is not fitting that you should enter her sacred boundaries in an unfettered condition. Submit to the brethren that they may blindfold you and bind you for the ordeals to come." Gee, but we used to use hand-picked language when we were unsheathing our claws!

Ole grinned. "Ol rite," he said. "But aye tal yu ef yu fallers burn dar har west lak yu burn ma hat I skoll raise ruffhaus like deekins!"

We tied his hands behind him with several feet of good stout rope and hobbled him about the ankles with a dog chain. Then we blindfolded him and put a pillowslip over his head for good measure. Things began to look brighter. Even a demon fullback has to have one or two limbs working in order to accomplish anything. When all was fast Bangs gave Ole a preliminary kick. "Now, brethren," he roared, "bring on the Macedonian guards and give them the neophyte!"

Now I'm not revealing any real initiation secrets, mind you, and maybe what I'm telling you didn't exactly happen. But you can be perfectly sure that something just as bad did happen every time. For an hour we abused that two hundred and twenty pounds of gristle and hide. It was as much fun as roughhousing a two-ton safe. We rolled him downstairs. He broke out sixty dollars' worth of balustrade on the way and he didn't seem to mind it at all. We tried to toss him in a blanket. Ever have a two-hundred-and-twenty-pound man land on you coming down from the ceiling? We got tired of that. We made him play automobile. Ever play automobile? They tie roller skates and an automobile horn on you and push you around into the furniture, just the way a real automobile runs into things. We broke a table, five chairs, a French window, a one-hundred-dollar vase and seven shins. We didn't even interest Ole. When a man has plowed through leather-covered football players for three years his head gets used to hitting things. Also his heels will fly out no matter how careful you are. We took him into the basement and performed our famous trick of boiling the candidate in oil. Of course we wanted to scare him. He accommodated us. He broke away and hopped stiff-legged all over the room. That wasn't so bad, but, confound it, he hopped on us most of the time! How would you like to initiate a bronze statue that got scared and hopped on you?

We got desperate. We threw aside the formality of explaining the deep significance of each action and just assaulted Ole with everything in the house. We prodded him with furnace tools and thumped him with cordwood and rolling-pins and barrel-staves and shovels. We walked over him, a dozen at a time. And all the time we were getting it worse than he was. He didn't exactly fight, but whenever his elbows twitched some fellow's face would happen to be in the way, and he couldn't move his knee without getting it tangled in some one's ribs. You could hear the thunders of the assault and the shrieks of the wounded for a block.

At the end of an hour we were positively all in. There weren't three of us unwounded. The house was a wreck. Wilbur had a broken nose. "Chick" Struthers' kneecap hurt. "Lima" Bean's ribs were telescoped, and there wasn't a good shin in the house. We quit in disgust and sat around looking at Ole. He was sitting around, too. He happened to be sitting on Bangs, who was yelling for help. But we didn't feel like starting any relief expedition.

Ole was some rumpled, and his clothes looked as if they had been fed into a separator. But he was intact, as far as we could see. He was still tied and blindfolded, and I hope to be buried alive in a branch-line town if he wasn't getting bored.

"Vat fur yu qvit?" he asked. "It ent fun setting around har."

Then Petey Simmons, who had been taking a minor part in the assault in order to give his wheels full play,

rose and beckoned the crowd outside. We left Ole and clustered around him.

"Now, this won't do at all," he said. "Are we going to let Eta Bita Pie be made the laughing-stock of the college? If we can't initiate that human quartz mill by force let's do it by strategy. I've got a plan. You just let me have Ole and one man for an hour and I'll make him so glad to get back to the house that he'll eat out of our hands."

We were dead ready to turn the job over to Petey, though we hated to see him put his head in the lion's mouth, so to speak. I hated it worse than any of the others because he picked me for his assistant. We went in and found Ole dozing in the corner. Petey prodded him. "Get up!" he said.

Ole got up cheerfully. Petey took the dog chain off of his legs. Then he threw his sub-cellar voice into gear.

"Skjarsen," he rumbled, "you have passed right well the first test of our noble order. You have faced the hideous dangers which were in reality but shams to prove your faith, and you have borne your sufferings patiently, thus proving your meekness."

I let a couple of grins escape into my sweater-sleeve. Oh, yes, Ole had been meek all right.

"It remains for you to prove now your desire," said Petey in curdled tones. "Listen!" He gave the Eta Bita Pie whistle. We had the best whistle in college. It was six notes—a sort of insidious, inviting thing that you could slide across two blocks, past all manner of barbarians, and into a frat brother's ear without disturbing any one at all. Petey gave it several times. "Now, Skjarsen," he said, "you are to follow that whistle. Let no obstacle discourage you. Let no barrier stop you. If you can prove your loyalty by following that whistle through the outside world and back to the altar of Eta Bita Pie we will ask no more of you. Come on!"

We tiptoed out of the cellar and whistled. Ole followed us up the steps. That is, he did on the second attempt. On the first he fell down with melodious thumps. We hugged each other, slipped behind a tree and whistled again.

Ole charged across the yard and into the tree. The line held. I heard him say something in Norwegian that sounded secular. By that time we were across the street. There was a low railing around the parking, and when we whistled again Ole walked right into the railing. The line held again.

Oh, I'll tell you that Petey boy was a wonder at getting up ideas. Think of it! Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Edison, Christopher Columbus, old Bill Archimedes and all the rest of the wise guys had overlooked this simple little discovery of how to make a neophyte initiate himself. It was too good to be true. We held a war dance of pure delight, and we whistled some more. We got behind stone walls, and whistled. We climbed embankments, and whistled. We slid behind blackberry bushes and ash piles and across ditches and over hedge fences, and whistled. We were so happy we could hardly pucker. Think of it! There was Ole Skjarsen, the most uncontrollable force in Nature, following us like a yellow pup with his dinner three days overdue. It was as fascinating as guiding a battleship by wireless.

We slipped across a footbridge over Cedar Creek, and whistled. Ole missed the bridge by nine yards. There isn't much water in Cedar Creek, but what there is is strong. It took Ole fifteen minutes to climb the other bank, owing to a beautiful collection of old barrel-hoops, corsets, crockery and empty tomato cans which decorated the spot. Did you ever see a blindfolded man, with his hands tied behind his back, trying to climb over a city dump? No? Of course not, any more than you have seen a green elephant. But it's a fine sight, I assure you. When Ole got out of the creek we whistled him dexterously into a barnyard and right into the maw of a brindle bull-pup with a capacity of one small man in two bites—we being safe on the other side of the fence, beyond the reach of the chain. Maybe that was mean, but Eta Bita Pie is not to be trifled with when she is aroused. Anyway, the bull got the worst of it. He only got one bite. Ole kicked in the barn door on the first try, and demolished a corn sheller on the second; but on the third he hit the pup squarely abeam and dropped a beautiful goal with him. We went around to see the dog the next day. He looked quite natural. You would almost think he was alive.

It was here that we began to smell trouble. I had my suspicions when we whistled again. There was a pretty substantial fence around that barnyard, but Ole didn't wait to find the gate.

He came through the fence not very far from us. He was conversing under that mangled pillowslip, and we heard fragments sounding like this:

"Purty soon aye gat yu—yu spindle-shank, vite-face, skagaroot-smokin' dudes! Ugh—ump"—here he caromed off a tree. "Ven aye gat das blindfold off, aye gat yu—yu Baked-Pie galoots!—Ugh! Wow!"—barbed-wire fence. "Vistle sum more, yu vide-trousered polekats. Aye make yu vistle, aye bat yu, rite avay! Up—pllp—pllp!" That's the kind of noise a man makes when he walks into a horse-trough at full speed.

"Gee!" said Petey nervously. "I guess we've given him enough. He's getting sort of peevish. I don't believe in being too cruel. Let's take him back now. You don't suppose he can get his hands loose, do you?"

I didn't know. I wished I did. Of course, when you watch a lion trying to get at you from behind a fairly-strong cage you feel perfectly safe, but you feel safer when you are somewhere else, just the same. We got out on the pavement and gave a gentle whistle.

"Aye har yu!" roared Ole, coming through a chicken yard. "Aye har yu, yu leetle Baked Pies! Aye gat yu purty soon. Yust vait."

We didn't wait. We put on a little more gasoline and started for the frat house. We didn't have to whistle any more. Ole was right behind us. We could hear him thundering on the pavement and pleading with us in that rich, nutty dialect of his to stop and have our heads pounded on the bricks.

I shudder yet when I think of all the things he promised to do to us. We went down that street like a couple of Roman gladiators pacing a hungry bear, and, by tangling Ole up in the parkings again, managed to get home a few yards ahead.

There was an atmosphere of arnica and dejection in the house when we got there. Ill health seemed to be rampant. "Did you lose him?" asked Bangs hopefully from behind a big bandage.

"Lose him?" says I with a snort. "Oh, yes, we lost him all right. He loses just like a foxhound. That's him, falling over the front steps now. You can stay and entertain him; I'm going upstairs."

Everybody came along. We piled chairs on the stairs and listened while Ole felt his way over the porch. In about a minute he found the door. Then he came right in. I had locked the door, but I had neglected to reënforce it with concrete and boiler iron. Ole wore part of the frame in with him.

"Come on, yu Baked Pies!" he shouted.

"You're in the wrong house," squeaked that little fool, Jimmy Skelton.

"Yu ent fule me!" said Ole, crashing around the loafing-room. "Aye yust can tal das haus by har skagaroot smell. Come on, yu leetle fallers! Aye skoll inittyate yu some, tu!"

By this time he had found the stairs and was plowing through the furniture. We retired to the third floor. When twenty-seven fellows go up a three-foot stairway at once it necessarily makes some noise. Ole heard us and kept right on coming.

We grabbed a bureau and a bed and barricaded the staircase. There was a ladder to the attic. I was the last man up and my heart was giving my ribs all kinds of massage treatment before I got up. We hauled up the ladder just as Ole kicked the bureau downstairs, and then we watched him charge over our beautiful third-floor dormitory, leaving ruin in his wake.

Maybe he would have been satisfied with breaking the furniture. But, of course, a few of us had to sneeze. Ole hunted those sneezes all over the third floor. He couldn't reach them, but he sat down on the wreck underneath them.

"Aye ent know vere yu fallers ban," he said; "but aye kin vait. Aye har yu, yu Baked Pies! Aye gat yu yet, by yimminy! Yust come on down ven yu ban ready."

Oh, yes, we were ready—I don't think. It was a perfectly lovely predicament. Here was the Damma Yappa chapter of Eta Bita Pie penned up in a deucedly-cold attic with one lone initiate guarding the trapdoor. Nice story for the college to tell when the police rescued us! Nice end of our reputation as the best freshmen jugglers in the school! Makes me shiver now to think of it.

We sat around in that garret and listened to the clock strike in the library tower across the campus. At eleven o'clock Ole promised to kill the first man who came down. That bait caught no fish. At twelve he begged for the privilege of kicking us out of our own house, one by one. At one o'clock he remarked that, while it was pretty cold, it was much colder in Norway, where he came from, and that, as we would freeze first, we might as well come down.

At two o'clock we were all stiff. At three we were kicking the plaster off of the joists, trying to keep from freezing to death. At four a bunch of sophomores were all for throwing Petey Simmons down as a sacrifice. Petey talked them out of it. Petey could talk a stone dog into wagging its tail.

We sat in that garret from ten P. M. until the year after the great pyramid wore down to the ground. At least that was the length of time that seemed to pass. It must have been about five o'clock when Petey stopped kicking his feet on the chimney and said:

"Well, fellows, I have an idea. It may work or it may not, but ——"

"Shut up, you mental desert!" some one growled. "Another of your fine ideas will wreck this frat."

"As I was saying," continued Petey cheerfully, "it may not succeed, but it will not hurt any one but me if it doesn't. I'm going to be the Daniel in this den. But first I want the officers of the chapter to come up around the scuttle-hole with me."

Five of us crept over to the hole and looked down. "Aye har yu, yu leetle Baked Pies!" said Ole, waking in an instant. "Yust come on down. Aye ban vaiting long enough to smash yu!"

"Mr. Skjarsen," began Petey in the regular dark-lantern voice that all secret societies use—"Mr. Skjarsen—for as such we must still call you—the final test is over. You have acquitted yourself nobly. You have been faithful to the end. You have stood your vigil unflinchingly. You have followed the call of Eta Bita Pie over every obstacle and through every suffering."

"Aye skoll follow him leetle furder, if aye had ladder," said Ole in a bloodthirsty voice. "Ven aye ban gatting at yu, aye play hal vid yu Baked Pies!"

"And now," said Petey, ignoring the interruption, "the final ceremony is at hand. Do not fear.

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He Didn't Exactly Fight

SELLING WITHOUT SAMPLES

The Life-Insurance Man—New Style

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

IN LIFE insurance, nowadays, pretty nearly everything dates from the year of the Big Wind. Management has been regulated by the Hughes investigation and laws, selling conditions changed, and the very public that buys life insurance has a new viewpoint.

Many insurance men welcome the new order, and would not willingly go back to the old. Others, however, protest that the legitimate rewards of the business have been taken away, and that it no longer offers a career to able men.

The prime figure in life insurance, of course, is the seller—the solicitor or agent who wears down shoe leather providing humanity with the protection it always needs, yet never wants right at this moment, somehow. The solicitor's commissions have been cut—he now gets smaller percentages and fewer of them. The aim of an ambitious solicitor in the field is to develop into a general agent, and to have men wear out shoe leather under his guidance. But the general agent's emoluments have been cut even more radically.

As an upshot, the youngster who contemplated entering this calling might find pessimists inside to warn him away, though lately the insurance solicitor grown gray selling policies is being put forward as a pathetic figure. Before the Big Wind the life-insurance business had its helpless widow and orphan. Now it has also the hapless agent, robbed of his occupation by law.

In times past the selling of insurance offered magnificent rewards. When a policy was written by the solicitor he got a large proportion of the first premium, and the general agent also received a liberal share. After that, there were commissions for both on annual premiums extending, in some cases, to the twentieth year or longer, so that today there are general agents still drawing large incomes from their shares of the annual payments on policies written years ago. The insurance companies advanced money to their general agents, and the latter advanced commissions to solicitors, so that many were living on proceeds of policies that had yet to be sold. The life-insurance man who came to see you then might be a temporary salesman, hired in the competitive rush for business between the great companies. Having just paid part of his board bill with money advanced on the policy he hoped to sell you, he was technically a bankrupt. Little wonder he came through the skylight to get at you, or that he might be tempted to sell you something quite different from what you thought you were buying.

Before the Big Wind

BEFORE the Big Wind there were just as many honest, steady, solvent salesmen in insurance as today. But there were also crooked agents whose methods went a long way to teach the public to regard all life-insurance men as pests.

A good story is told of one company that made a practice of paying the hotel bills of every agent who visited the home office. One night an agent from the West ate, for dessert, a canvasback duck. The price was four dollars. His dinner check that evening was eleven dollars. What ratio such a man bore to the hundreds of other agents working for that company is shown in the fact that his dinner check led to an investigation and a new rule limiting agents to dollar dinners.

The old bones of those times have been shaken sufficiently. There is no need to do over again the fine work of Governor Hughes. It must be remembered that abuses rose largely from the one insurance man in a thousand who ate canvasback instead of pie. Popular understanding of insurance then was not what it is today, so that often the unscrupulous agent's commissions, which loomed so large on paper, had to be divided with an unscrupulous policy-holder.

Governor Hughes gave policyholders a square deal. Commissions have been reduced, management reformed and rebating abolished. Today the business is again growing unchecked, but companies are working out interesting problems brought by the improved conditions.

A young man with an income of ten thousand dollars a year might form a wide circle of friends by tips, presents and profits to be made out of his follies. Cut him down to ten dollars a week, however, and he would have to make friends on his own merits, winning good will with service and honest feeling.

Just One Man Opposed, and He was Only a Solicitor

Before the Big Wind, much life-insurance business was done on tips, prizes and bonuses. Today the companies are so restricted that they have to sell insurance on its merits. The man hardest hit is the general agent.

Let us step into this general agency of a large life-insurance company, in a city several hundred miles from its home office. The general agent has worked his way up from the soliciting staff. He is sales-manager for the company in that town. He hires, trains and directs a staff of solicitors who go into the field daily, supplying many of the names they work upon. His offices are in the best business building, probably, and will be large, because the whole staff comes together there each morning. He pays rent and expenses, shoulders the cost of training new men, holds his people in the face of offers from other companies, keeps his force alive by adding new blood, and must make good to the company if a solicitor defaults in collections.

All this is done out of commissions on premiums paid by policyholders in his territory, as a rule—sometimes a salary is paid him, but this is exceptional. Out of commissions he must also get his own private income. Formerly these commissions were very liberal and extended over ten, fifteen or twenty years from the taking out of a policy. But today they run to far less than five per cent in most cases, and cease after the policy has been in force five years, on the average.

This general agent, into whose offices we have stepped, established himself in that city ten or fifteen years ago, when commissions were larger. His revenue has been cut down under the new law. But he has a solid organization of solicitors. The latter earn as much as ever, and he can hold them by a strong personal relation. Moreover, several hundred thousand dollars in payments pass through his office yearly, the premiums on insurance in force which he has sold during the past, and on this he receives one or two per cent commission for collecting.

He Has Been Down at the Seashore Over Sunday, and Never Felt Better in His Life

Just around the corner in this same city is another general agency, lately opened there by a man sent in to represent a smaller company which has thus far done no business in that territory. In the old days this new man's commissions would have been sufficient, almost from the start, to train solicitors and build a staff. Today, however, they are not, and he is decidedly handicapped. His company, having no existing insurance there, cannot aid him with collection commissions. For a time he may have to sell policies himself. Conditions are such that it has probably been rather difficult to persuade a first-rate man to take up the building of a new general agency in competitive territory.

On Main Street, in this city, is a drug store with a fine soda-fountain trade. Both of our general agents go in there frequently for refreshment, and both are drawn toward one of the attendants who was christened Bartholomew and is called Bat. Bat has the personal equation in heaping measure.

Suppose he were station agent for a little railroad running to only one place. Suppose everybody had to take this road to get there. Suppose there was only one train a day and one fixed rate of fare, jealously watched by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Suppose there was no earthly choice in anything, and handing out the tickets was a cold, routine affair. Bat would still *sell* every ticket to which he fixed the dating stamp. If a cross old gentleman growled, "Is there a train to Smithville today?" Bat would reply, "You bet there is, and it's a dandy, too," and the cross old gentleman would go away distinctly understanding that he had come in contact with something red and warm instead of something gray and chilly. There are people who can't pass this drug store without going in for a glass of something, and at the last analysis they all go in for a glass of Bat.

Young men like Bat are needed in the insurance business. Both of the agents approach him in about the same way.

"You ought to get into a field with a bigger future," they tell him. "Come with me and I'll teach you how to make four times your present income, selling insurance."

That interests Bat. But he has a little family, and lives on his pay-envelope, and wants to know what he can earn from the very start. In the old days either agent could afford to take him under instruction on salary. Under new restrictions the agent for the larger company can still do this, but not with many young men at once. As for the other, fighting to get a foothold in that city, perhaps he cannot do it at all, and so the other man gets the drug clerk.

Thus, for the general agent, conditions are often harder. Wide publicity was given to his commissions during the investigation. This opened the eyes of the public and also of the solicitors working under general agents.

"Solicitors are the actual producers," says one experienced insurance man, "and since finding out what the general agent gets they have been able to exact nearly all, leaving him but a small margin. The practical effect of the new law in one direction has been to prevent the development of large general agencies. But this isn't an unmixed evil. In years past some large general agencies, with millions of dollars of insurance, were able to exert undue influence upon the management of their companies. It is only fair that they now share, with the companies, responsibility for past mismanagement. After all, the man who does the work, the solicitor, ought to be the man who is paid. The general agent who brought him into the business, trained him and developed his earning powers, should have a profit, and this exists today only to a moderate degree, offering few prizes of the old kind."

Bat's Kit of Selling-Tools

THE solicitor's earnings, on the other hand, have not been decreased under the new law. Competent insurance men say that, if anything, they have been increased, and the whole selling condition in life insurance has been altered for his benefit.

When a young man like Bat, the drug clerk, begins work under a capable general agent the latter first sets him to studying the technicalities of insurance. The business is now so well organized and understood that all this technic can be had in a textbook costing a dollar or so, which explains the philosophy and mechanism of life insurance, the different forms of policy and premium, and furnishes Bat with a kit of tools from which he can select that which is best for working on a given person, not only in selling policies, but also in collecting premiums, preventing lapses, meeting competition, and so forth.

When these matters are clearly understood the general agent gives Bat some names of people to call upon, or sends him out among his friends. Each day Bat comes back, reviews his work, tells whom he saw, what he said, what was said in reply, and gets individual instruction covering the interesting cases. Perhaps an experienced solicitor goes out with him tomorrow to close a prospect or to bring him into shape, or the general agent goes himself. Then Bat learns by listening and watching.

They teach him certain arts of the calling which may look like trickery at first glance, but which still seem to be absolutely necessary in selling insurance, and are charged off conscience by the seller who employs them on the assumption that life insurance is humanly necessary and must be sold in a human way.

Robinson sits in his office Monday morning, glowing with health. He has been down at the seashore over

Sunday, and thought of sickness is remote—never felt better in his life. Enter, the life-insurance man. Five years ago Robinson would have struggled harder to get away, probably. But during the Hughes investigation, in common with everybody else, he read insurance news for weeks on end. Now he understands the business, knows that mismanagement and rebating have been done away with, and recognizes that the solicitor comes to do him good. The whole American public understands as much, thanks to the Big Wind, and it has radically simplified the insurance agent's work.

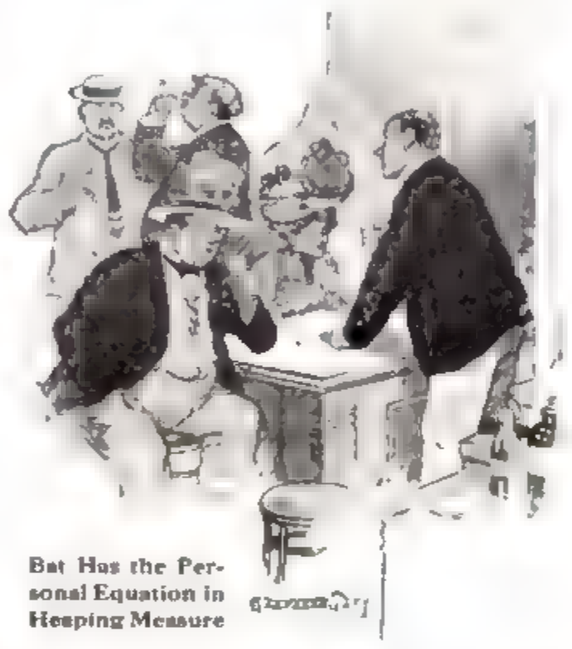
Something else Robinson knows, and he didn't learn it from the Hughes evidence, either—namely, that he ought to have some more insurance. The solicitor knows, for his part, that Robinson knows he knows. His whole attack will, doubtless, be based on that.

Robinson isn't ready to take it up this morning. His mail isn't answered. He feels so well and happy. There is plenty of time. So he chaffs the visitor a bit, and the solicitor chaffs back, meanwhile taking Robinson's measure. Robinson is on his guard, for he believes the agent will try to get his signature that morning. The agent finds this a happy circumstance, because he is going to ask for something quite insignificant in comparison. His tactics are those of Svengali, who needed money for breakfast one morning, went to ask Taffy for a loan of ten thousand francs and suddenly compromised on a few centimes.

All he will ask for is a medical examination. Robinson admits he is going to be insured—some time. The solicitor persuades him to let a doctor come and look him over free of charge—if there is anything the matter with him physically he wants to know it, doesn't he? Robinson consents. The examination is made. Nothing happens for ten days or so. But one morning the solicitor returns to ask if Robinson happens to have any more information about his aunts and uncles, or whether he is quite certain it was smallpox his maternal grandfather died of. Robinson draws a long face.

"Is anything the matter with me?" he asks.

The solicitor doesn't know, exactly. Company doctors are conservative. Wouldn't worry about it. Thinks he'll be able to pull Robinson through all right, and get him that policy. This is the first time, really, that Robinson has heard of a policy at all. But undoubtedly in the end he will take it and, perhaps, be glad to get it.



But Has the Personal Equation in Heaping Measure

These ways of interesting people in life insurance will be imparted to the novice, and he would be a cocksure man indeed who could definitely class them as trickery. It is not always necessary to play upon Robinson's imagination. He may really have a very dubious liver or heart. Even if in health today, what will he be a few months or a year hence?

No insurance man who knows the people who come to general agencies hunting protection because they haven't the physical basis for it, yet who hope to slip past the doctors somehow, by hook or crook, will ever believe that there is such a thing as a wrong method in selling it. For the true insurance man believes in it as an evangelist believes in salvation. Until he does believe in it to that degree he will probably write few policies. Much of the work of training a recruit is to plant this belief in him. The merely-pleasant young man, with all the tricks at his fingers' ends, may get into Robinson's office and hold his attention, and make Robinson believe what he says so long as he is there, even to the point of accepting a policy. But when that sort of beginner goes away Robinson loses faith and lets the policy lapse.

The novice is not always a youngster.

The Drummer Turned Insurance Man

SOME years ago a drummer who had reached middle life in the wholesale trade found that this trade was steadily shrinking throughout the whole country. When he began as a boy there were thirty or more great jobbing houses in his line in New York City alone. Today the large wholesale houses in that line over the whole country may be counted on one's fingers, for merchandise is making new and more direct channels for itself. Clearly, the business he had spent his life in was not likely to last out his time. So he took up insurance, joining the New York general agency of a leading company.

This salesman worked pretty hard for a small income the first year, getting established in a practice, like a young physician. He began with business friends in the old trade, getting to the younger men through the elders, keeping track of the trade gossip and letting the trade understand that he was just the man to look after its insurance.

It is commonly assumed, even by insurance men, that the public is overcanvassed by life-insurance solicitors. That is a wrong assumption. Many a good risk, with solid connections in a large city and his name in all the directories, is likely to go through the year without ever being approached on the subject of insurance, even indirectly. This jobbing salesman himself took out a policy years ago in a leading company, he says, and from that day to this has never been asked by that company to increase his insurance, nor had a call from a solicitor, nor even a letter containing a definite insurance proposition. Reasoning that others must be like himself in that respect, he has been confident in reaching out for people.

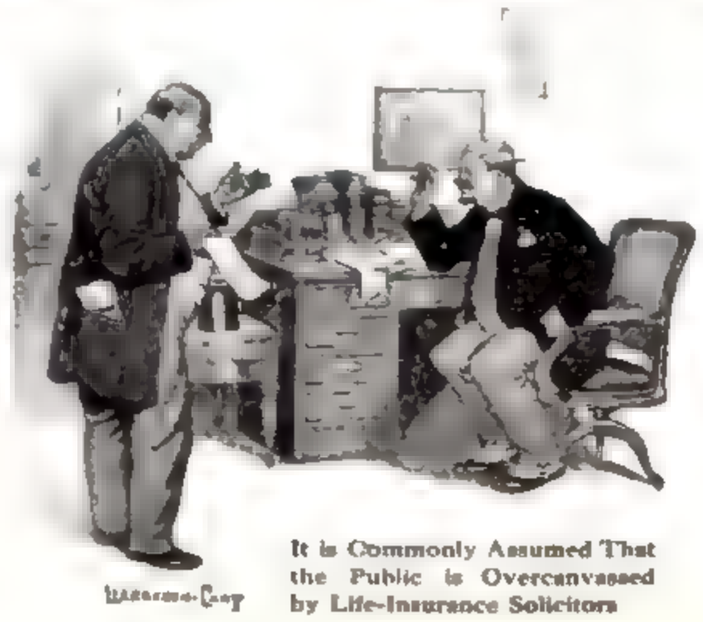
As a college prospers through its alumni, so an active insurance salesman builds on the policyholders he has insured. The company has printed matter that can be mailed with personal letters, and when the solicitor, calling this morning on a man he insured two years ago, learns that some other company has sold him additional protection meanwhile through a vigorous letter, he will begin to cultivate the letter-writing habit himself. A definite quotation on insurance can be taken from the ratebook and sent to the policyholder who was written a year ago, with the suggestion that it is time he increased his protection, or at least began to think about it. When a policyholder speaks casually of a marriage, a birth, the purchase of a home or some similar occurrence among friends the insurance man who mixes with his alumni has a direct lead toward a new demand for insurance, and these are the lines along which he usually works.

Meeting Competition

THE nature of insurance as a commodity is such that, no matter how many competitors a salesman has, he can ultimately make his sale on his own merits, because there are no real differences in price. Insurance is based on statistics, and all companies must charge approximately the same rates. Yet sometimes mythical competition gets on the solicitor's nerves to such an extent that, perhaps, company officers are affected ultimately. Some of the abuses of the past grew up in this way.

Several years before the Big Wind the agents of a great company began complaining grievously of a certain new policy put out by a competitor. This policy was encountered everywhere, they said. It had so many apparent advantages, and was seemingly sold at such low rates that nothing on the ratebook of the first company could be offered beside it. Wails of anguish went up from the sellers in the field, and the general agents complained to the manager of agencies, and the latter, who is one of the vice-presidents of the company, set to work to draw up a competitive policy that would meet all needs, with a few new features for good measure.

As the vice-president worked on this new policy it assumed beautiful proportions. He saw in it a means of extending the business enormously. It became a pet of his, and when it was all ready a meeting of general agents was called at the home office to consider it. The agents gathered, and after the vice-president had outlined and explained his new pet each man was asked to give his own views about it. One after another they rose and commended it, dwelling upon the striking selling points embodied, and in many cases promising definite amounts of new business as soon as it should go into effect. The vice-president glowed with enthusiasm. Tomorrow, when the president returned, the policy would be approved and put into agents' hands immediately.



It is Commonly Assumed That the Public is Overcanvassed by Life-Insurance Solicitors

His Dinner Check That Evening was Eleven Dollars

Just one man opposed, and he was only a solicitor sent to represent a general agent who could not come. But he was very blunt. He maintained that no new policy was needed. The company's present policies covered everything in this competitive policy. True enough, the latter had some glittering surface points that made it sell easily. But a capable agent, through sound explanation of fundamental principles of insurance, could sweep those aside. The complaint from the field came from solicitors who were not good salesmen, and to issue the sort of policy they thought they could sell, instead of teaching them to sell what they already had, and which was best, would eventually hurt the selling organization and the company.

That angered the vice-president. He repeated his statement that the new policy merely waited the president's approval. Agents could expect to have it within a few days. The meeting broke up.

But lo! when the president came back next day and examined the vice-president's pet he threw it into the waste-basket, and the selling organization heard no more about it. The president had sold insurance himself along with the best of them, and saw the fallacy in a jiffy.

The life-insurance salesman makes as good an income today as ever, and has just as fair a future. Old companies are recovering from the setbacks following investigation and gaining healthy business. New companies are springing up. The buyer of insurance seldom thinks of asking for rebates, and so the seller gets what he earns. The public understands insurance as never before and is buying it more freely and intelligently and understands, also, that the seller performs real service and is entitled to his commission. Companies are earning more money on investments and paying better returns, and the new laws are being wisely adjusted wherever there is a real pinch. About the only man who has an acute problem to work out is the general agent, and it is rather a happy circumstance that he is the best man in all insurance to work out a problem, even if he doesn't think so himself.

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Collins' articles on Salesmanship Without Samples.

The Butters-In

COLONEL J. W. ZEVELY, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, who is a leading lawyer in that state, was born in Missouri and at an early age entered politics

Presently, the Legislature of Missouri established a Labor Bureau, and Major Henry Newman was appointed chief and Zevely his force of deputies. They wanted to make a showing for the first year and prepared an elaborate set of records and a brilliant and comprehensive report. There was no room in the state building for their office, so they located it in a boarding-house kept by Mrs. Heindrich.

After the report and records were completed, ready for submission to the Legislature, Newman and Zevely took an afternoon off and went to a ball game. Next morning they came to the office and found no records and no reports, but did find a few pieces of torn paper.

"Jim," said Zevely to the negro boy who swept out the office, "what has become of our reports?"

"'Deed, Cunel," sputtered the negro boy, "I didn't have nuffin' to do with it."

"With what?"

Jim edged toward the door. "With them goats, Cunel," he said. "They done ate um."

Then Newman and Zevely investigated and discovered that two goats belonging to a neighbor of Mrs. Heindrich had found the door of the Labor Bureau open while the chief and his deputy were at the ball game and had eaten records and reports to almost the last figure.

"That," said Zevely, "explains why the first report of the Missouri Labor Bureau is wanting in many facts that would seem necessary to make it a complete record. Newman suggested we file the goats, but the Legislature wouldn't receive them, and the hiatus in Missouri's statistics of labor is quite marked."

Adventures of a Hypochondriac

TAKING NATURE'S MUD CURE

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

THE doctor was a large, benign man, who wore a diamond cross in his soft shirt bosom, ostentatiously hitched to the edge of his vest by a gold chain. Nobody could get that cross without a struggle.

He had a habit of putting up a caressing finger now and then to see if the cross remained secure in its proud perch. Invariably finding it there, he would brush back his hair with a sweeping gesture that elongated itself to a pat on the shoulder of the person he was addressing. The doctor was great for pats on the shoulder While I was talking to him he patted me on the shoulder fifty-four times. I counted.

"If You Ever Say 'Mud' Again to Me I'll Mud You"

Other than the diamond cross, the doctor was simply attired. It must have been a work of considerable difficulty to attach the cross to the soft shirt, for it—no, they—had been in their respective positions for some time. He wore a long, black coat that had been in service so many years he shone like a trained seal when he moved into the sunlight. His trousers had been drab on one happy day and his blue yarn socks bulged expansively above a pair of red slippers.

"Nature," he began, "has various aspects"—patting me five times in rapid succession—"with some of which we are not familiar."

"Water," I suggested, thinking of the shirt.

"Oh, no," he smiled, "the principles of hydropathy are well known. They are applied universally. I had something else in mind."

"What?" I inquired.

He moved sideways, like a crab, to the window and fixed himself so the sun hit the diamond cross fairly, hitting also the coat. The glare was blinding

"Mud," he replied, rolling out the word orotundly. "M-m-u-u-d-d-d!"

He paused to let it sink into me. I shaded my eyes with my hand and gazed at him with some astonishment.

"Mud?" I repeated. "Mud?"

"Mud. Let me tell you, my boy," coming back and patting me again a few times, "mud is Nature's own remedy."

"Nature," I ventured, "must be a sort of a drug store."

"Why?" He looked at me suspiciously and patted vigorously.

"Because I have been informed of so many remedies that were Nature's own in the past few weeks. Mineral baths and vegetables and calorics and raw food and creamed hay and milk diet and physcultopathy and carbohydrates and—and—and ——"

"Pish!" he interrupted with a dismissing wave of his hand. "All subsidiary."

"But they said ——" I protested.

"Pish!" he interrupted again. "All subsidiary, I tell you. Mud is Nature's own remedy."

He reached down, picked up a handful of imaginary mud from the floor, squeezed it between his pudgy fingers, patted it—he had to pat everything, apparently—into a little cake and held it out before me.

"Mud," he said. "Mud!"

I looked at the imaginary mud with much interest. Really, it wasn't so very imaginary. There were traces in the palm.

"Ah, yes," I commented, "mud."

He swooped at the floor with both hands, took up a great gob of imaginary mud and moulded it into a ball.

"Mud," he said again, holding his hands close to my eyes.

"Mud," I repeated dumbly.

I wondered how long we could go on saying "Mud" to one another before I biffed him or he biffed me. I had visions of seas of mud, of oceans of mud, of the River Hill Road in early April when I was a boy, of red Virginia highways after the spring rains—of limitless tracts of mud, mushy, marshy mud.

"Mud," he chanted, "mud—mud-mud-mud!"

It sounded like the old Cleveland marching cry: "Four, four, four years more!"

I couldn't resist. "Mud," I took it up, "mud mud-mud-mud!"

"That's it," he shouted ecstatically. "Get the cadence. Mud—mud—mud-mud-mud."

He began pirouetting around the room. His coattails flapped about his legs. His diamond cross glittered. He beamed. He reached over and grabbed both my hands.

"Mud," he yodeled, "mud—mud-mud-mud."

Nature's mud is falling down—
Falling down—falling down;
Nature's mud is falling down—
Farewell diseases!

Holding hands we danced a ring-around-the-rosy. He did most of the singing, putting a vast expression into the lines. Finally, we collapsed on a sofa.

His bosom rose and fell in great pectoral convulsions. The diamond cross shone and scintillated. "Now," he gasped, still holding my hands, "do you believe?"

"Believe what?" I wheezed, for I was winded myself.

"Believe that mud is Nature's own remedy?"

I thought it best to humor him. "Sure," I said, "mud is Nature's sovereign cure."

"That being the case," he said, releasing my hands, and in a most businesslike manner, "the terms are forty dollars a week, invariably in advance." There was a steely look in his blue eyes.

"But," I protested feebly, "maybe mud isn't good for what is the matter with me"

"Mud is good for everything—everything—anything." He waved his arms comprehensively. "It makes no difference what you have—mud is good for it. If you haven't anything mud is good for that."

"The only thing, I take it, that you must have—the only absolutely essential requirement—is the forty."

"That," he replied, "is the basis of operations."

Details arranged, he patted me a few times more. "Now, son," he said, "let me elucidate. Mud, as I have stated, is Nature's own remedy. In the vast storehouse underneath us Nature brews her potent mixtures containing those elements necessary and effectual in healing the ills that human flesh is heir to. Sometimes these marvelous concoctions are made apparent to us in the waters that gush out of the bosom of the earth, but only in diluted form, held in aqueous distillation, so to speak, and not at that full strength that is so desirable. Far be it from me to decry the virtues of any waters that come from Nature's laboratories. They have their uses. But the point I desire to make is that the alchemy of Nature is best demonstrated in her mud, her beneficent, healing mud, that glorious mud that for centuries the mighty Chemist of the earth has been mixing for the ultimate deliverance of man, and, to speak modestly, has made me the deliverer of

"Is it not true that if Nature, chemicalizing and making healing her waters, outdoes herself in her mud, for those agents of health and life that are in the water, held in suspension, must suffer from their very environment, while the mud—the glorious mud—holds in its marvelous embrace all those kindly agents for the repair of the human tissues at their full and maximum strength and potency. Incorporated in that charming mud, waiting for years to come forth on their errands of mercy, Nature has hidden these mysterious drugs and chemicals, there to remain until, lifted to my bathrooms, I apply them to the human frame and banish disease."

He stopped and gazed at me kindly, distributing a series of reassuring pats. Then he walked to the middle of the room, felt for his diamond cross, brushed back his hair and, waggling his hand in the air as if it rested on some doubting shoulder, he sang in a throaty, barytone voice:

Oh, glorious mud! Oh, mud divine!
Why should mere man with ills repine,
When, lingering in thy lucent depth,
A cure for ages long has slepth?

"I wrote that myself," he said, not without pride. "Pretty nifty rhyme, that depth-slepth one. No other poet ever put that one across that I know of."

"Fine!" I applauded. "But, without desiring to be censorious, I am thinking that if your cure is no better than your concert I shall require that forty back and take the next train."

He looked hurt. "My son," he said, "it takes a poet to appreciate the mystical mysteries and the beneficent benefits of that mud. You doubt? Come with me."

He led me through a long hall, down a flight of stairs to a small wooden building that stood near the bathhouse. Opening the door in a grand manner, he waved his hand at the dark interior and said impressively: "There is Nature's own remedy."

I looked. At first I could see nothing, but in a moment I saw that the building was half-full of a mass of grayish-black substances that looked very sticky and messy, and smelled as would an omelet of similar dimensions made of bad eggs

"Mud!" announced the doctor.

I must have been hypnotized, for, following the precedent of the beginning of the interview, I chirped after him: "Mud."

"Mud," he said again

"Cheese it!" I yelled, shaking myself out from beneath the spell. "I know it's mud. Moreover, it seems to me to be mud that has spoiled on your hands. No self-respecting, upright mud would look that sickish color and give off that sickish smell. This mud, apparently, has lacked the tender care due such eminent stuff, has been neglected and allowed to mortify and decay It is a shame to treat inoffensive, non-sectarian, God-fearing mud in this manner, and I shall report you to the Society for the Protection and Amelioration of American Mud—that's what I'll do. Moreover"—I was well wrought up by this time and reached over and took the doctor by the diamond cross and shook my fist in his face—"if you ever say 'Mud' again to me I'll mud you. I'm sick of standing

Nature's Mud is Falling Down—
Falling Down—Falling Down

"Chop it!" Said a Voice, "And Quit Steppin' on My Toes"

around here and yammering 'Mud-mud-mud' after you. Stop it now, or I'll macerate you!"

The doctor drew back in alarm. "But," he protested, "my dear sir, it is mud."

"I know it," I shouted—"I know it. Did you imagine I thought it was orange marmalade or stewed rhubarb?"

"It—is—mud," he whispered hoarsely.

I saw it was useless. So I calmed. "All right," I replied, "let it be understood, now and forever, that this is mud. Having fixed that valuable fact, kindly inform me what I shall do to get the incalculable benefits of this glorious, but somewhat decomposed, mud. Shall I do a high dive into it, or merely wade out and duck under?"

"By no means," protested the doctor in alarm, patting me rapidly. "You will come with me and take your mud bath in a decent, orderly manner."

He turned and went into the bathhouse. I followed meekly enough. That last series of pats had quieted my wrath.

We came to a long room with many canvas cots stretched in rows. Pink men—they were all pink—lay on some of the cots, covered with sheets. At the far end of the room there were several glass doors, and I could see steam on the glass. The doctor motioned me to a sort of a booth.

"Strip!" he said

I took off my clothes. He came in and put a large, furry ear on my chest. I could feel the diamond cross press against my diaphragm.

"Heart's all right," he said, patting me briskly. "One of the best I ever heard." Apparently, I must abandon the fond idea that I had heart disease. Six or seven doctors had gone into raptures about that heart, although I had been certain it had been skipping beats like a one-cylinder engine in a motor boat.

"Come on!" he directed.

I flung a sheet about myself and paraded down the long room, while the pink men on the cots looked at me with languid interest.

We reached a small room at the end which had a wooden shelf in it, built along the wall. A man was on it being rubbed with salt.

"Cured?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but I will be after he gets through with me. I shall be a human pickle in about ten minutes more."

The doctor had dived into one of the steamy rooms. He came out trickling, with the luster of the diamond cross much dimmed. A large, broad-shouldered person, wearing less clothes than I had ever seen on anybody who pretended to have on any clothes at all, followed.

"Jake," said the doctor, "this gentleman is to take a course of our justly-celebrated mud baths. You will look after him. Ten minutes, I think, will suffice. Make the mud about the usual. Good-morning." And he left.

Jake looked me over with a speculative eye. "What's ailin' yuh?" he asked genially.

"Oh, I guess general debility will sum it up all right," I told him.

"Huh," he said, "I'd never have thought it."

"Now, Jake," and I was stern with him, "I am regaining my shattered health, and I don't want any medical opinions from you. What you have to do is to apply this mud I'll diagnose my own symptoms."

"K'rect," responded Jake. "I was merely askin'. Come on."

Jake took me by the shoulder and shoved me through a door at the side of the little room where the man was being salted down

"Fifteen minutes of that," he ordered.

It was a steam room. I had been in other steam rooms, but never, it seemed to me, in so steamy a steam room as this. It was all steam, good, hot, swathful steam, and, when Jake slid out and banged the door, I had a sensation of being left alone in a cavern where they had piped in the by-product of Vesuvius.

I took a long breath and could feel my lungs cooking. I tried the door, thinking to sneak out when Jake wasn't looking; but I found it locked, and I could see dimly, through the glass, Jake sitting on a chair opposite the door, with a watch in his hand.

I sidled around the walls to find if there was not another door and bumped into something that reached out and twined two long and moist things around me.

"Yah-h-h!" I yelled. It was true. I was in a cavern, and a salamander had grabbed me.

"Chop it!" said a hoarse voice. "And quit steppin' on my toes."

Instantly I was encouraged. Salamanders, I knew, never used language like that.

"Leggo!" I said. "What you grabbin' me like that for?" I had fallen into the vernacular, among other things.

"I Shall Stay Here on This Cot for a Thousand Years"

"Well," said the voice, "I was sittin' here cookin', and you come along and sprawl all over me. I had to grab you. Whatchu tryin' to do, anyhow?"

"I don't know," I replied—"I do not know. I think I am trying to give an imitation of a steamed sausage, but it may be that I am only a plum pudding."

I could hear a chair scrape along the floor. "It ain't right to shove them bugs in here when you can't see nothin'," said a voice.

"No," I reassured him, "I am not a bug. I am as sane as any man could be expected to be who, voluntarily and without duress, submits himself to a proceeding of this kind"

"Well," he snarled, "keep off'n my toes."

I never did see that man. Three or four times I tried to get him into conversation, but, as was likely, the voice was steamed out of him, and he did not reply. Presently, a dim, shadowy form came in, yanked the other man out of the room, and I was left alone, or alone so far as I could see. There might be others in that room, but I went on no exploring trips. I stood stolidly at the spot where the long, moist arms had released me and dripped my precious flesh and tissue into a pool at my parboiled feet.

It seemed hot and muggy—humid, so to speak—like fourteen August days in New York rolled into one—but really it was cool, comfortable, congealed when compared with what was coming. But I did not know that, and my ignorance was my damp and delusive bliss.

Judged from the dimensions of the pool at my feet I had seeped off enough to make me a moist skeleton by the time Jake appeared. He loomed up through the steam, touched me on the shoulder, disturbing a reverie that had to do with a man who fell into a vat where they scalded hides. I had a vision of a friend of mine sitting on his front porch at Snicker's Gap and snickering at a tall silver mug with a rime of frost on the outside of it and an amber-colored liquid inside of it which nestled comfortably amid glistening cubes of ice and an herb of a fragrant green; and I hated him

"Do not disturb me," I said to Jake, for I knew it was Jake. His touch was so masterful. "I am about to be wafted to Arcady on clouds of steam."

"Yes, you are," rasped Jake. "You are about to get your mud bath. Come on!"

I went, wading through the pool at my feet. Much to my astonishment, when I reached daylight I was not a living skeleton. In fact, except from an aura of dampness that surrounded me, I seemed about the same.

"Come on!" ordered Jake again in a most dictatorial manner, I thought.

He led me into another room. There was something that looked like a cot in the middle of the floor, only it wasn't a cot, of course, for, despite the crossed legs and other familiar cot features, it was a strange and uncanny object. Where the canvas on all regulated cots should be was a bed of mud, the grayish-black mud I had seen in the mudhouse, slick and slithery, smoothed out to an approximate depth of six inches on the top of that cot. Hanging down at each side was some oilcloth.

"Go to it!" commanded Jake.

"Go to what?" I inquired.

Jake indicated the cot and its slithery covering with a nod of his head

"Do you mean I am to get into that mess?" I quavered.

"Sure," replied Jake. "Hurry up, too, while your pores are open from them steam."

"But, Jake," I remonstrated feebly, "it doesn't look sanitary. You know," I hastened on desperately, "I am a great believer in the sanitary principle. Let us all be sanitary, Jake, and half of the human woe would disappear.

Now, Jake, that stuff on that cot has a distinctly unsanitary appearance. It ought to be washed and disinfected, I should say. Suppose you take it out and sterilize it. I am very comfortable and will wait here. You see, Jake——"

"Aw, cut it out!" said Jake. "Come here!"

He spoke roughly. Seizing me by the shoulder, he tore off my wet but protecting sheet, pulled me to the cot and squared me away.

"Lay down in the middle," he said.

There was nothing else to do. So I lay down in the middle.

Kind reader, did you ever, in a moment of reckless abandon, lie down in the middle of a cot covered with six inches of soft and messy, undulating, jellied fire? Did you? Mayhap not

I did. It was like sinking softly into the exact center of a mess of boiling graham mush

"Wow!" I squalled. "It's hot."

"Is it?" asked Jake disinterestedly. "Thought it would be chilly, I suppose. Got

(Concluded on Page 37)

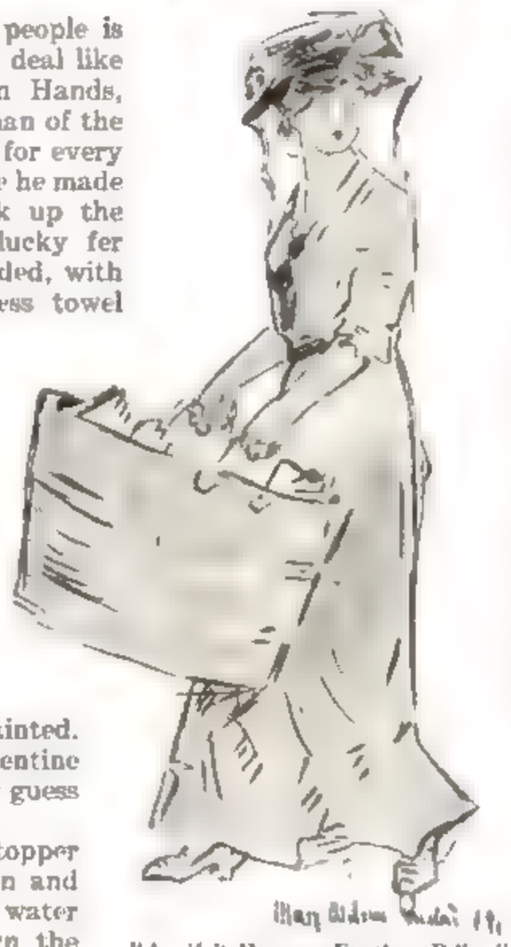
Somebody Hit Me in the Small of the Back With a Crowbar

HER ARM

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Clementine Abandons Modern Methods



"As if it Were a Feather Puller"

THE outside of people is usually a good deal like 'em," said Jim Hands, who, being the foreman of the room, always waited for every one else to wash while he made the rounds to check up the day's work. "An' lucky fer them it's so," he added, with a jerk on the endless towel which set the roller spinning merrily. "Fer you see"—he stopped to examine an old scar upon his thumb—"you and I an' all of us would have a terrible time of it sizing up folks if they didn't have hands and faces and we had to really get acquainted. But there was Clementine Grogan—who'd ever guess her?"

He snapped the stopper out of the wash-basin and whistled while the water gurgled its way down the pipe. "It's cleared off, I see," he commented, shutting the washroom window, which came down like a stage curtain on a scene of factory town with a background of autumn-painted woodland and hills, clear in the late afternoon sunlight.

"My! but she was a dandy!" he went on. "The first time I ever seen her was one of them hot days in summer when everythin' gets so quiet in the afternoon that you can almost hear the heat risin' off n the road an' the dusty weeds beside it, an' by-'n'-by there's a black chunk of clouds risin' up over the edge and tippin' over into the valley, 'way off so far you can jest hear the rumblin'. But it comes quick when it starts, and I was standin' in the office talkin' with the boss about a rush order fer Neckleberg's, the Chicago jobbers, when I seen Clementine fer the first time. She was hiking down the hill toward the factory and she looked about seven feet tall and as healthy as one of them plaster women without clothes that hold up the front of a scenic railway at the beach, an' she moved as if it weren't any trouble in particular fer her to move—to move with a travelin' bag in her hand—an' to move fast. The rain began to start with them first big, fat, slap-the-ground drops just as she got to the door with her hat in one hand and her dark-red hair half down on her shoulders.

"'Jim,' says the boss, looking at her kind of thoughtful as she stood in the door of the outer office by the cashier's cage, 'there's the new vamp stitcher we hired from Manchester. We've got our money's worth in quantity.'

"'And health,' says I. 'Look at them shoulders!' An' I stood back into the office to let her come in. Her run hadn't taken her breath much, an' so I was expectin' that when she spoke the pictures would rattle on the wall. Right there was where I fell down jest as I told you. Fer Clementine blushed and drew her big, smooth, white eyelids down over her big, blue eyes, an' plucked at her dress with her fine, big hands, and her voice sounded soft and pretty, an' she says, 'I am Clementine Grogan,' an' there came a clap of thunder. 'An',' she says, 'I trust I will do satisfactory work for you,' she says, an' went on explainin', soft an' shy an' pretty an' as different from her looks as a lady's watch is different from a water-wheel.

"When she went out to report to the foreman of the stitchin'-room the boss looked up to me. He saw the point, too. 'I guess she looks like a sunflower and is a violet,' says he. 'An' what's that book with the ooze leather she left on the letter-press, Jim?'

"'Great guns!' says I, 'it's a book of poetry!'

"'Umph!' says he. 'Grogan is a good name for her architecture,' he says, 'an' Clementine is her inner self, I guess,' he says.

"That was the way she come to us, an' the other girls in the stitchin'-room talked enough about her that first week to make up their minds that she weren't good-lookin', and, while the men thought she was, still a girl that's six-feet-two and weighin' over two hundred, with a good square jaw, is too much girl in one package fer most men. Particular when she reads poetry and takes a magazine called Newest Thought or some name like that. Most fellers is uneasy. They like good looks, but there is always a guess about so many pounds of it at one time. A big girl seems like a bigger contract than a little one, though I've seen little ones, like Bessie Eastman, the bookkeeper, that is a big enough contract fer any man. I don't believe size counts. But they was cautious about Clementine, and the only feller that dared to try his hand was just the one you might suppose—Perry Downes

"Perry was the best-lookin' young feller we ever had in our factory. He weren't tall or short or fat or thin, but he was brown an' graceful an' perlite, an' there weren't nobody who didn't like him. An' Perry's trouble was liquor an' then more liquor.

"There's two kinds of them drink fellers. Some of them is born an' some is made, an' Perry was made. He had a story, too, though few knew it, an' it was a story of a feller who come from good people, who'd made money quick an' lost it sudden, an' Perry had always thought that he could sit up nights an' sleep days, an', even when he couldn't borrow any more money an' had to lose himself an' look fer a job along with the rank an' file of us, he'd act as if he was willin' to give up his day of sleep fer wages, but that his nights was his fer sure an' he'd make the most of 'em. An' when he got so he couldn't tell whether it was day or night he'd be away from the moulding machine fer half a week at a time.

"The first time Perry ever seen the Grogan girl was one evenin' when he'd run out of money down at the Phenix Hotel bar an' says, 'Boys, sit right here and don't move. I'm goin' up to Mrs. Jordan's select boardin'-house, where I reside, an' get a five-dollar note out of my factory pants,' he says. 'Youth,' says he, 'is a better season than summer,' he says, 'an' my legs is hollow,' he says.

"Off he went, an' it was one of them fine evenin's in summer, with the stars an' crickets an' no wind an' the smell of flowers. It weren't far—just over the bridge by the cotton mill an' up the hill on Maple Street an' in the screen door an' up the stairs an' into his room. But it was when he came out that he tripped with the liquor in his feet an' went down to the bottom, an' when he looked up, he says, he seen Clementine standin' there, an' he says to himself, 'Don't she look like somebody real!' he says.

"But the Grogan girl says to him: 'Are you hurt?'

"'No, thank you,' says Perry, always easy in speakin'.

"An' he says he only remembers that, by-an'-by, they was sittin' on the porch steps, fer Clementine had just gone to live at Mrs. Jordan's the day before, an' she was recitin' poetry to him an' tellin' him that everybody has got two personalities and maybe a third in India. An' he says, 'I hope that one in India is pretty classy,' he says to me afterward. That was what he says to me, but not to her. He just sat there, an' the time went by, an' he listened, all attention and perlite, an' tryin' to think of excuses to get back to the Phenix Hotel, and thirsty an' sittin' a while longer until he was more 'n' more sober. An' his mind cleared up, and the moon through the trees made it seem like a dream, an' both his fingers and his feelings was kind of trembly, an' he says he out an' told her how he realized that he'd been drunk an' she'd overlooked it an' how she'd kept him away from goin' back that night, an' it was goin' to be some woman some time who'd keep him away from it forever, an' it was easy to find her big, strong hand fer the sake of gratitude. An' he took it in his. How's that? . . . Yes, it's at them times those things happen. An' there weren't a good corner of that girl's heart that didn't holler then. An' I guess the tears come up into her eyes and I guess the damage was done. I guess she'd made up to be the woman, come thick or thin, that would save him. Them that don't love easy is the ones that's open to lovin' sudden an' hard an' continuous, an' God fergive the man who starts 'em.

"I could notice the difference in the factory after that, fer the upper leather-room opens into the room where the stitchers sit, an' when I'd stop to sharpen my cuttin' knife I could see the girl's big shoulders bent over the machine, an' sometimes I could see there was somethin' new in her face. A funny girl she was, an' if a lame cat come into the room, fer all her bigness of body, the cat would go to her first, an' birds would sit on a fence-rail ter let her go by without flyin' off, an' there was enough of that glistenin' dark-red hair on her head to stuff a double mattress.

"The trouble was that Perry didn't love her. She was too dreamy fer Perry. He was sorry because she seemed so lonesome, an' he drove her down to the State Fair an' he took her to see Uncle Tom's Cabin to get a good laugh out of the bum actin', but she felt bad when little Eva died and it spoilt the evenin' fer Perry, an' he took her home an' went down ter the Phenix Bar an' got ter cryin' himself because the lion's mouth on the J. N. Thompson fountain at the head of the Common wouldn't open an' shut when he turned the water on an' off.

"'When I'm with her,' says he ter me one day, 'she's always talkin' about improvin' yourself by suggestion, an' the mind influencin' the body, an' a person's will, an' I thought when I got fired from the high school I'd shaken that kinder thing fer good an' all. But ain't she the biggest, healthiest-lookin' girl you ever saw? An' ain't she honest an'—why, great guns! she's too good fer any of us. There ain't anybody in the factory knows her like me.' With that, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the gatepost an' looks down at the factory an' the river kinder thoughtful.

"An' by-an'-by he says: 'Jim, old man, this fall'll see me twenty-nine years old, an' the days when I used ter wear silk socks is a long way off, an' if I had any sense I'd quit drinkin' an' love that girl; but, Jim, she lacks spirit. A woman has got to have some bang-whang ter make a married man outer me.'

"'You oughter quit the liquor, anyhow,' says I.

"'Go on,' says he, 'it tastes too good.'

"That was Perry—a good feller that didn't care, lookin' up at me with his laughin' eyes—but I have to laugh myself when I think of what he said to me that day an' what happened afterward.

"There weren't any fun in it fer the girl. Mrs. Jordan, who's so used ter the factory hands an' their ways, runnin' a boardin' an' roomin' house an' washin' a cartload of dishes each day fer ten years an' more'n a thousand meals, ain't got much—what do you call it?—sentiment left; but the big, husky Grogan girl had so much of it Mrs. Jordan got back some of hers, I guess.

"I remember well the old lady gettin' caught on Maple Hill with one of her heart spells an' comin' in fer a bit of a rest on a Sunday afternoon in the late fall of that year. When she was dressed up she looked as if she had fifty layers of clothing—like

"He Thought She was the Statue of Liberty in Disguise"

an onion. I can see her now, sittin' on the sofa, with her red face and short of breath

"My Annie brought her a glass of cold water, an' we knew when she'd be able to talk she'd tell us her troubles Annie an' I is a funny pair. Everybody tells her an' me their hard-luck stories, an' I laugh an' Annie near cries God bless her fer being that much of a fool. An' that Sunday it was about Perry an' the girl that the old woman told us.

"'It's awful,' she says, 'ter see the poor girl worryin her head off about the rascal an' layin' awake nights thinkin' a new way to keep him straight,' she says, 'an' sittin' Saturday night out on the piazza fer him to come home,' she says. 'An' I don't believe he loves her,' she says.

"'There's only one way to tell,' says my Annie, wipin' her hands on her white apron. 'How much a man loves a girl is told only by the time he gives to her,' she says. 'Money an' words are no measure,' says she. 'It's a man's time that he won't give to them who he don't love.'

"'By that measure Perry loves her about like a brother, which ain't enough,' says Mrs. Jordan, with her false teeth rattlin'.

"'A man's in love fer what he can take, an' a woman's in love fer what she can give,' says I. 'Clementine Grogan can give a lot of talk on mind an' matter,' says I. 'An' Perry don't want to take it,' I says.

"'Except when he's been drinkin',' says the old lady; 'an' then,' says she, 'when his legs is ready to tie in a bow-knot goin' up the stairs he will let the big girl take him into the parlor,' says she, 'an' sit him on the sofa, an' he'll look at her with his eyes wide an' wobbly while she's givin' him mental suggestion an' whatever else of the kind she reads about in that magazine of hers. I think it kind of comforts him then an' settles his stomach,' says she, 'an' the girl goes out an' draws cold water fer him to wet his head by,' she says.

"My Annie she sort of studies the thing, pluckin' with her fingers at her collar an' lookin' up at the crayon portrait of our little Michael. Finally, she snaps her fingers, an' I seen a little smile on her face.

"'Ask Miss Grogan to step in tomorrer at noon hour,' she says. 'She talked with me over the front gate, an' once, when Perry went off to the Junction an' was gone three days, I found her walkin' through the fields alone in the rain,' she says. 'Tell her I want to see her special,' she says.

"Mrs. Jordan she kinder looks up as if she was goin' to ask somethin', but she only says, 'I hope ye'll have good advice fer her,' says she, 'fer the best I could do was to advise her to send fer some of the cure you drop secret into a man's coffee. But,' she says, 'it only made Perry sick as a dog,' she says, 'an' in the evenin' he had to take a bit of liquor to feel better an' then was off again fer a night, an' the girl rockin' on the piazza till daylight, keepin' me awake. An' now I'll be goin',' she says

"So it was that way that Clementine Grogan come up to the house the next day, an' I was eatin' my lunch with the windows open to let out the smoke from the fried sausages when she come into the yard an' around by the back door.

"'Oh, I'm glad ye came,' says my Annie, puttin' her hand on the girl's arm outside 'I wanted to talk with ye,' says she 'But first, dear, will ye give me a hand with this tub. I've had it settin' out fer washin' outdoors,' says she, 'but I think it's goin' to snow,' she says

"'Twas then fer the first time I noticed one of them blue wash-tubs sittin' on a soap-box an' full of water.

"'Of course I will,' says the girl, always good and obligin'. 'You must be tired with the work you do and three little ones to look after,' says she. 'Leave go the other handle, I'll take it fer ye.'

"An' with that she laid her big hands to it an' up it come without even puttin' a knee to it. An' ter see her walk ter the door with it as if it were a feather piller would do yer good if ye'd ever tried to do the same yerself. Annie was smilin' an' hummin' a snatch of song as she watched her.

"'Thank you,' says she to the girl. 'An' now I've a word to say to yer, an' will ye step into the house,' says she, 'fer 'tis a matter fer women ter talk alone,' says she. 'An' I've been married these eighteen years an' know somethin' of men,' she says.

"An' the talk they had was a long one, an' what Annie told her you an' I won't ever know, except she found out that Perry had asked her to marry him, which is a poor substitute fer lovin a woman, as anybody will agree

'Says I to Annie a few days later:

"'It's a crime to let 'em go on with it.'

"An' she says, liftin' the spoon outer the cake-batter: 'We'll tell better when the girl calls out her reserves,' she says, an' would say no more.

"Well, it was the next night that the end come. I well remember how there was that damp cold an' the smell of snow, an', being Saturday, the stores in the village was lit up an' the windows all clouded an' a circle around the moon. An' as I come up toward the town-hall steps I heard a feller laugh, standin' there in the shadow with three or four others, an' I knew it was Perry before he left 'em.

"He seen me an' stopped an' caught hold of my shoulders with his two hands, an' he says: 'Jim, old man, I like you an' I want you to do somethin' fer me,' he says.

"'What's that?' says I.

"'Leave yer barn door unlocked tonight. I want ter sleep there instead of goin' home,' he says just like that an' winkin' at me.

"'An' why?' I says.

"He was reelin' around a bit an' hangin' on to me, but says he: 'Have pity on me, Jim, fer my girl will be waitin' fer me,' he says, 'an' she's a fine girl, Jim, but she'll talk to me, Jim,' he says. 'She'll talk to me all about chewing my food fine to take away the taste fer liquor, Jim. Poor girl, Jim! She's made a botch of the job of fixing me up, old man, an' I've got to learn to love her, Jim, after I've had one more evenin' with the boys.' An' he began to laugh till I was mad an' shook him off.

"I told my Annie about it when I got home. I says' 'He ain't bad and he ain't a fool. He just don't realize, that's all.'

"'Jim,' says Annie, shuttin' her jaw, 'do you know where he'll be now?'

"'I do,' says I.

"'Where?' she says

"'In the Phenix, downstairs in the bar,' says I.

"'Jim,' says she, 'would yer like to study human nature?' she says. 'Fer I'll give you a tip, dear,' says she. 'When you step down to get me a pound of coffee before the store closes,' she says, lookin' at the clock, 'jest step into the Phenix Bar, dear, an' sit there a while, watchin' 'em play pool, an' if Perry is still there you'll see something to yer advantage.'

"'Go on!' says I 'I haven't been in a saloon these eight years.'

"'I mean it,' she says, 'an' I'll walk with ye as far as Mrs. Jordan's,' she says. 'I have an errand there.'

"So she left me at the gate an' went into the boardin'-house, where Minnie Dale, the girl on the eyelet machines, was playin' colored sheet-music on the pianner and the light was burnin' upstairs in Clementine Grogan's room. You could see her shadow on the curtain —even bigger than the girl herself.

"But people down on Main Street, where the stores was still open, was strollin' off toward home, an' the New York Clothing House was closin' up, an' it had begun to snow them big flakes that melt on yer coat—cold an' damp an' no wind, an' everybody glad to be thinkin' of a warm bed an' sleepin' overtime on Sunday mornin'.

"When I looked across at the Phenix Hotel where I knew Perry'd be, I thinks to myself: 'Them two—my Annie an' the girl—has given him some sort of drug that'll mix bad with the liquor or somethin' like that.' An' I thought about it, standin' across the street lookin' at the lights in Dave's barber-shop in the hotel, an' I can remember seeing Dave's hand keep clippin' the shears together over Ben Pierson's head an' wonderin' why he had to snap 'em together so much. An' then I went across an' down the steps into the bar.

"Great guns! how the drink business an' the laughin' an' talk an' don't-care come back on me when I stepped in. Everybody's a good feller fer the while in them places, an' 'tis too bad them hours might not be spent without payin' so high fer 'em an' without women folks wipin' their eyes on aprons an' sleeves at home. A man who'd invent somethin' to do the same fer us without the harm in it could be elected President unanimous.

"The air was the same as it is the world over in them places—so thick with smoke you could roll it between your hands, an' the click of the pool-balls, an' the merry jackass singin' out of tune over the dish of pretzels at the end of the bar, which are salted to make you thirsty. An' if the air an' the noise was like that in yer own parlor you'd raise a fuss with the wife, but you'd walk three miles to find it in a place like the Phenix. An' when I shut the door behind me there was that much surprise at seein' me, who never go into them places now, that many a good boy of them waved his hand to me an' many a one of them asked me to drink with him, as if they'd sing praises fer me comin' back to be a drinkin' man again.

"Perry, sure enough, was there an' was hangin' on to the rail of the bar, an' full of his jokes fer the four or five others with him, an' Denny Brine, the barkeep, was offerin' to set 'em up when the buyin' got dull.

"'Boys,' says Perry, pretendin' to whisper, 'I'll tell ye a great secret.'

"'What's that?' says they with fresh drinks in front of 'em.

"'Tis this,' says he very solemn: 'When ye arise in the mornin' yer ought to take three long breaths an' then go an' look in the mirror—if any of yer is good-lookin' enough to stand it,' he says. 'An'—wait till I

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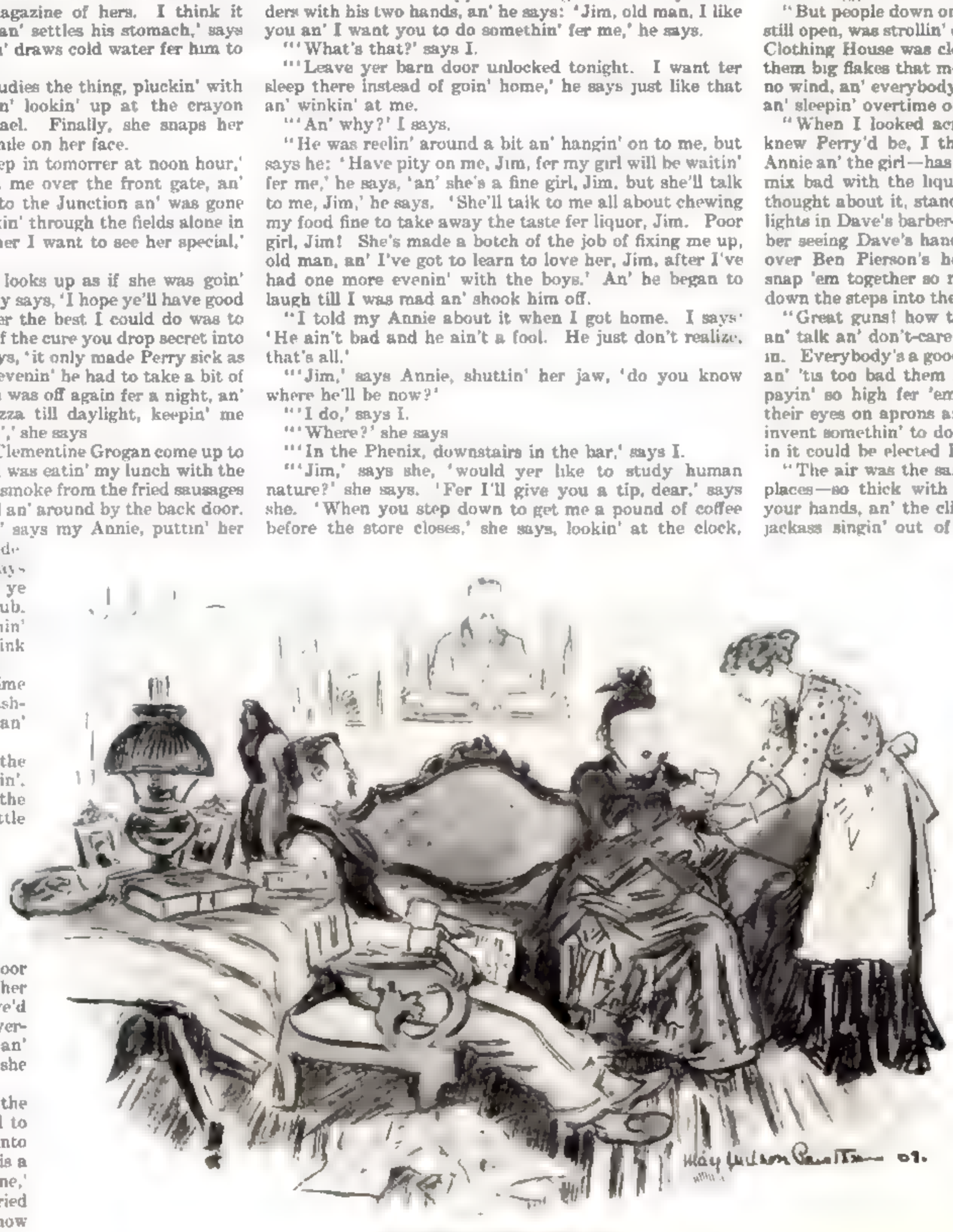
"'Don't She Look Like Somebody Real?'"



"I Laugh an' Annie Near Cries"

The Presumption of Innocence

IS IT ANYTHING MORE THAN PLEASANT FICTION?

By Arthur C. Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. L. FITHIAN

THERE has been a great to-do lately in the city of New York over an ill-omened young person, Duffy by name, who, falling into the bad graces of the police, was most incontinently dragged to headquarters and "mugged" without so much as "By your leave, sir," on the part of the authorities. Having been photographed and measured in most humiliating fashion, he was turned loose with a gratuitous warning to behave himself in the future and see to it that he did nothing which might gain him even more invidious treatment. Now, although many thousands of equally-harmless persons had been similarly treated, this particular outrage was made the occasion of a vehement protest to the mayor of the city by a certain member of the judiciary, who pointed out that such things in a civilized community were shocking beyond measure, and called upon the mayor to remove the commissioner of police and all his staff of deputy commissioners for openly violating the law which they were sworn to uphold. The commissioner of police, who has sometimes enforced the penal statutes in a way that has made him unpopular with machine politicians, saw nothing wrong in what he had done and, what was more, said so most outspokenly. The judge said "You did" and the commissioner said "I didn't." Specifically, the judge was complaining of what had been done to Duffy, but more generally he was charging the police with despotism and oppression and with systematically disregarding the sacred liberties of the citizens which it was their duty to protect. Accordingly, the mayor decided to look into the matter for himself, and after a lengthy investigation came to the alleged conclusion that the "mugging" of Duffy was a most reprehensible thing and that all those who were guilty of having any part therein should be instantly removed from office. He therefore issued a pronunciamento to the commissioner demanding the official heads of several of his subordinates, which order the commissioner politely declined to obey. The mayor thereupon removed him and appointed a successor, ostensibly for the purpose of having in the office a man who should conduct the police business of the city with more regard for the liberties of the inhabitants thereof.

One Look at the Plaintiff and One at the Accused and the Jury May be Heard to Mutter: "He's Guilty!"

The judge who had started the rumpus expressed himself as very much pleased, and declared that now at last a new era had dawned wherein the government was to be administered with a due regard for law.

The Mayor on the Duffy Case

NOW, curiously enough, although the judge had demanded the removal of the commissioner on the ground that he had violated the law and been guilty of tyrannous and despotic conduct, the mayor had ousted him not for his course in arresting and "mugging" a presumptively innocent man, but for inefficiency and maladministration in his department.

Said the mayor in his written opinion:

> After thinking over this matter with the greatest care I am led to the conclusion that as mayor of the city of New York I should not order the police to stop taking photographs of people arrested and accused of crime or who have been indicted by grand juries. That grave injustice may occur the Duffy case has demonstrated, but I feel that it is not the taking of the photograph that has given cause to the injustice, but the inefficiency and maladministration of the police department.

In other words, the mayor set the seal of his official approval upon the very practice which caused the injustice and humiliation to Duffy. "Mugging" was all right, so long as you "mugged" the right persons.

The situation thus outlined is one of more than passing interest. Whatever the merely political outcome may be—and it may be far-reaching—a sensitive point in our governmental nervous system has been touched and a condition uncovered that, sooner or later, must be diagnosed and cured.

For the police have no right under the law to arrest and photograph a citizen who has committed no crime. And it is ridiculous to assert that the very guardians of the law may violate it so long as they do so judiciously and do not molest the Duffys. The trouble goes deeper than that.

The truth is that we are up against that most delicate of situations, the concrete adjustment of a theoretical individual right to a practical necessity. The same difficulty has always existed and will always continue to exist whenever emergencies requiring prompt and decisive action arise or conditions obtain that must be handled effectively without too much discussion. It is easy while sitting on a piazza with a cigar to recognize the rights of your fellow-men, but if you were starving on the high seas in an open boat ——! You may assert most vigorously the right of the citizen to immunity from arrest without legal cause, but if you saw a seedy character sneaking down a side street at three o'clock in the morning, his pockets bulging with jewelry and silver ——! *Que voulez vous, m'sieu'?* Would you have the policeman on post insist on the fact being established that a burglary had been committed beyond peradventure before arresting the suspect, who, in the meantime, would undoubtedly escape? Of course, the worthy officer sometimes does this, but his conduct in that case becomes the subject of an investigation on the part of his superiors. In fact, the rules of the New York police department require him to arrest all persons, carrying bags in the small hours, who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves. Yet there is no such thing under the laws of the state as a right "to arrest on suspicion."

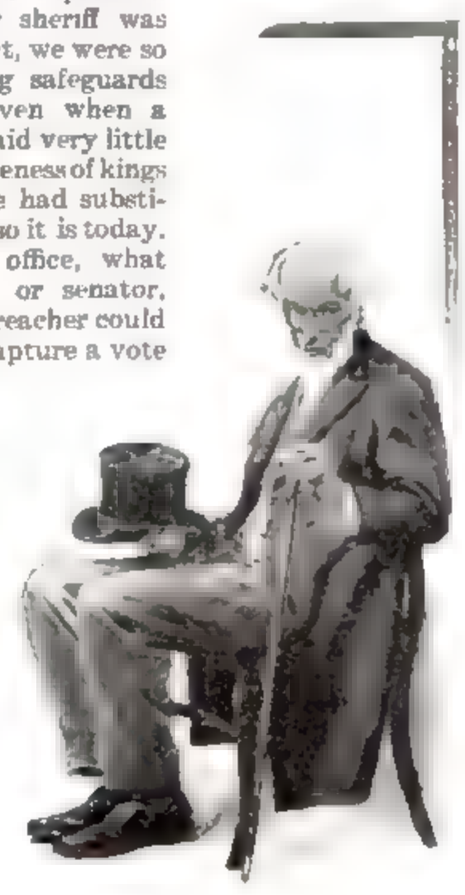
The End and the Means

NO CITIZEN may be arrested under the statutes unless a crime has actually been committed. Thus the police regulations deliberately compel every officer either to violate the law or to be made the subject of charges for dereliction of duty. A confusing situation for a man who wants to do his duty by himself and his fellow-citizens!

The author of this article once wrote a book dealing with the practical administration of criminal justice in which the unlawfulness of arrest on mere "suspicion" was discussed at length and given a prominent place. But when the time came for publication that portion of it was omitted at the earnest solicitation of certain of the authorities on the ground that, as such arrests were absolutely necessary for the prevention of crime, a public exposition of their illegality would do infinite harm. Now, as it seems, the time has come when the facts, for one reason or another, must be faced. The difficulty does not end, however, with "arrest on suspicion," "the third degree," "mugging," or their allied abuses. It really goes to the root of our whole theory of the administration of the criminal law. Is it possible that, on final analysis, we may find that our enthusiastic insistence upon certain of the supposedly-fundamental liberties of the individual has led us into a condition of legal hypocrisy vastly less desirable than the frank attitude of our Continental neighbors toward such subjects?

The Massachusetts state constitution concludes with the now famous words, "To the end that this may be a government of laws and not of men." That is the essence of the spirit of American government. Our forefathers had arisen and thrown off the yoke of England and her intolerable system of penal government, in which an accused had no right to testify in his own behalf and under which he could be hanged for stealing a sheep. "Liberty!" "Liberty or death!" That was the note ringing in the minds and mouths of the framers of the Declaration and signers of the Constitution. That is the popular note today of the Fourth of July orator and of the Memorial Day address. It is still, thanks be to God, the clarion call of the Republic. This liberty was to be guaranteed by laws in such a way that it could never be curtailed or violated. No mere man was to be given an opportunity to tamper with it.

Ours was to be a government, not of men, but of laws. The individual was to be protected at all costs. No king or sheriff or judge or officer was to lay his finger on a freeman save at his peril. If he did the freeman might immediately have his "law"—"have the law on him," as the good old expression was—for no king or sheriff was above the law. In fact, we were so energetic in providing safeguards for the individual, even when a wrongdoer, that we paid very little attention to the effectiveness of kings or sheriffs, or what we had substituted for them. And so it is today. What candidate for office, what silver-tongued orator or senator, what demagogue or preacher could hold his audience or capture a vote if, when it came to a question of liberty, he should argue in behalf of the rights of the majority as against the individual? The Republican Party—"The Grand Old Party of Liberty!" The Democratic Party "The Party of Liberty!" The Socialist-Labor Party "of Liberty." "Liberty forever!"



Accordingly, in devising our laws, we have provided in every possible way for the freedom of the citizen from all interference with his business and himself on the part of the authorities. No one may be stopped, interrogated, examined or arrested unless a crime has been committed. Every one is presumed to be innocent until shown to be guilty by the verdict of a jury. No one's premises may be entered or searched without a warrant which the law renders it difficult to obtain. Every accused has the right to testify in his own behalf, like any other witness. The fact that he has been held for a crime by a magistrate and indicted by a grand jury places him at not the slightest disadvantage so far as defending himself against the charge is concerned, for he must be proved guilty beyond any reasonable doubt. These illustrations of the jealousy of the law for the rights of citizens might be multiplied to no inconsiderable extent. Further, our law allows a defendant convicted of crime to appeal to the highest courts, whereas if he be acquitted the people or state have no right of appeal at all.

How the Accused is Safeguarded

WITHOUT dwelling further on the matter it is enough to say that in general the state constitutions, their general laws or criminal codes provide that a person who is accused or suspected of crime must be *presumed innocent* and treated accordingly until his guilt has been affirmatively established in a jury trial; that, meantime, he must not be confined or detained unless a crime has in fact been committed and there is reasonable cause at least to believe that he has committed it; and, further, that if arrested he must be given an immediate opportunity to get bail, to have the advice of counsel, and must in no way be compelled to give any evidence against himself. So much for the *law*. It is as plain as a pikestaff. It is printed in the books in words of one syllable. So far as the law is concerned we have done our best to perpetuate the theories of those who, fearing that they might be arrested without a hearing, transported for trial, and convicted in a king's court before a king's judge for a crime they knew nothing of, insisted on "liberty or death." They had had enough of kings and their ways. Hereafter they were to have "a government of laws and not of men."

But the unfortunate fact remains that all laws, however perfect, must in the end be administered by imperfect men. There is, alas! no such thing as a government of laws and not of men. You may have a government more of laws and less of men, or vice versa, but you cannot have an auto-administration of the Golden Rule. Sooner or later you come to a *man*—in the White House, or on a woolsack, or at a desk in an office, or in a blue coat and

brass buttons—and then, to a very considerable extent, the question of how far ours is to be a government of laws or of men depends upon *him*. Generally, so far as he is concerned, it is going to be of man, for every official finds that the letter of the law works an injustice many times out of a hundred. If he is worth his salary he will try to temper justice with mercy. If he is human he will endeavor to accomplish justice as he sees it, so long as the law can be stretched to accommodate the case. Thus inevitably there is a conflict between the theory of the law and its application. It is the human element in the administration of the law that enables lawyers to get a living.

It is usually not difficult to tell what the law is; the puzzle is how it is going to be applied in any individual case. How it is going to be applied depends very largely upon the practical side of the matter and the exigencies of existing conditions.

It is hard to apply inflexibly laws over a hundred years old. It is equally hard to police a city of a million or so polyglot inhabitants with a due regard to their theoretic constitutional rights. But suppose, in addition, that these theoretic rights are entirely theoretic and fly in the face of the laws of Nature, experience and common-sense? What then? As the missionary said: "The cannibals are coming behind, there is a lion in front, there are sharks in the water—I can't swim, anyway—What *am* I to do?" What is a police commissioner to do who has either got to make an illegal arrest or let a crook get away—who must violate the rights of men illegally detained, by outrageously "mugging" them, or else egregiously fail to have a record of the professional criminals in his bailiwick? He does just what all of us do when we are up against it—he "takes a chance." But in the case of the police the thing is so necessary that there ceases practically to be any "chance" about it. They must prevent crime and arrest criminals. If they fail they are out of a job, and others more capable or less scrupulous take their places.

Arrests on Suspicion

THE fundamental law qualifying all systems is that of necessity. You can't let professional crooks carry off a voter's silverware simply because the voter, being asleep, is unable instantly to demonstrate beyond a reasonable doubt that his silver has been stolen. You can't permit burglars to drag sacks of loot through the streets of the city at four A. M. simply because they are presumed to be innocent until proved guilty. And yet if "arrest on suspicion" were not permitted, demanded by the public and required by the police ordinances, away would go the crooks and off would go the silverware, the town would be full of "leather-snatchers" and "strong-arm men," respectable citizens would be afraid to go out o' nights, and liberty would degenerate into license. That is the point. We Americans, or at least the newer ones of us, have a fixed idea that "liberty" means the right to steal apples from our neighbor's orchard without interference. Now, somewhere or other, there has got to be a switch and a strong arm to keep us in order, and the switch and arm must not wait until the apples are stolen and eaten before getting busy. If we come climbing over the fence, sweating apples at every pore, is Farmer Jones to go and count his apples before grabbing us?

The most presumptuous of all presumptions is this "presumption of innocence." It really doesn't exist, save in the mouths of judges and in the pages of law books. Yet as much to-do is made about it as if it were a living legal principle. Every judge in a criminal case is required to charge the jury in form or substance somewhat as follows: "The defendant is presumed to be innocent until that presumption is removed by competent evidence." "This presumption is his property, remaining with him throughout the trial and until rebutted by the verdict of the jury." "The jury has no right to consider the fact that the defendant stands at the bar accused of a crime by an indictment found by the grand jury." Shades of Sir Henry Hawkins! Does the judge expect that they are actually to swallow that? Here is a jury sworn "to a true verdict find" in the case of an ugly-looking customer at the bar who is charged with knocking down an old man and stealing his watch. The old man—an apostolic-looking octogenarian—is sitting right over there where the jury can see him. One look at the plaintiff and one at the accused and the jury may be heard to mutter: "He's guilty!"

"Presumed to be innocent?" Why, may I ask? Doesn't the jury and everybody else know that this good old man would never, save by mistake, accuse anybody falsely of crime? Innocence! Why, the natural and inevitable presumption is that the defendant is guilty! The human mind works intuitively, by comparison and experience. We assume or presume with considerable confidence that parents love their children, that all college presidents are great and good men, and that wild bulls are dangerous animals. We may be wrong. But it is up to the other fellow to show us the contrary.

Now, if out of a clear sky Jones accuses Robinson of being a thief, we know by experience that the chances are largely in favor of Jones' accusation being well founded. People, as a rule, don't go rushing around charging each other with being crooks unless they have some reason for it. Thus, at the very beginning the law flies in the face of probabilities when it tells us that a man accused of crime must be presumed to be innocent. In point of fact, whatever presumption there is—and this varies with the circumstances—is all the other way; greater or less, depending upon the particular attitude of mind and experience of the individual.

This natural presumption of guilt from the mere fact of the charge is rendered all the more likely by reason of the uncharitable readiness with which we believe evil of our fellows. How unctuously we repeat some hearsay bit of scandal! "I suppose you have heard the report that Deacon Smith has stolen the church funds?" we say to our friends with a sententious sigh—the outward sign of an invisible satisfaction. Deacon Smith after the money bag? Ha! ha! Of course he's guilty! These deacons are always guilty! And in a few minutes Deacon Smith is ruined forever, although the fact of the matter is that he was but counting the money in the collection plate. This willingness to believe the worst of others is a matter of common knowledge and of historical and literary record. "The evil that men do lives after them . . ." It might truly have been put, "The evil men are said to have done lives forever." However unfair, this is a psychologic condition which plays an important part in rendering the presumption of innocence a gross absurdity.

Robinson in the Toils

BUT let us press the history of Jones and Robinson a step further. The next event in the latter's criminal history is his appearance in court before a magistrate. Jones produces his evidence and calls his witnesses. Robinson, through his learned counsel, cross-examines them and then summons his own witnesses to prove his innocence. The proceeding may take several days or, perhaps, weeks. Briefs are submitted. The magistrate considers the testimony at great length, and finally decides that he believes Robinson guilty and must hold him for the action of the grand jury. You might now, it would perhaps seem, have some reason for suspecting that Robinson was not all that he should be. But no! He is still presumed in the eyes of the law, and theoretically in the eyes of his fellows, to be as innocent as a babe unborn. And now the grand jury take up and sift the evidence that has already been gone over by the police judge. They, too, call witnesses and take additional testimony. They, likewise, are convinced of Robinson's guilt, and they straightway hand down an indictment accusing him of the crime. A bench warrant issues. The defendant is run to earth and ignominiously haled to court. But he is still presumed to be innocent! Does not the law say so? And is not this a "government of laws"? Finally, the district attorney, who is not looking for any more work than is absolutely necessary, investigates the case and begins to prepare it for trial. As the facts develop themselves Robinson's guilt becomes more and more clear. The unfortunate defendant is given any opportunity he may desire to explain away the charge, but to no purpose.

The district attorney knows Robinson is guilty, and so does everybody else, including Robinson. At last this presumably innocent man is brought to the bar for trial. The jury scan his hangdog countenance upon which guilt is plainly written. They contrast his appearance with that of the honest Jones. They know he has been accused, held by a magistrate, indicted by a grand jury, and that his case, after careful scrutiny, has been pressed for trial by the public prosecutor. Do they really presume him innocent? Not much! They presume him guilty. And if, by any chance, Robinson puts in any defense, they require him, as a practical matter, to prove himself innocent. "As soon as I see him come through that little door in the back of the room, then I know he's guilty!" as the foreman said in the old story. What good does the presumption of innocence, so called, do to save the miserable Robinson? None whatever—save, perhaps, to console him in the long days pending his trial. But such a legal hypocrisy could never have deceived anybody.

How much better it would be to cast aside all such cant and frankly admit that the attitude of the citizen to the man under arrest is founded upon common-sense and the experience of mankind! If he is the wrong man it should not be difficult for him to demonstrate the fact. At any rate, circumstances are against him, and he should be ready to explain them away if he can.

Cleaning Up the Town

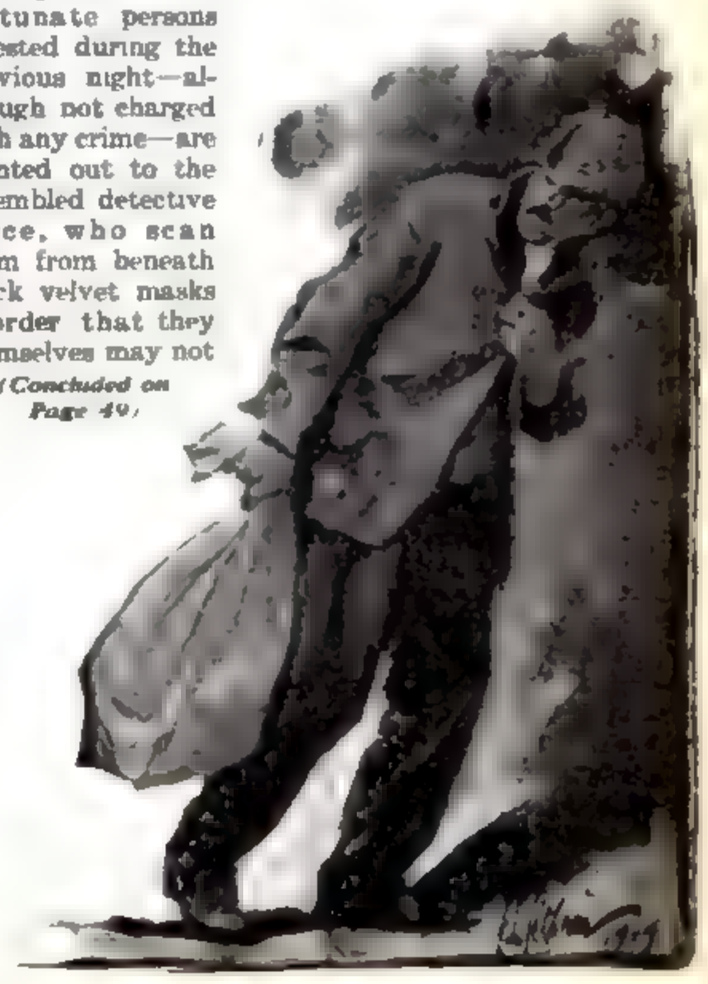
THE fact of the matter is that, in dealing with practical conditions, police methods differ very little in different countries. The authorities may, perhaps, keep considerably more detailed and open "tabs" on us in Germany and Russia than in the United States, but if we are once caught in a compromising position we experience about the same treatment wherever we happen to be. In France—and how the apostles of liberty condemn the iniquity of the administration of criminal justice in that country—the suspect or undesirable receives a polite official call or note in which he is invited to leave the locality as soon as convenient. In New York he is arrested by a plain-clothes man, yanked down to Mulberry Street for the night, and next afternoon is thrust down the gangplank of a just-departing boat. Many an inspector—without mentioning names—has earned unstinted praise by "clearing New York of crooks" or having a sort of "round up" of suspicious characters, whom, having properly branded, he has ejected from the city by the shortest and quickest possible route. Yet, in the case of every person thus arrested and driven out of town, he has undoubtedly violated constitutional rights and taken the law into his own hands. What crimes are committed in the name of law, O liberty!

What redress can a penniless tramp secure against a stout inspector of police, able and willing to spend a considerable sum of money in his own defense, and with the entire force ready and eager to get at the tramp and put him out of business? He swallows his pride, if he has any, and ruefully slinks out of town for a period of enforced abstinence from the joys of metropolitan existence. Yet who shall say that, in spite of the fact that it is a theoretic outrage upon liberty, this cleaning out of the city is not highly desirable? One or two comparatively innocent men may be caught in the rack, but they generally manage to intimate to the police that the latter have "got them wrong" and duly make their escape. The others resume their tramp from city to city—clothed in the presumption of their innocence.

Since the days of the Doges or of the Spanish Inquisition there has never been anything like the morning inspection of arrested suspects at the New York police headquarters. One by one the unfortunate persons arrested during the previous night—although not charged with any crime—are pointed out to the assembled detective force, who scan them from beneath black velvet masks in order that they themselves may not

(Concluded on Page 49)

You Can't Permit Burglars to Drag Sacks of Loot Through the Streets of the City at Four A. M. Simply Because They are Presumed to be Innocent Until Proved Guilty



THE ENDING OF GOTHAM

The Whole Caravan Had Streaked It Across the Desert

By

JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

POISON SPRING, perched on a black outcropping of the Panamints on the western edge of Death Valley, has no water worthy of the name; Furnace Creek, lying on the eastern lip of Death Valley, has sweet water. Once every ten days, "old man" John Delaney leaves Furnace Creek at dawn, his wagon laden with dripping barrels, and takes the trail which lies like a long, glistening scar across the Valley's painted face. For three days, swaying on his high seat beneath the torrential sun, he inches along the surface of the desert, a dot in the white whirl shuffled by his four black mules; on the third evening, after making two dry camps, he climbs the basalt into Poison Spring, and there pulls up between the tents, in the dusk, with his plashing freight, which he retails to the inhabitants at two dollars a pail.

Two years ago John Delaney was rendering the same service to Gotham—with this difference: that while now, serving Poison Creek, he is a citizen of Furnace Creek, then, watering Gotham, he had his tent and his claim in Gotham. Three times a month, as now, he left Furnace Creek with the same freight, and teamed it across the Valley, along the same trail. But, emerging out upon the basalt, he drove right on by Poison Spring, which then did not exist, and drew his gurgling burden two miles farther to Gotham, which now is not. And he was at the ending of Gotham, and knows of the ending of Gotham, and I drew from him the story of the ending of Gotham.

It took me long. From Joe Humphrey, barkeeper at Furnace Creek, and from Doc Miller, I had had little trouble in learning what they knew, which was insufficient though corroborative later; and from Kate, now at Rhyolite, I had obtained a hysterical outburst—which was more than I wanted. But old man Delaney held his knowledge long behind his stony lips, his lips stony as is his whole face, with the long influence of the desert. I made his route with him three times before he told. Three times, perched by his side on the high wagon-seat, I crawled the Valley from rim to rim in the shriveling heat before I knew the story of the ending of Gotham.

And each time, on the third day out, each time at the same place, marked by the petrified gesticulations of a sun-tortured yucca, he whoa-ed his mules, set the brake, and filled and lit his pipe. Throwing his legs over the end of the seat, he turned his face to the south and remained thus long, silent, smoking his little black pipe. Before him, in an immense and blinding sweep, spread a glistening alkali plain, flat as a crystallized sea, smoothed by past winds as though gently raked by the fingers of an idle god. His glance went slowly the length of it, as if following a trail, a track, some invisible tracery, on toward the south, till finally it rested upon the Funeral Range in the distance—the Funeral Range, now standing black, stark, massive and impenetrable, and now, behind the cracked pane of the vibrant atmosphere, suddenly beginning to dance, painted, veiled, beautiful and false, deep-bosomed with ambushed Death and the lure of Gold. And his eyes, those old, mystic blue eyes of his, the eyes of the mine-hunter, seemed to ask a question. "Whither?" they said. But as his long whip went out over the ears of the mules, and the released brake clanked, his stony lips opened to let through a growl. "Where in h——," he rumbled; and again, "*Where* in h——"

. . . . . .

The last day of Gotham was a thirteenth—a thirteenth of July. And its last night was a moonlit one. A crescent of moon rode overhead; its rays, striking the black promontory of rock upon which perched the camp, slid off in cascade down into the Valley, lying veiled and mystic beneath, till to the brim it seemed splashing with the light; they lit the half-dozen Sibley tents, which now made up this city of opulent name, with a cold radiance of tombstones. But the largest tent, in the center, that of the saloon of Gotham, glowed like an opal with an inward light of its own.

Within the tent the whole male population of Gotham was congregated. It consisted of just six; six men who a year before had been at the "rush" with hundreds, and who, now that the hundreds were gone, still stuck it out stubbornly, each hypnotized by a hole dug out of rock, in which lay some of his youth, of his life, of his sweat, of his blood. A reflective gloom sat upon them, beneath which lurked a wistfulness; for old man Delaney was going out.

He had been at the forefront of the rush, and still had his claim, scratched a few feet on the hillside; but it was there that for the first time age had given him warning. And so, gently, patiently, he had given up romance and had taken to water-hawking. For a year he had supplied Gotham with water while Gotham dug for gold, with the result, not so paradoxical as it may seem, that at the end of the year he had gold while Gotham had none. And now he was going out—which to the others meant about the end of the end. He had sold his wagon and three of his black mules in Rhyolite. The last mule, upon the back of which he had brought the last two barrels of water the camp ever was to get from him, stood tethered behind the tent, her slow, wise munching audible in the silences. On the morrow he would mount her, and she would take him across the desert, eighty miles to Rhyolite, from which he was to take a train to Los Angeles—and the luxuries of civilization.

He was telling them about it. Leaning back against the long board, set upon two barrels, which served as bar, hooked to it by his two elbows in an attitude that hinted of failing equilibrium, he shuffled in his hands a pile of silver dollars and gold double-eagles and boasted in his mild, gentle voice of the glories that awaited him.

"I'll sit in that bathtub"—already he had reached the hotel, the "swellest" in Los Angeles—"with the water right up to my neck. Nice, lukewarm water, sort of greenlike in the porcelain tub. There'll be a shower, too, dripping soft on my old head; it'll run right down my eyes and the corners of my mouth—water everywhere. And the electric bell will be right by my elbow, and every once in a while I'll ring it, and the boy will come a-running in with a drink—a long, cold claret punch, with a lemon peel and a cherry in it, and cracked ice a-tinkling against the sides. And there'll be ice in the tub, too, by Jerry! Icicles a-floating around. And I'll sit there, with water up to my neck, and water pouring on my head, and cool drinks pouring down my throat, and I'll think of you poo-oo-r, dry devils shriveling up here on your rocks like so many horned toads."

He stood there against the long bar, facing them, his old blue eyes far away, and his gentle voice, with all its bantering, fell about them like an invisible pall. Behind him, along the board, six candles were set in their own tallow. Their lights threaded upward very straight; but when he spoke the six leaned forward slightly, as if to listen. Behind them glowed wanly the shaven and impersonal face of Pete, the barkeeper. He wiped glasses meticulously and watched old man Delaney with a cool aloofness, as though disclaiming responsibility for his condition. At irregular but close intervals the old man gave a roar. "Line up for another!" he cried, clicking the silver dollars in his hands.

And the population of Gotham, excepting Olsen, "lined up for another." Grouped about the bar with a sort of mournfulness they drank, heads close together; Pete, old man Delaney, "Father-and-Son"—as they called Havens and his son, expressing by the hyphenation the inseparability of the long, lank Yankee and his not quite right-minded, bearded child -and the "College Boy," a youth angelic of face but reckless of soul.

"With Water Up to My Neck, and Water Pouring on My Head, and Cool Drinks Pouring Down My Throat"

"And chasers!" old man Delaney would exclaim. "Chasers all around, Pete."

The "chasers," small glasses of water dipped from the tank beneath the bar, cost three times as much as the bad and expensive whisky they "chased"; but on this night old man Delaney was following traditions, the traditions of his own hot, tumultuous past, the traditions established by hundreds of thousands reckless and generous like him. "I'm going out in the morning," he announced with a childish giggle; 'nothing too good for me tonight. Line up!"

But Olsen would not line up. He sat hunched forward on a cracker-box at the entrance of the tent, looking out between the flaps at the moonlit night. A month before, his partner, Lundstrom, had left him to prospect while Olsen stuck to the claim. They were from the same country and had been together in South Africa, California and the Klondike. And now Olsen was suffering with an obscure nostalgia, a mixture of longing for his Northland and for his partner.

"And I'll go out to Santa Monica Beach"—old man Delaney had resumed his boasting. "I'll go to the beach. They rent you lifebelts there. I'll put one on around me and go out into the sea. I'll get to a deep place, where even my feet can't touch sand, and I'll sit there soaking, soaking in the blue sea. The white birds will wonder what I am and will fly around me, and I'll say: 'This is just old man Delaney, birds, a-taking a bath. He's been in the desert straight five years, birds, and bathtubs ain't big enough.' I'll have glasses all around me on the lifebuoy—with whisky, soda and ice. Whoopee! Line up, boys! All around, Pete! And with chasers, Pete!

There was a flutter at the door; Olsen pulled his legs out of the way, and Kate came in. She wandered down the center of the tent, half boldly, half cringingly, holding up her skirt with both hands, her pale, bulging eyes wandering vaguely from man to man. "Hello, John," she said when she had neared. "Hello, John," she said with a sort of languid plaintiveness; "are you going to give me a drink, John?

"Sure, Kate," cried old man Delaney; "we'll *all* have a drink. Come on, boys. Line up!"

Again they all lined up—all except Olsen; Pete, old man Delaney, Father-and-Son, College Boy and Kate. "That was good, John," said Kate with that plaintive inflection of hers. "I was cold, John," she went on, her pale eyes upon him with a sort of vague astonishment. "Wasn't that funny, John? It's so hot, and I was cold. I was lying in my tent in the dark. And I thought somebody passed close by outside, and I got cold. When I used to be a medium—What's the matter with him?" she broke suddenly, throwing her chin toward Olsen huddled blackly at the door against the moonlight.

"Sh-sh-sh!" hissed old man Delaney. "It's his partner; he misses his partner. Oh, Olsen!" he called. "Come and have a drink."

To their surprise he came this time. "It's cold tonight," he said plaintively.

They stared at him. The heat of the day, pooled in the Valley, still breathed upon the camp. "Any one out there?" he went on, turning to Kate.

The question seemed to annoy her; she stared at him a long moment. "What for do you ask me that?" she said at length. "What for do you ask me that?"

But Olsen, gazing at her, merely shrugged his shoulders.

"There could not be any one out," broke in old man Delaney amiably. "There couldn't, Olsen. Because we're all here," he concluded triumphantly.

"We're all here," he went on garrulously. "Here's Pete, what gives us drinks, here's you, Olsen, here's Father-'n'-Son, here's Kate, here's College Boy, and here's me." He placed his hand upon his heart. "We're all that's left of Gotham, and we're all here inside this tent. So, there can't be any one outside. We're all here, a nice little party, celebrating old man Delaney's going out. Once more all around, Pete!"

But Olsen had resumed his seat by the flap and was sipping his whisky alone, his gloomy eyes upon his feet. "What's the matter with him?" again asked Kate.

"It's his partner," whispered old man Delaney. "He always gets that way when Lundstrom stays away long. They're powerful thick partners."

"You're spending all your money," said Kate, looking at him with vague concern. "'Twill be like all the other times; you won't be able to get out at all. You won't get beyond Rhyolite. Put your money away and stop treating, John."

"It's my last chance to give Gotham a good time," said old man Delaney evasively. "I'm all right, Kate. Lots of money." He jingled his right hand about in his coat-pocket.

But before the hopelessness of this attitude Kate's first thoughts of instinctive solicitude wandered off into another channel. "John," she begged in her soft, flaccid voice, in the tone of those who ask often and seldom receive, "John, take me with you. Take me with you, John—to Los Angeles. Go on, John; take me with you."

The kind little old fellow pounced upon the suggestion with alacrity.

"I sure will," he cried. "By Jerry, I'll do it, Kate. I'll ride you on my mule to Rhyolite, and you'll have a Pullman."

The Rest of the Way They Never Quite Remembered

"Sure, John?" she insisted with the anxiousness of one who has been often deceived. "Sure, John, you will take me out with you? You ain't fooling, John? You'll t—— "

She stopped, mouth open, in the middle of a word, and the whole group, listening amused a moment before, straightened up stiff, with staring eyes. For in the ears of all, very close, suddenly there had sounded a great sigh, a sigh as if a hundred men, asleep there on the other side of the tent-cloth, had simultaneously exhaled their souls in one weary breath. Then there was a sort of groan, and the tent began to tremble, to tremble and shake over their heads and heave at its stakes in abrupt and powerful convulsions.

They stood there, grouped close, with tingling scalps, staring at each other whitely for a tense moment. Then Pete broke into a laugh which hit them like a slap. "It's the mule," he cried—"the mule a-pulling back at its rope."

"It's the mule," they cried, and, relieved, ran out to quiet the beast and save the tent.

Kate and Olsen remained within alone. From behind the luminous walls of the tent they could hear affrighted snorts, a crunching of rearing hoofs, the hasty exclamations of the men. The tent ceased trembling and the voices lowered to conversational tone.

"When is he coming back?" said Kate to Olsen, who still sat at the flaps.

"What is it to you?" he rejoined sharply, without turning.

She hesitated a moment. "You don't like me," she began again plaintively. "But he likes me," she went on, "and he's your friend. And I like him, and you're his friend ——"

He did not answer.

"There's something abroad tonight," she said, and watched the effect upon him.

He gave a start and turned toward her suddenly.

"Ha!" she laughed triumphantly. "You've felt it, too, Yan Olsen. You don't like me, but we're the same kind, you and I. The same kind, Yan Olsen!"

He turned his back toward her again, dissatisfied with himself. "You're crazy," he muttered uneasily—"you're crazy."

The men were returning within the tent. "Never did see her act that way," protested old man Delaney, stopping at the entrance to wipe the sweat out of his eyes. "She was a-pulling back like something was staring in her face. Plumb loco! We had to cut the rope, and her neck was bleeding, it was so tight. Mules and men is funny."

"Is there any one out there?" said Kate, pointing vaguely.

Old man Delaney flared up. "There you go again," he remonstrated with mild rage. "Asking fool questions. How can any one be out when we're all in, eh? Nobody's going to come sixty miles across the Valley to pay us a call, is he? Come on! Drinks around, Pete!"

"*Are* you going to take me out, John?" persisted Kate in her pleading, doubting tone. "Are you, John?"

"Sure," said old man Delaney. "Drink!" he cried to the others.

He was drinking practically by himself now, flushed with good fellowship, abundantly; the others, upon whom sat the gloom of the camp, sparingly, soberly. Kate, at times, interfered timidly. But the old blood of his wild youth, of the miner's youth, fiercely, stubbornly, conventionally reckless, was again that night running hot through his hardening veins. "Drink!" he cried in answer. "Drink! I'll shoot up that town of Los Angeles!" he boasted, while in the midst of his flushed visage those old, blue eyes of his gave him the lie. "I'll shoot all the plate windows out of the main street!"

Kate, her eyes wistful upon the vanishing dollars, with which vanished her chance of getting out of Death Valley, was silenced. And the others remained, fascinated, perhaps, by the sight of this greater luck disporting there before them, feeding unconsciously upon the illusions, the visions of splendor which emanated from his boastings, and shrinking from the thought of tent and bed, the tents and the beds which meant the resumption of their arid toil, of their arid existence. They sat there upon stools, upon boxes, in a circle, all but Olsen, who remained at his flap, his eyes out into the moonlit night; and they drank sparingly, looking at the old man with lusterless eyes.

It may have been their attitude which moved him perversely, which irritated him by its lack of approving conviviality: for suddenly, with a mad whoop, old man Delaney picked up a bottle from the bar and, upending it above his lips, drew deep from it. This was too much. The tent seemed to give a lurch before his eyes, his hands went to his head, and, slipping limply along the long board which served for bar, he sank down to the floor and went to sleep there like a dead man, beneath the six candles.

. . . . . .

Old man Delaney's sleep, though heavy, was not a calm one.

Once he woke, to find the candles sputtering loud above him, and the tent, yellow in their light, empty. He fell back to sleep almost immediately. But now, in this sleep he was vaguely aware of a movement outside in the camp,

of tinny clatterings, rushings to and fro, low calls and whisperings which somehow made his heart pound with a sensation of necessity for haste while his body remained leaden. And then a voice was at his ear, a woman's voice which drilled into his ear. "John, John, John!" it called insistently, while nervous hands clutched at his flesh. "John, come, come, come! It's a strike, John! Strike!"

He heard the word "strike" reverberating long through the stupor of his consciousness: then the voice changed to a big sigh and flitted away. A rattle of hoofs passed close by his head, and then he heard again the voice, but far this time, wailing, "Wait, wait, wait!" and that was all.

. . . . . .

When old man Delaney awoke it was with a sensation of hot pokers thrust into his eyes. He was lying on his back, face up; the tent roof was luminous with sunlight, and the heat within was as that of an oven. But his first sense, stronger than that of personal discomfort, was that of silence. The tent, the camp outside, were very silent. "Must be late," he said; "they're out digging. But where's Pete and Kate? *They* ought to be puttering around!"

Puzzled, and still dizzy with sleep, he made for the tent entrance and stood between the raised flaps. The sun was well up above the horizon; it beat down upon the rock and sent a stinging blast into the old man's face. Below him was the Valley, already vibrating with the heat; and, far across, the eastern mountains were beginning to dance in the hot blur. Old man Delaney looked at them wistfully; Rhyolite lay over there. "No Los Angeles for me," he muttered. He did not even look into his pockets; he knew from experience the usual results of his celebrations, the celebrations of a going out so often planned and so seldom achieved. "Back to digging," he said with a smile that held a humorous appreciation of his failings

He walked a little beyond the tent and, shading his eyes with his hand, looked up a long hogback which rose above the camp. Up there, usually, silhouetted against the sky, young Havens could be seen at the winch, laboriously winding up to himself the bucket which his father, down at the bottom of the shaft, filled with the debris of dynamitings. But now he was not there. Although the old man narrowed his eyes to pin-points, all that he could see on the long hogback was the winch, the handle pointing toward the sky in a crooked gesture. He turned his glance to the right, on a smooth slant of greasy rock where lay the claim of Olsen and Lundstrom. He waited long for Olsen, who, since Lundstrom's departure, worked alone, to clamber out of the shaft and toil at his winch. But Olsen did not appear; the mouth of the shaft remained deserted. The workings of the College Boy and of Pete—when he worked—were in a gully, out of sight. The old man did not try to see them. He was listening. It had struck him suddenly that it was time for a blast; that soon, now, any moment, there would come from one of the workings the hollow roar of a dynamite charge. He stood there long, his right hand to his ear, stiff with attention, till expectancy became a shrinking fear of the desired sound. But no blast broke the crystal solidity of silence.

Old man Delaney passed his hand over his eyes and started toward the tents. "Kate!" he called as he neared. "Kate! Oh, Kate!"

There was no answer to his shout. He raised the flap of her tent and peered within. In the opalescent light that filtered through the canvas he saw an overturned cot bereft of blankets, an oil stove standing on its head and a wrapper across a trunk like a deflated body. "By Jerry!" he muttered, "by Jerry!" and ran to the next tent, that of Father-and-Son. Here was the same disorder—a chair tilted legs in the air, the cots without blankets, a pair of old boots standing stiff as though occupied by an invisible owner, and about the floor ends of rope and broken straps. "By Jerry!" repeated the old man, this time in the tone of one nearing a conclusion. He poked his head hurriedly into the other tents and then sat down limply upon the rock beneath the blazing sun. "They've gone!" he said weakly; "by Jerry! they've gone!—the whole kit and crew of them. Gone, and left me behind!"

The sun was hot upon his head and the sting of it was in his eyes. He pulled down his hat, and thought in the retirement of its wide brim. Little by little, vague here, vivid there, the incidents of the night were coming back to him—his celebration, the gathering within the tent, Kate's importunings, Olsen's nostalgic sadness. Then his sleep, and then in the middle of his sleep the vague stir of the camp about him. "They were packing up," he murmured; "that's what it was. They were packing up to go." The stir of the departing camp and in the middle of that a cry, the cry of a woman in his ear. Kate! That was it: Kate had tried to waken him. "Good old Kate," he drawled appreciatively. "Tried to get me up." But why? Why this sudden and insane departure? Kate had cried something. "Strike!" she had said. He was listening, intent, head cocked sideways, to the echo, dim within his consciousness, of the cry that in the night had penetrated his stupor.

"By ——!"

The oath blurted from his lips as a blinding light suddenly lit up his consciousness. He rose, unsteady, to his feet and dashed his hat to the ground. A strike! A strike! That's what it was; that's what had happened. Somewhere, some place, there had been a strike; gold had been found. And some time, somehow, that night, as, stupid old man, he slept in his cups, the news had come to the camp; some time, somehow, they had heard—and now they were all gone there, to the strike, to the gold, perhaps, the first ones there, camped on the spot, squatting upon fortune. And he, miserable old fool, had been left behind, left behind on these exploded diggings, on the dump of the dead camp!

He saw it all clearly now. There had been a new strike somewhere and some one had come into the camp with the news. Or, some one in the camp, knowing of the news, had blunderingly dropped his secret. And the camp had gone off like one man. He could see them in his mind's eye making off in the middle of the night, packing up feverishly, each with jealous eyes upon the other, upsetting cots, chairs, boxes, rolling up blankets, making packs of food, filling canteens with water

Standing there, hatless, beneath the heavy sun, old man Delaney felt suddenly a gradual coldness, like a mantle of ice, fall about him. "Water!" he whispered. "I'm sixty miles from water!"

And, walking very stiffly, as though holding from running only by a sustained effort, he made for Kate's tent. He tilted her water barrel. There was no whisper of sliding liquid. He looked into it. A white sediment at the bottom mocked his eyes. With the same stiffness, holding himself in hand, he stepped across to the Havens tent. The barrel rang hollow; it was dry. The other barrels were dry. Then he began to run from tent to tent, upsetting barrels, pails, pots, ferreting everywhere for canteens. But there was no water.

He stood for a moment in the center of the little plateau and cursed hideously, in a frightful anger that submerged his fear, those who had deserted him. Then suddenly a great calm came over him. "I m dead," he said and, having said it, felt a sort of relief. It was sixty mues across Death Valley to the nearest water; two days' tramping waterless across Death Valley, which sucked a man's life out of him in two hours. "I'm dead," he said again, and aimlessly he walked over to the saloon. There, just as aimlessly, looking, as he thought later, for a match to light his pipe, he poked his head beneath the board which served as bar. And there, suddenly, he saw his face—his face, peering up at him, pinched and haggard. He was looking into the tank from which the barkeeper drew his "chasers." It was half full of water.

Old man Delaney never would tell me what he did then. "Tell you one thing," he would say, "before I did anything else I took a swig of the water; just put my mouth into it and drew like a horse!"

But he stopped short in the middle of a second swallow. "Hold on, fellow," he said to himself; "you've got to go easy on that"

Easy, indeed. Already he knew what he had to do—it was the only thing to be done. It was to make a dash for Furnace Creek, a dash of sixty miles across the desert. There, at Furnace Creek, a little stream rose from the sand, ran tepidly for a quarter of a mile between two rows of poplars and then disappeared, sucked back within the sand whence it came. He must make Furnace Creek.

He eyed the "chaser" tank jealously, with distrust, mentally measuring its precious contents. "There might be enough, just enough," he murmured; "enough, traveling fast, drinking light—and starting right away."

He began his preparations immediately. He found a kerosene can, burned it clean, whittled a cover for it out of a cracker-box, wrapped it around and around with

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Pulls Up With His Plashing Freight, Which He Retails to the Inhabitants at Two Dollars a Pail

THE DANGER MARK

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE AND THE FIRING LINE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XVII

THE autumn quiet at Roya-Neh was intensely agreeable to Scott Seagrave. No social demands interfered with a calm and dignified contemplation of the rose-beetle and his scandalous life history; there was no distracting chatter of girls from hall and stairway to interfere with the loftier inspirations that possessed him, no intermittent soprano noises emitted by fluttering feminine fashion, no calflike barytones from masculine adolescence to drive him to the woods, where it was always rather difficult for him to focus his attention on printed pages. The balm of heavenly silence pervaded the house, and in its beneficent atmosphere he worked in his undershirt, inhaling inspiration and the aroma of whale-oil soap and carbolic solutions.

Neither Kathleen nor his sister being present to limit his operations, the entire house was becoming a vast mess. Living-rooms, library, halls, billiard-room, were obstructed with "scientific" paraphernalia; hundreds of glass fruit-jars, filled with earth containing the whitish, globular eggs of the rose-beetle, encumbered mantel and furniture; glass aquariums half full of earth, sod and youthful larvæ of the same sinful beetle lent pleasing variety to the monotony of Scott's interior decorative effects. Microscopes, phials, shallow trays bristling with sprouting seeds, watering-cans, note-books, buckets of tepid water, jars brimming with chemical solutions, blockaded the legitimate and natural runways of chambermaid, parlormaid and housekeeper; a loud scream now and then punctured the scientific silence, recording the Hibernian discovery of some caterpillar traveling casually in the house.

And it was into these lively household conditions that Kathleen and Geraldine unexpectedly arrived from the Berkshires, worn out with their round of fashionable visits, anxious for the quiet and comfort that are commonly supposed to be found only under one's own rooftree. This is what they found:

In Geraldine's bathtub a colony of water-lilies were attempting to take root for the benefit of several species of water-beetles. The formidable larvæ of dragonflies occupied Kathleen's bath; turtles peered at them from vantage points under the modern plumbing; an enormous frog regarded Kathleen solemnly from the wet, tiled floor. "Oh, dear," she said as Scott greeted her rapturously, "have I got to move all these horrid creatures?"

"For Heaven's sake, don't touch a thing," protested Scott, welcoming his sister with a perfunctory kiss; "I'll find places for them in a minute."

"How *could* you, Scott!" exclaimed Geraldine, backing hastily away from a branch of green leaves on which several gigantic horned caterpillars were feeding. "I don't feel like ever sleeping in this room again," she added, exasperated.

"Why, Sis," he explained mildly, "those are the caterpillars of the magnificent Regal moth! They're perfectly harmless, and it's jolly to watch them tuck away walnut leaves. You'll like to have them here in your room when you understand how to weigh them on these bully little scales I've just had sent up from town."

But his sister was too annoyed and too tired to speak. She stood limply leaning against Kathleen while her brother disposed of his uncanny menagerie, talking away very cheerfully all the while, absorbed in his gruesome pets.

But it was not to his sister, it was to Kathleen that his pride in his achievements was pointedly displayed; his running accompaniment of chatter was for Kathleen's benefit, his appeals were to her sympathy and understanding, not to his sister's.

Geraldine watched him in silence. Tired, not physically very well, this home-coming meant something to her. She had looked forward to it and to her brother, unconsciously wistful for the protection of home and kin. For the day had been a hard one; she was able to affix the red-cross mark to her letter to Duane that morning, but it had been a bad day for her, very bad.

And now as she stood there, white, nerveless, fatigued, an ache grew in her breast, a dull desire for somebody of her own kin to lean on; and following it a slow realization of how far apart from her brother she had drifted since the old days of cordial understanding in the schoolroom—the days of loyal sympathy through calm and stress, in predatory alliance or in the conflicts of the squared circle.

Suddenly her whole heart filled with a blind need of her brother's sympathy—a desire to return to the old intimacy as though in it there lay comfort, protection, sanctuary from all that threatened her—herself!

Kathleen was assisting Scott to envelop the frog in a bath towel for the benevolent purpose of transplanting him presently to some other bathtub; and Kathleen's golden head and Scott's brown one were very close together, and they were laughing in that intimate undertone characteristic of thorough understanding. Her brother's expression as he looked up at Kathleen Severn was a revelation to his sister, and it pierced her with a pang of loneliness so keen that she started forward in sheer desperation as though to force a path through something that was pushing her away from him.

"Let me take his frogship," she said with a nervous laugh. "I'll put him into a jolly big tub where you can grow all the water-weeds you like, Scott."

Her brother, surprised and gratified, handed her the bath towel, in the depths of which reposed the batrachian.

"He's really an interesting fellow, Sis," explained Scott; "he exudes a sticky, viscous fluid from his pores which is slightly toxic. I'm going to try it on a rose-beetle."

Geraldine shuddered, but forced a smile, and, holding the imprisoned one with dainty caution, bore him to a palatial and porcelain-lined bathtub, into which she shook him with determination and a suppressed shriek.

That night at dinner Scott looked up at his sister with something of the old-time interest and confidence.

"I was pretty sure you'd take an interest in all these things sooner or later. I tell you, Geraldine, it will be half the fun if you'll go into it with us."

"I want to," said his sister, smiling; "but don't hurry my progress or you'll scare me half to death."

The tragic necessity for occupation, for interesting herself in something sufficient to take her out of herself, she now understood, and the deep longing for the love of all she had of kith and kin was steadily tightening its grip on her, increasing day by day. Nothing else could take its place, she began to understand that; not her intimacy with Kathleen, not even her love for Duane.

Little by little Scott began to notice that his sister evidently found his company desirable, that she followed him about, watching his so-called scientific pursuits with a curiosity too constant to be assumed. And it pleased him immensely, and at times he held forth to her and instructed her with brotherly condescension

He noticed, too, that her spirits did not appear to be particularly lively; there were often long intervals of silence when, together by the window in the library where he was fussing over his Life History, she never spoke, never even moved from her characteristic attitude—seated deep in a leather chair, arms resting on the padded chair-arms, ankles crossed, and her head a trifle lowered, as though absorbed in studying the Herat design on a Persian rug.

Once, looking up suddenly, he surprised her brown eyes full of tears.

"Hello!" he said, "what's the row, Sis?"

But she only laughed and dried her eyes, denying that there was any explanation except that girls were sometimes that way for no reason at all.

One day he asked Kathleen privately about this, but she merely confirmed Geraldine's diagnosis of the phenomenon.

"Tears come into girls' eyes," she said, "and there isn't anybody on earth who can tell a man why, and he wouldn't comprehend it anyway."

"I'll tell you one thing," he said skeptically; "if rose-beetles shed tears I'd never rest until I found out why. You bet there's always a reason that starts anything and always somebody to find it out and tell another fellow who can understand it!"

With which brilliant burst of higher philosophy they went out into the October woods together to hunt for cocoons.

Geraldine, rather flushed and nervous, met them at Hurryon Gate, carrying a rifle. "Do you know what happened to me an hour ago?" said his sister. "I was paddling your canoe into the Hurryon Inlet, and I suppose I made no noise in disembarking, and I came right on a baby wild boar in the junipers. It was a tiny thing, not eighteen inches long, Kathleen, and so cunning and furry and yellowish, with brown stripes on its back, that I tried to catch it—just to hug it."

"That was silly," said her brother.

"I know it was, now. Because I ran after it, and it ran; and, one by one, a whole herd of the cunning little things sprang out of the hemlock scrub and went off bucking and bucketing in all directions, and I, like a simpleton, hard after one of them ——"

"Little idiot," said her brother solicitously. "Are you stark mad?"

"No, I'm just plain mad. Because, before I knew it, there came a crash in the underbrush and the biggest, furriest and wickedest wild boar I ever saw halted in front of me, ears forward, every hair on end ——"

"You jumped the sow!" groaned her brother. "She might have torn you to pieces, you ninny!"

"She meant to, I think. The next thing I knew she came headlong, mouth open, fairly screaming at me; and I turned and jumped clean into the Gray Water. Oh, Scott, it was humiliating to have to swim to the point with all my clothes on, scramble into the canoe and shove off because a very angry wild creature drove me out of my own woods!"

"Well, dear, you won't ever interfere with a sow and pigs again, will you?" said Kathleen so earnestly that everybody laughed.

"What's the rifle for?" inquired Scott. "You don't intend to hunt for her, do you?"

"Of course not. I'm not vindictive or cruel. But old Miller said, when I came past the lodge, dripping wet, that the boar are increasing too fast and that you ought to keep them down either by shooting or by trapping them and sending them to other people for stocking purposes. The Pink 'uns want some; why don't you?"

"I don't want to shoot or trap them," said Scott obstinately.

"Miller says they pulled down deer last winter and tore them to shreds. Everything in the forest is afraid of them; they drive the deer from the feeding-grounds, and I don't believe a lynx or even any of the bear that climb over the fence would dare attack them."

Kathleen said: "You really ought to ask some men up here to shoot, Scott. I don't wish to be chased about by a boar."

"They never bother people," he protested. "What are you going to do with that rifle, Geraldine?"

"My nerve has gone," she confessed, laughing. "I prefer to have it with me when I take walks. It's really safer," she added seriously to Kathleen. "Miller says that a buck deer can be ugly, too."

"Indeed!" said her brother, laughing; "it's only because you're the prettiest thing ever, in that hunting dress! Don't tell me; and kindly be careful where you point that rifle."

"As if I needed instructions!" retorted his sister. "I wish I could see a boar—a big one with a particularly frightful temper and tusks to match."

"I'll bet you that you can't kill a boar," he said in good-humored disdain.

"I don't see any to kill."

"Well, I bet you can't find one. And if you do I bet you don't kill him."

"How long," asked Geraldine dangerously, "does that bet hold good?"

"All winter, if you like. It's the prettiest single jewel you can pick out against a new saddle-horse. I need a gay one; I'm getting out of condition. And all our horses are as interesting as *chevaux de bois* when the mechanism is freshly oiled and the organ plays the Ride of the Valkyries."

"I've half a mind to take that wager," said Geraldine, very pink and bright-eyed. "I think I will take it if ——"

"Please don't, dear," said Kathleen anxiously. "The keepers say that a wounded boar is perfectly horrid sometimes."

"Dangerous?" Her eyes glimmered brighter still.

"Certainly, a wounded boar is dangerous. I heard Miller say ——"

"Bosh!" said Scott. "They run away from you every time. Besides, Geraldine isn't going to have enough sporting blood in her to take that bet and make good."

Something in the quick flush and tilt of her head reminded Scott of the old days when their differences were settled with eight-ounce gloves. The same feeling possessed his sister, thrilled her like a sudden, unexpected glimpse of a happiness which apparently had long been ended forever.

"Oh, Scott," she exclaimed, still thrilling, "it is like old times to hear you try to bully me. It's so long since I've had enough spirit to defy you. But I do now!—oh, yes, I do! Why, I believe that if we had the gloves here I'd make you fight me or take back what you said about my not having any sporting spirit!"

He laughed: "I was thinking of that, too. You're a good sport, Sis. Don't bother to take that wager ——"

"I *do* take it!" she cried; "it's like old times and I love it. Now, Scott, I'll show you a boar before we go to town or I'll buy you a horse. No backing out; what's said can't be unsaid, remember:

"King, king, double king,
Can't take back a given thing!
Queen, queen, queen of queens,
What she promises she means!"

That was a very solemn incantation in nursery days; she laughed a little in tender tribute to the past.

Scott was a trifle perturbed. He glanced uneasily at Kathleen, who told him very plainly that he had contrived to make her anxious and unhappy. Then she fell back into step with Geraldine, letting Scott wander disconsolately forward.

"Dear," she said, passing one arm around the younger girl, "I didn't quite dare to object too strongly. You looked so—so interested, so deliciously defiant—so like your real self ——"

"I feel like it today, Kathleen; let me turn back in my own footsteps—if I can. I've been trying so very hard to—to get back to where there was no—no terror in the world."

The girl turned and kissed her. They were following a path made by game; Scott was out of sight ahead somewhere; they could hear his boots crashing through the underbrush. After a while the sound died away in the forest.

"The main thing," said Geraldine, "is to keep up my interest in the world. I want to do things. To sit idle is pure destruction to me. I write to Duane every morning; I read; I do a dozen things that require my attention—little duties that everybody has. But I can't continue to write to Duane all day; I can't read all day; duties are soon ended. And, Kathleen, it's the idle intervals I dread so the brooding, the memories, the waiting for events scheduled in domestic routine—like dinner—the—the terrible waiting for sleep! That is the worst. I tell you, physical fatigue must help to save me—must help my love for Duane, my love for you and Scott, my self-respect—what is left of it. This rifle" she held it out—"would turn into a nuisance if I let it. But I won't; I can't; I've got to use everything to help me."

"You ride every day, don't you?" ventured the other woman timidly.

"Before breakfast. That helps. I wish I had a vicious horse to break. I wish there were rough water where canoes ought not to go!" she exclaimed fiercely. "I need something of that sort."

"You drove Scott's blue racer yesterday so fast that Felix came to me about it," said Kathleen gently.

Geraldine laughed: "It couldn't go fast enough, dear; that was the only trouble." Then, serious and wistful: "If I could only have Duane. . . . Don't be alarmed; I can't—yet. But if I only could have him now! You see, his life is already very full; his work is absorbing him. It would absorb me. I don't know anything about it technically, but it interests me. If I could only have him now—think about him every second of the day—to keep me from myself ——"

She checked herself; suddenly her eyes filled, her lip quivered.

"I want him now!" she said desperately. "He could save me; I know it! I want him now—his love, his arms to keep me safe! I want him to love me—*love* me! Oh, Kathleen! if I could only have him!"

A delicate color tinted Kathleen's face; her ears shrank from the girl's low-voiced cry, with its glimmer of a passion scarcely understood.

Long, long, the memory of his embrace had tormented her—the feeling of happy safety she had in his arms.

And the memory of it now possessed her so that she stood straight and slim and tall, trembling in the forest path, and her dark eyes looked into Kathleen's with a strange, fiery glimmer of pride:

"I need him, but I love him too well to take him. Can I do more for him than that?"

"Oh, my darling, my darling," said Kathleen brokenly, "if you believe that he can save you—if you really feel that he can ——"

"I am trying to save myself—I am trying." She turned and looked off through the forest, a straight, slender shape in the moving shadows of the leaves.

"But if he could really help you—if you truly believe it, dear, I—I don't know whether you might not venture—now ——"

"No, dear." She slowly closed her eyes, remained motionless for a moment, drew a deep, long breath, and looked up through the sunlit branches hanging low overhead.

"I've got to be fair to him," she said aloud to herself; "I must give myself to him as I ought to be, or not at all. . . . That is settled."

She turned to Kathleen and took her hand.

"Come on, fellow-pilgrim," she said with an effort to smile. "My cowardice is over for the present."

A few steps forward they sighted Scott coming back. He was unusually red in the face and rather excited, and he flourished a stick.

"Of all the infernal impudence!" he said. "What do you think has happened to me? I saw a wild boar back there—not a very big one—and he came out into the trail ahead, and I kept straight on, thinking he'd hear me and run. And I'm blessed if the brute didn't whirl around and roughen up and clatter his tusks until I actually had to come to a halt!"

"I don't want to walk in these woods any more," said Kathleen with sudden conviction. "Please come home, all of us."

"Nonsense," he said. "I won't stand for being hustled out of my own woods. Give me that rifle, Geraldine."

"I certainly will not," she said, smiling.

"What! Why not?"

"Because it rather looks as though I'm about to win my bet with you," observed Geraldine. "Please show me your boar, Scott." And she threw a cartridge into the magazine and started forward

"Don't let her!" pleaded Kathleen. "Scott, it's ridiculous to let that child do such silly things ——!"

"Then stop her if you can," said Scott gloomily, following his sister. "I don't know anything about wild boar, but I suppose straight shooting will take care of them, and Sis can do that if she keeps her nerve."

Geraldine, hastening ahead, rifle poised, scanned the woods with the palpitating curiosity of an amateur. Eyes and ears alert, she kept mechanically reassuring herself that the thing to do was to shoot straight and keep cool, and to keep on shooting whichever way the boar might take it into his porcine head to run

Scott hastened forward to her side.

"Here's the place," he said, looking about him. "He's concluded to make off, you see. They usually go off; they only stand when wounded or when they think they can't get away. He's harmless, I suppose—only, it made me very tired to have him act that way. I hate to be backed out of my own property."

Geraldine, rather relieved, yet ashamed not to do all she could, began to walk toward a clump of low hemlocks. She had heard that wild boar take that sort of cover. She did not really expect to find anything there, so when a big black streak crashed out ahead of her she stood stock-still in frozen astonishment, rifle clutched to her breast.

"Shoot!" shouted her brother.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," she said helplessly; "he's gone out of sight! And I had such a splendid shot!" She stamped with vexation. "What a goose!" she repeated. "I had a perfectly splendid shot. And all I did was to jump like a scared cat and stare!"

"Anyway, you didn't run, and that's a point gained," observed her brother. "I had to. And that's one on me."

A moment later he said: "I believe those impudent boar do need a little thinning out. When is Duane coming?"

"In November," said Geraldine, still looking vaguely about for the departed pig.

"Early?"

"I think so, if his father is all right again. I've asked Naida, too. Rosalie wants to come ——"

"Oh, don't," he protested. "All I wanted was a shooting party to do a little scientific thinning out of these boar. I'll do some myself, too."

Geraldine laughed: "Rosalie is a dead shot at a target, dear. She wrote asking us to invite her to shoot. I don't see how I can very well refuse her. Do you?"

"That means her husband, too," grumbled Scott, "and that entire bunch."

"No; if it's a shooting party I don't have to ask him."

Her brother said ungraciously: "Well, I don't care who you ask if they'll thin out these cheeky brutes."

Ahead, lining both sides of a gully deep with last year's leaves, was an oak grove in mid-forest. Here the brown earth was usually furrowed by the black snouts of wild boar, for mast lay thick here in autumn and tender roots invited investigation.

"Get down flat and crawl," whispered Scott; "there may be a boar or two on the grounds."

They listened, holding their breath. Crack! went a distant stick. Silence; nothing stirred except the yearling that had returned to the mast and was eagerly nosing among the acorns. They could hear him crunching the husks, see the gleam of long, white teeth which one day would grow outside that furry muzzle and curve up and backward like ivory sabers.

Geraldine whispered: "There's a huge black thing moving in the hemlock scrub. I can see its feet against the skyline, and sometimes part of its bulk ——"

"Oh, Heavens," breathed Kathleen, "what is that?"

Out of the scrub trotted a huge, shaggy, black thing, all head and shoulders, with body slanting back abruptly to a pair of weak hindquarters. Down the slope it ran in quick, noiseless, jerky steps; the yearling turned his head, still munching, ears cocked forward. And suddenly the monster rushed at him with a squeal, and the yearling shrieked and fled, chased clear up the slope.

"It's a sow; don't shoot," whispered Scott. "Look, Sis, you can't see a sign of tusks. What a huge creature she is!"

Fierce, formidable, the great beast halted; three striped, partly-grown pigs came rushing and frisking down the gully to join her, filling the forest with their clumsy clatter and baby squealing.

Gradually the sunlight on the leaves reddened; long, luminous shadows lengthened eastward. Kathleen, lying at full length, her pretty face between her hands, suddenly sneezed

The next moment the feeding-ground was deserted; only a distant crashing betrayed the line of flight where the great, fierce sow and her young were rushing upward toward the rocks of the Gilded Dome.

"I'm so sorry," faltered Kathleen, very pink and embarrassed.

Geraldine sat up and laughed, laying the uncocked rifle across her knees.

"Some of these days I'm going to win my wager," she said to her brother. "And it won't be with a striped yearling, either; it will be with the biggest, shaggiest, fiercest, tuskiest boar that ranges the Gilded Dome. And that," she added, looking at Kathleen, "will give me something to think of and keep me rather busy, I believe."

"Rather," observed her brother, getting up and helping Kathleen to her feet.

The girl smiled. As they turned homeward she slung her rifle, passed her right arm through Kathleen's and

dropped her left on her brother's shoulder. She was very tired and hopeful that she might sleep

And tired, hopeful, thinking of her lover, she passed through the woods, leaning on those who were nearest and most dear

Somehow—and just why was not clear to her—it seemed at that moment as though she had passed the danger mark—as though the very worst lay behind her close, scarcely clear of her skirts yet, but, all the same, behind her, not ahead

She knew, and dreaded, and shrank from what still lay before her: she understood into what ruin treachery to self might still precipitate her at any moment. And yet somehow, she felt vaguely that something had been gained that day which never before had been gained. And she thought of her lover as she passed through the forest, leaning on Scott and Kathleen, her little feet keeping step with theirs, her eyes steady in the red western glare that flooded the forest to an infernal beauty.

Behind her streamed her gigantic shadow; behind her lay another shadow, cast by her soul and floating wide of it now. And it must never touch her soul again, God helping.

Suddenly her heart almost ceased its beating. Far away within, stirring in unsuspected depths, something moved furtively

Her face whitened a little; her eyes closed, the lids fluttered, opened; she gazed straight in front of her, walked on, small head erect, lips firm, facing the hell that lay before her—lay surely, surely before her

For the breath of it glowed already in her veins, and the voices of it were already busy in her ears, and the unseen stirring of it had begun once more within her body—that tired, white, slender body of hers which had endured so bravely and so long

If sleep would only aid her, come to her in her need, be her ally in the peril of her solitude—if it would only come and help her to endure!

And wondering if it would, not knowing, hoping, she walked onward through the falling night

XVIII

HER letters to him still bore the red cross. She wrote

I understand perfectly why you cannot come. I would do exactly as you are doing if I had a father. It must be a very great happiness to have one. My need of you is not as great as his; I can hold my own alone, I think. You see, I am doing it, and you must not worry. Only, dear, when you have the chance come up if only for a day.

And again, in November:

You are the sweetest boy! And it is not difficult to understand why your father cannot endure to have you out of his sight. But is this not a very heavy strain on you? Of course, your mother and Naida must not be left alone with him; you are the only son, and your place is there.

Dear, I know that what you are going through is one of the most dreadful things that any man is called upon to bear—your father stricken, your mother and sister prostrate; the newspapers—for I have read them—cruel beyond belief! But whatever they say, whatever is true or untrue, Duane, remember that it cannot affect my regard for you and yours

If I had a father, whatever he might have done or permitted others to do would not, *could* not alter my affection for him

Men say that women have no sense of honor I do not know what that sense may be if it falters when loyalty and compassion are needed

I have read the papers; I know only what I read and what you tell me. The rules that custom has framed to safeguard and govern financial operations I do not understand; but, as far as I can comprehend, it seems to me that custom has hitherto sanctioned what disaster has now placed under a ban. It seems to me that the very men who now blame your father have all done successfully what he did so disastrously

One thing I know: no kinder, dearer man than your father ever lived; and I love him, and I love his family, and I will marry his son when I am fit to do it.

And again she wrote:

I saw in the papers that the Algonquin Trust Company had closed its doors; I read the heartbreaking details of the crowds besieging it, the lines of frightened people standing there in the rain all night long. It is dreadful, terrible!

Who are these Wall Street men who would not help the Algonquin when they could? Why is the Clearing House so bitter? I don't know what it all means; I read columns about poor Jack Dysart—words and figures and technical phrases and stock quotations—and it means nothing, and I understand nothing of it save that it is all a fierce outcry against him and against the men with whom he was financially involved.

Dear, heart and soul I am loyal to you and yours.

She wrote again:

Yes, I had a talk with Scott. I did not know he had been receiving all those letters from your attorneys. Magnelius Grandcourt manages the investments. Scott's brokers are Stainer & Elting; our attorneys are, as you know, Landon, Brooks & Gayfield

Duane, I absolutely forbid you to worry. My brother is of age, sound in mind and body, responsible for whatever he does or has done. It is his affair if he solicits advice, his affair if he follows it. Your father has no responsibility whatever in the matter of the Cascade Development and Securities Company. Besides, Scott

Continued on Page 53

He Drew Her Close Against His Breast

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 18, 1909

When You Invest

A HUNDRED and twenty billions, says a statistician, now represents the wealth of the United States. In 1900 it was only eighty-eight billions; in 1890, sixty-five billions. Probably ere another decade it will reach two hundred billions. More than in any other country, an immense number of people share in this increment. What to do with the surplus, how to invest it, is a personal question literally to millions. The wealth is produced coöperatively and in the main it must be invested coöperatively. Whether you put your money in bank or bonds, stock or even in land, you really hand it back to the general fund; it becomes your stake in the general pot. Even if you buy land, upon other people rather than upon yourself depends whether or not the land advances in value. Practically every sort of investment, even a government bond, is a trusting of your money to your neighbors.

Look back a little. Here is a shrewd Londoner, one of the wisest in his generation, mightily exercised over this same question—what to do with his money. For a Dutch fleet has entered the Medway, burning and pillaging. In the first place, his money is in gold, in iron chests. After much anxious dubitation he sends his wife and father by night to bury it in the country—and is distracted when he learns "how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground and within sight of a neighbor's window! Lord!" groans he, "what a tosse I was in!" How he hastened by night to recover the carelessly-buried gold; his fears lest the neighbor with the overlooking window might see him; how he hunted for scattered pieces in the grass by the flickering light of a candle, and sat up till morning scrubbing the dirt from them, any reader of Samuel Pepys' immortal diary can learn.

A man kept his own money under his own hand, and had a fit if he thought a neighbor knew where it was. With little coöperation there was little wealth. Incidentally, Pepys buried his gold in 1667, and half a century before that Coke had expounded dogmas of the common law—intensely individualistic and anti-social like the age—which still live blithely on in our jurisprudence, although they have about as much business being there as the Royal Charles, which the Dutch burned in the Medway, would have in a modern fleet.

Rubbing Out the Boundaries

A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY map of the river Loire shows, in a stretch of about two hundred miles, some fifty barriers at which a traveler had to pay toll. Whoever could muster a company of armed men set up a frontier where persons and goods had to pay duty or fight. That the airship will soon extinguish the attenuated modern survival of that system is the opinion of some imaginative persons.

More than any other nation, Great Britain is set apart by natural boundaries. Yet an amiable Frenchman, in a little contrivance of ash and piano strings, driven by a twenty-two horse-power motor, comes skipping through the air, from Calais to Dover, in thirty-seven minutes, without asking anybody's leave. Whereupon a grave organ of British opinion declares that "the impregnability of Britain has passed away." About a month later, at Rheims, a young mechanic, with only two months' experience in aviation, broke the record by flying nearly three hours. Probably high-school boys will be doing better than that next year. Neither ships nor forts can keep them out, and to collect customs duties of them would necessitate deputizing the inhabitants of a country *en masse*. We count upon the moral rather than upon the physical effect of these air machines. By demonstrating that anybody can pass the boundary at will, the machines will make nations more liberal in the matter of admitting foreign persons and things. Such human problems as getting untaxed socks into the United States, appreciation of Germany into England, and enlightenment into Russia will be, if not exactly solved, at least sensibly lightened.

The New Operatic Idea

CHICAGO has at least three opera houses—besides a vacant livery stable in which various operatic troupes have precariously maintained themselves for several weeks at a stretch. An exceedingly venturesome person—copying a startling innovation at Philadelphia—recently suggested the building of an opera house to give operas in.

Immediately following the Civil War—perhaps as a result of raising the embargo on Southern ports—two remarkable ideas entered the United States and swept the land from end to end. One of them was that the residence of a person of consequence must have either a tower or a cupola. Those features are embedded in our architectural history just as the other and fairly contemporaneous "Crime of '73" is in our political history. The second idea was that every self-respecting theater must be called an opera house. That designation still attaches to thousands of shabby playhouses in which the biennial visit of the Suwanee Warblers has been the highest musical expression. And by some singular working of the law of compensation the country, having so many opera houses, has never, except in New York, had any opera. The entire operatic capacity of the nation, one might say, discharged itself upon tin signs. It seems to have adopted the view that, having built enough opera houses to supply all creation, nothing else in that line could reasonably be expected of it. In having ten thousand opera houses and one troupe of operatic performers it found a satisfactory balance.

Whether the country, outside of New York, is still disposed to rest upon its laurels, or whether, being able to point to more opera houses than all the rest of the world combined, it will reënter the lists and have some opera, too, time alone will tell.

Where the Sculptor Comes In

SOME newspapers—notably Democratic ones—think the President exercises too much power. That the executive branch of government coerces the legislative has been a standing complaint since Washington's time. In the late reign, of glorious memory, complaints on this score were especially numerous and bitter. The portly person who now fills the throne with Scriptural measure recently demonstrated that he knows how to impress his views effectively upon Congress.

About a month ago the Government began minting a new cent. The coin is quite as useful as the old cent and incomparably better looking. But it bears the head of Lincoln in place of the old, fake Indian head. Lincoln was a President. So here was a fresh and most outrageous instance of Presidential usurpation—typifying, in the words of one excited Southern contemporary, "the transmogrification of the republic into an empire." It is notorious, however, that Lincoln is dead, so he could not logically be blamed. As his memory enjoys an unusual degree of popular favor, to blame him would be inconvenient, anyway. But the designer of the coin—following a well-established and admirable precedent—had put his initials in minute letters on the die, and the designer is alive. Hence the patriotic necessity of taking a fall out of him is obvious—not because his design is not excellent, nor because there is the slightest reasonable objection to his signing it with his initials; but because this new cent happened to drop right on that exceedingly sore spot of Presidential power.

The sculptor was merely the innocent bystander who was most conveniently in range of the brick. From immemorial time sixty per cent of the bricks have been flung at those who simply happened to stand where it was easy to hit them.

A Socialistic Reflection

IN THIRTEEN years the population of the United States has increased about sixteen millions, of Germany about ten millions, of Great Britain and Ireland about five millions; but of France only about half a million. While England and the United States have waged expensive wars in that period France has been at peace. Yet the cost of running the French Government has risen, on the face of the returns, by seven hundred and thirty-seven million francs. Receipts from government railroads have increased; interest on the funded debt has been reduced; since the separation of church and state in 1906 a heavy charge for public worship has been eliminated. Allowing for these things Leroy-Beaulieu calculates that the true rise in government disbursements has been nearer nine hundred million francs, of which less than a third is for army and navy.

The new French premier is, or was, a Socialist. In one way or another that leaven works everywhere. Here and in England, Germany, France and elsewhere, people are demanding wider activity on the part of the general government. American instances will readily occur to the reader's mind. As a general proposition the people, we think, are right; government ought to be as useful as possible. But this wider activity means increased expenditure, and it is a rare government that really spends money economically. M. Leroy-Beaulieu avers that half the huge increase of nine hundred million francs in the French budget represents waste. That a considerable part of the increase in our budget—in the same thirteen years—is wasted, no one will doubt. Probably people will demand still wider government activity, with still greater expenditure. To get the money spent economically is a great problem.

What the "Appurtenances" Come To

TO CONSTRUCT "a continuous railroad and telegraph, with appurtenances," from the Missouri River to California was the object for which Congress chartered the Union Pacific. The line thus authorized cost about fifty million dollars to build. At its last statement the road was capitalized at nearly six hundred millions. Its quick assets alone were greater by fifty per cent than the cost of building the original line. It owned stocks and bonds of other companies to the amount of three hundred and twenty millions. Stocks so owned included those of steamship, express, dock, land, coal, water and iron companies; stocks of railroads in the Union Pacific's own territory, such as Southern Pacific, Atchison, St. Joe and Grand Island; of railroads in the middle territory, such as Chicago and Northwestern, St. Paul, Illinois Central and Alton; and in Atlantic territory, such as New York Central and Baltimore & Ohio.

For some time Wall Street gossip has concerned itself with a supposed plan to turn over these vast appurtenances to a separate company. Little public interest attaches to the gossip, however, because under the Northern Securities decision, that company would have comparatively small power of expansion. If it happened to acquire a couple of parallel and competing lines the courts would step in and demand that an appearance of competition be maintained although the substance had long since fled. We still think it would have been much simpler to let Mr Harriman, Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan run all the railroads—under the instructions of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Millions in Mosquitoes

CONCERNING the richest farming land in the United States a scientific investigator wrote not long ago that portions of it could be bought for from ten to twenty dollars an acre, and with proper improvement could be made to yield fifty or sixty dollars an acre, net, each year. That looks like finding money. The real problem involved, however, is to find mosquito eggs. Those insects, it is rather generally agreed, spread the malaria which makes this rich bottomland yield the white settler such bountiful crops of chills and fever that he loses interest in its other products. Chills and fever are not conducive to bodily vigor. There are districts, it is said, where the efficiency of labor might be raised twenty-five per cent by eliminating them. To the cultivation of still other districts malaria is probably the greatest bar. It is even possible that the productivity of the earth may be increased as much by chasing out the mosquito and the fly and their allies, as by irrigation and dry-farming.

The Peanut Concession

THE state governments are still supported in good part by taxes levied on land; but there seems to be a growing disposition to derive revenue for the support of the state by taxing various sorts of special privileges granted by the state.

Such privileges, of course, are granted mainly to corporations. Even the right to be a corporation is a form of special privilege. Probably it will be found, therefore, that the states are increasingly supported by taxes levied especially on corporations.

Naturally, a Federal excise tax on corporations provokes much discussion of other taxes paid by corporations; but there is little relevancy in that discussion. Every such tax is a tax upon a special privilege. It is like a concession to sell peanuts at a fair. If the price attached is more than the privilege is worth nobody will take it, and the price must be reduced until somebody does take it.

The excise tax is a clumsy device, but it will oppress nobody. Whoever finds that his privilege to be a corporation is worth less than the tax can escape by resolving the corporation into a partnership.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

"Think That Over," Say the Zanesville Folks, "and Then Wonder Why it is You Can Strike a Man From Zanesville in Any Part of the World"

The Man From Zanesville

AFTER traveling about the country with one of his shows in which Otis Harlan, the comedian, had a part, the late Charles H. Hoyt formed a theory, which he exploited in some of his later plays, that there is no place in this country, and probably not in the world, where Harlan could not dig up a man from Zanesville.

"Where have you been, Otie?" was Hoyt's invariable question after the show had struck a town and Harlan had returned from a tour of Main Street.

"Oh, just down the street a ways," was Harlan's regular reply. "I found a man from Zanesville living here."

Harlan always found 'em, and Hoyt decided, after a long winter of watching and checking up, that the man from Zanesville is ubiquitous. No matter how far the place was in on the kerosene circuit Harlan would dig up a Zanesvillian and have him, or them, in the front row at the show, watching Harlan, himself a Zanesville man, of course, do his stunts.

Now, long ago there happened into Washington and happened on the Government pay-roll Captain J. Z. Dare. The Captain came before that mighty influx of Ohio men who swarmed in with Hayes and have remained, mostly, ever since, it being next to impossible to pry an Ohio man from a Government job, no matter what the politics of the Administration is. The "Z" in the Captain's name is for Zane. He was named for Ebenezer Zane, who was commissioned in 1796, by Congress, to build a road from Wheeling, then in Virginia, to Maysville, Kentucky.

No Escape for Captain Dare

ZANESVILLE was named for Zane, and the enthusiastic parents of Captain Dare named him after old Ebenezer, thus putting the Zanesville brand on him and making him an easy mark for all who have lived in the metropolis of the Muskingum Valley.

There is no escape for Dare. The man from Zanesville lands him as easily as Otis Harlan used to land the man from Zanesville

Last spring the Captain took a little run over to the Orient. He says it was for rest, but there are those who think it was to escape the man from Zanesville. He had fair success. In a few ports he got away without having a stranger come up and embrace him and shout: "Well, if here ain't old Cap Dare, from Zanesville! How's things, Cap? I'm from Zanesville myself." Mostly, however, the man from Zanesville was on tap. Really, it was a cinch. A man from Ohio with a Z in his name—Zanesville, to a dead, moral certainty.

One afternoon Dare arrived in Peking. He was dusty and tired, and he figured that at least he would not get the warm embrace and the clinging handclasp of a former citizen of Zanesville. They led him to the Grand Hotel des Wagons-Lits. A clean-cut young fellow in white duck stood by the desk when Dare asked for a room. Dare glanced around furtively and told the manager his name in a whisper.

"Ha," exclaimed the clean-cut young man in white duck, "it's old Cap Dare, as I live. Hello, J. Z."

"Discovered!" hissed Dare. Then, turning haughtily, he said: "Sir, you have the better of me."

"Pish!" pished the clean-cut young man in white duck, "why, you are Captain Dare, of Zanesville, and I am Jo Ohl, from the same place."

That was right. Jo Ohl is one of 'em. To be sure, he has been known for many years as a Southern Gentleman, because he lived in Atlanta and took on the airs of Peachtree Street, but there is no getting behind the fact that Jo is familiar with Zanesville and that he knew Captain Dare years and years and years ago.

Since that time Jo has been in Washington as correspondent for the Atlanta Constitution, and now represents the New York Herald and the Gridiron Club in Peking, after several years in various places in the Far East for the same combination

Well, Dare and Jo struck hands and removed the dust in the approved manner, and had a lot of fun talking about the men from Zanesville they had met in their travels. A day or two later Dare took a trip out to the Peking University, the largest Methodist mission institution in China. A young professor showed him around. While they were walking through the grounds the president of the university came along.

"Mr. President," began the young professor, "I want to ——"

"Hello, Dare!" cut in the president. "Don't you remember me? I'm H. H. Lowry, from Zanesville, you know."

"What's the use?" asked Dare. "They're everywhere." And he told how he was living in a boarding-house in New York and discovered another man at the table was from Zanesville. They were talking about Billie Burke, who was then the rage in New York. "I think I know that girl," said Dare; "if I am not mistaken, she is the daughter of old Bill Burke who used to keep the hotel." There was a dispute, and the other man from Zanesville said he would investigate. Next day he reported. "No," he said, "Billie Burke wasn't born in Zanesville, but her mother was."

It's a fetish with the Zanesville folks now. They think they can't lose. As Tom Johnson, of the Kansas City Star, once said of Paul Theiman: "Every time Paul goes to a strange town and registers at the hotel, 'Paul Theiman, Kansas City,' he steps back and expects everybody in the hotel to give three cheers for his city"; so the Zanesville people go out on the street and expect the first man they meet to be from Zanesville.

On the Zanesville Roll of Honor

"GREAT town," they say, "is Zanesville. I reckon you don't know much about it. It is the center of the tile-making industry of Ohio. The first matches made in the United States and the first daguerreotype were manufactured in Zanesville. The man who wrote Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too, lived there, and Louis Philippe, of France, when in exile, spent some time there as the guest of John McIntyre, the founder of the place. It was the capital of Ohio once, and the Legislature met there in 1810 and 1812. Thomas A. Hendricks, once Vice-President, was born on its edge, in Newton Township. Hugh J. Jewett, for many years head of the Erie Railroad, began his career in Zanesville, and was elected to the State Senate from there in 1867 and to Congress in 1872. Samuel Sullivan Cox—Sunset Cox—was born there, in 1824, and served three terms in Congress from the Columbus district before going to New York, where he was also sent to Congress. Lewis Cass, Michigan's greatest statesman, began public life as prosecuting attorney in Zanesville. Cass attracted the attention of Jefferson by drawing a paper stating Ohio's position in the Aaron Burr conspiracy. Zanesville furnished ten general officers to the Union Army during the Civil War. R. B. Brown, one time commander of the G. A. R., is an editor here now, and finally James A. Garfield once taught school only a few miles from the corporation line.

"Think that over," say the Zanesville folks, "and then wonder why it is you can strike a man from Zanesville in any part of the world. We're surely an enterprising and a traveling people, and we have spread out all over the country, but we are all true to Zanesville, you can bet on that."

And it is even so. Once, the late S. H. Kauffmann, one of the proprietors of the Washington Star, and a great patron of 'art, was traveling in Switzerland. Kauffmann was from Zanesville, and he believed the Hoyt theory. He went out one morning for a stroll up some pet Alp. His guide was a sturdy Swiss, who had some English, some French and some Swiss, but didn't use any of his languages very much, being content to do the guiding, for which he was paid, and not willing to throw in any conversation unless he had something extra for it. Mr. Kauffmann used to say he was the most economical man with language, this guide, that he had ever known.

They stopped to rest at a point showing a river view. As Kauffmann had nobody else to talk to he talked to himself. "Ha," he said aloud, "this reminds me of the old Muskingum."

The guide was galvanized to speech. "To what," he asked, "does Monsieur refer?"

"The Muskingum river and valley in Ohio, in the United States, where I was born."

"Oui, Monsieur," exclaimed the guide, all animation. "Eet is true. I, myself, worked at ze tile works in ze Zanesville for three years."

Looked for an Easier One

POLICEMEN in New York and Brooklyn are required, while on their beats, to keep a record of the night's events in little books furnished them by the department.

A new "copper," just appointed and not long over, was put out in Brooklyn. He found a large, dead dog at the corner of two streets. He took out his book and wrote: "This morning, at 1:45 A. M., I found a dead dog at the corner of ——" and he looked up to see what the streets were and discovered they were Keep and Kosciuszko.

He studied for a long time. Then he dragged the dog by the tail to the corner of Keep and Kent streets.

An Unknown Language

SECRETARY KNOX, of the State Department, Attorney-General Wickersham, and Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce, went out in an automobile together, at Washington, to see the Wright Brothers fly.

Wickersham and Nagel sat together in the tonneau, and Knox rode with the driver. When they reached the field and got out, Knox said to Nagel: "How did you get along with Wickersham?"

"Fine," replied Nagel, "until he began talking French to me. I don't understand French."

"Why didn't you get even by talking law to Wickersham?" asked Knox.

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Will you try my Pen FREE?

You—reader of this advertisement—I ask *you* to put this one fact in your mind and let it *stick*. *I want you always and forever to remember that you can go to any Parker dealer and get a Parker pen on ten days' free trial—that you can always prove the efficiency of the Parker and its usefulness to you individually before you buy it.* Let this fact above all others *stick*. Never forget that it's the *Parker*, the P-A-R-K-E-R Fountain Pen, that's sold on free trial. I am spending $6000 for this one advertisement alone, to ask you to remember this—and it's greatly to your interest to do so.

You have laid aside a fountain pen as unsatisfactory or decided not to have one because you have seen the uncleanliness and faults of fountain pens in general, but *now*, at *my* risk, try *my* pen for ten days—work with it—test it severely—and prove to yourself that the Parker *is* the *exception*, the one *cleanly* fountain pen, masterfully efficient, and without limitations. Prove all this by ten days' free test. Can't you and I do business on this basis?

Geo. S. Parker

For Office or Classroom

This sort of fountain pen is more than a mere convenience; it is a work-tool.

It will lighten and expedite your work, be always convenient, increase your accuracy, either in office or classroom. No matter what your work is, there's a Parker made to meet its peculiar requirement, to suit your personal writing habits and preferences. You can get a Parker with a pen point to do your work right—and with a barrel with the right "feel" in your hand. It will become your constant lifetime companion, always at hand and dependable, giving the highest service, yet with none of the annoyance ordinarily expected of a fountain pen.

Parker fountain pens are either standard or self-filling, or safety, from $1.50 up, according to ornamentation.

Every pen regardless of price is good enough for me to let you test for ten days—and *that's* a *good fountain pen*.

A special school and college feature is the "cap with the colored crown" (design patent applied for) which tips the cap of the pen with school, college, class or fraternity colors.

Now, on the opposite page, let me tell about the interesting device, which makes it possible for you to buy a Parker under such absolute protection against mis-spending your money

The Parker "Jack Knife"

Something new and novel, yet a business-like safety pen. A short, efficient, attractive fountain pen that you may carry anywhere you carry your jack knife. Put it in your vest pocket, upside down—any old way—throw it in your grip or hand bag, without fear of its leaking. The ideal pen for a lady to carry in her hand bag. Ask to see the Parker "Jack Knife" Safety Pen

There is the Lucky Curve

Nothing in any other fountain pen substitutes or replaces it—only a fountain pen with a feed like this—a curved feed—the Lucky Curve can be *cleanly*, and efficiently practical for straight-away, ready use. By unscrewing the nozzle you can see if a pen has the Lucky Curve—None except the Parker has

PARKER PEN COMPANY

NEW YORK AGENTS: Gotham Pen Co., 11 Park Row
CANADIAN AGENCY: Buntin, Gillies & Co., Hamilton and Montreal
EUROPEAN BRANCH: Stuttgart, Germany

LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS

The Lucky Curve

The supreme feat in fountain pen mechanism

It's this Lucky Curve, as you see in the illustration, that makes the Parker pre-eminently efficient—head and shoulders above the rank of common fountain pens, with their common faults and drawbacks, and places it in a position distinctively and altogether its own.

Not Duplicated or Replaced in any other Fountain Pen

The Lucky Curve means a curved ink-feed. Other fountain pens have straight ink-feeds. When you return the pen to your pocket, capillary attraction retains ink in a straight ink-feed, until air, expanded in the reservoir, by the heat of your body, forces it out into the cap where you find it ready to soil your fingers and laundry when you remove the cap to write. But with the curved ink-feed—the Lucky Curve—the mouth of the ink channel is so unchangeably adjusted just to touch the walls of the reservoir, that the same capillary attraction which holds the ink in straight ink-feeds draws it out of the Parker's curved ink-feed

The Lucky Curve, you see, is *self-draining*, clearing itself of ink and giving free passage to expanding air. So, when you remove the cap of a Parker—no disagreeable surprises—no soiling of your fingers—no need to wipe off the barrel before writing.

The Parker is *cleanly* because of the Lucky Curve. Remember this fact, too, along with the other fact, that the *Parker* is the fountain pen that's sold on Free Trial.

Get a Parker from any dealer on Free Trial

No sale unless the pen sells itself. You're the absolute, final judge. Thousands of dealers are waiting to help you select, for ten days' free trial, the Parker exactly suitable for you individually, and your particular work.

But if the dealer you see doesn't sell the Parker, don't compromise on a straight feed pen. Don't make *that* mistake. Just write me the name and address of your stationer, jeweler or druggist, and I will arrange for you to select from an extensive assortment. Beautiful catalog free. No obligation on your part or risk. Then why not, *from today*, own a cleanly, efficient, convenient Parker for a life-time companion? See a dealer or write me today.

My 1909 Special Proposition to First 1500 New Dealers

To the first 1500 new dealers applying I will offer a proposition so exceedingly [illegible], and [illegible] to a dealer's profit and advantage, that anyone must see with what positive assurance they can avail themselves of it. The great advertising campaign and the generous selling plan make Parker pens to be depended upon for steady activity.

Not handling them, you are foregoing hundreds of dollars annual profits—and remember this—that there are [illegible] reasons why no other fountain pen can take the place of the Parker, either in service to the user or as a profit earner for the dealer. My 1909 Special Proposition to 1500 new dealers is most unusual, most remarkably advantageous to *you*. You can get a representative money making assortment of Parker pens, and with it a [illegible] high-finished, plate-glass show-case, rich enough to be in keeping with the most elaborately outfitted and refined store. Right now, at the very beginning of the most effective advertising campaign ever conducted, is the ripe time for you to get the details and decide. If you are one of the first 1500, so much more to your advantage. Write me for details, or telegraph at my expense *today*.

GEO. S. PARKER, President

90 Mill Street, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Madam, you need never sweep nor dust again.

A Free Trial

of the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner in your own home will convince you that it will do the work ten times quicker, ten times easier and ten times better.

Rugs and carpets are cleaned *on the floor*, and the furniture is not disturbed.

Think what it will mean to you—day after day—year after year—to have your entire home spotlessly clean and sweet, purged of the disease germs that swarm in the dust—germs of consumption, pneumonia and diphtheria. Not just twice a year, but every day—*all the time*.

And it is so *easy* to clean house with the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner. The drudgery and confusion are all gone. There is not enough labor left to tire a child.

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner makes housecleaning the work of a few minutes, instead of many hours, and costs to operate less than 3c an hour.

And I am willing to prove all this to you at my own expense. I will send you a cleaner for a *free trial* in your home, no matter where you live. You may use it and test it severely. It will speak for itself.

I am not afraid to send the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away and let it tell its own story.

I am willing to do even more. If you wish to keep it after you have tried it, I will give you a *year* in which to pay for it—*a whole year to prove its merit*.

I gladly make this offer, because I *know* the machine is reliable and durable, and that the people who buy it on small monthly payments will *keep* it, for the *longer* they use it the *more* they will like it.

Fill out the coupon below, and let me send you our booklet on scientific house-cleaning.

A Business of Your Own with

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners

On the Pay-from-Profit Plan

To those who wish to earn $5 a day and upwards, by cleaning for others and taking orders for Duntley Cleaners, we offer a fine and permanent arrangement. It enables you to engage in a most profitable business of your own.

By this plan you have *three separate ways* of making money easily and quickly—by cleaning for profit—by renting—and by selling Duntley Cleaners to those who will want to buy after you have done work for them.

To *prove* what you can do, we send you the machine, instruct you in its use, advertise you and put you in business. Before you invest a cent you get the free use of the machine and *actually begin making money*.

You therefore take no possible risk.

Fill in the coupon below—right now, before you forget—and let me tell you all about it.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

..... *Cut on this line and mail coupon at once* .....

Duntley Mfg. Co., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

Send me catalog of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for household..... .....pay-from-profit plan

Name

Address

Town *State*

Mark X before the use in which you are interested.

STORIES OF THE SIXTH SENSE

The Power of the Mercantile Agencies

By ABRAHAM D. SALLEE

THE most successful men connected with commercial agencies develop a certain strange power—a sort of sixth sense—commonly called "agency instinct." Though this prime asset of the good agency reporter is not to be purchased in the open market, it is yet the heritage of such a large number of the men on the street that the various agencies themselves may well be called creatures of the sixth sense.

Some of the agencies may be blessed with a double portion of this mysterious gift, but all, whether national or sectional, trade or general, wholesale or retail, have it in some degree.

While some of the agencies are highly-developed machines, expending money by the million, it is the possession of this uncanny power that enables them to give the credit man more and better information about the credit standing of his customers than he can obtain anywhere else for the same amount of money. For this reason he uses the service and learns to rely upon it, extending credit or refusing it upon agency advice.

This blind faith of the credit man gives to the agency power to make or break the average business man at some time or other in his history. There is no authentic case on record where the power has been willfully misused, which speaks well for the integrity of the management, but the commercial graveyard is full of the bones of anæmic houses prematurely operated upon by ignorant and bungling reporters, while the jobber's treasury is depleted by repeated raids of "lame ducks" who escape the gun of the near-sighted reporter in his semi-annual revision.

That the sixth sense sometimes loses its senses, or, mayhap, is not part of the equipment of all reporters, is seen in the case of Ike Brikstein, though in this case the lapse did not harm the creditors.

The Case of Ike Brikstein

Brikstein was likely and likable, and he liked Hilda; in fact, he loved her. Her father had money, and, likewise, after the manner of man, he intended to keep it. Hilda's dower, when she married Brikstein, was a thousand dollars, lawful money of the United States, but there was a long, strong string to it, and her father just could not let go of the string.

Brikstein deposited the money in the First National Bank, the biggest in the town, you may be sure, and started in the clothing business. He told the agencies he had a cash capital of one thousand dollars, all his own, and no debts. The bank confirmed the statement and the agencies reported accordingly. The credit men, with their usual confidence in the reports, filled his orders without question, and he soon had a stock worth much more than the amount of capital he claimed to have. Because of the good report he was given three or four months' time in which to pay for most of the goods. He commenced business with a big sale, and the first thousand dollars he took in went to Hilda's father. He still had the money in the bank and a fair stock of goods in the store. The dowry had cost nothing, but had done Brikstein as much good as real money. He was a little slow in paying his bills for a time, as might be expected now that the circumstances are known, but he made good and is now a respected and wealthy merchant. To start in business he needed credit, as any one would who had no capital, and by a sharp trick he fooled the agencies into establishing it for him. Easy? -oh, no; for the agencies usually learn the source of wealth, and if the reporter in this case had been endowed with the sixth sense, or had made an intelligent use of the five which Nature gave him, Hilda's father would have had to cut the string or Brikstein would have received no credit.

But the agencies cannot be fooled twice, and the man who makes a dishonest failure once, or is caught in a flagrant misrepresentation of his affairs, never lives long enough to regain the confidence of the agencies and the many benefits of a favorable rating.

Is it possible to succeed in business without a rating?

Yes, but very annoying, and somewhat expensive.

Sol Neargold, with the unwitting aid of the agencies, made a profitable failure in a small town in Eastern Iowa. He soon removed to an Illinois city and reëmbarked in the same familiar line of ready-mades.

As soon as he was discharged from bankruptcy he made a statement showing a net worth of five thousand dollars. When the agencies questioned the correctness of the showing in the light of his recent failure, and questioned him as to the source of his wealth he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Vell, don't I know I failed? Vot off it? I didn't lose notting py it."

He now has thousands of dollars on deposit in three savings-banks, besides a large commercial account, but the agencies still class him among the extra-hazardous risks and decline to give him a credit rating.

Taking the Consequences

The agencies made him by establishing a credit that permitted him to steal from his creditors a five-thousand-dollar capital with which to embark in an honest business, but he was such a good business man that they could not break him by making unfavorable reports when he invested his ill-gotten gains.

The opposition of the agencies, more or less active, caused him a great deal of anxiety, as much humiliation as one of his character could feel, and not a little financial loss. In the first place, the fire-insurance companies refused to insure his stock, but he never needed it, for he never had a fire.

And the credit men, depending upon the agencies, demanded cash with order for many a year, and quoted an outside price on every article they sold. After some years a few houses sold him on short time, but put the price high enough to offset the risk as they understood it. But never could he get as much as a roll of wrapping-paper from a strange house without paying cash in advance, and he suffered many other petty annoyances.

The influence of the agencies, in this case, extended far beyond the counting-room. It followed him to his cheerful fireside and oft rebuffed Dan Cupid.

The matter leaked out in this way. Neargold rushed into the office of one of the agencies one day and said to the superintendent: "I wants to see you in private." This was a semi-annual request on his part that had often, in the cruel past, fallen on unheeding ears, but this time he was insistent and just would not be denied.

Once in the inner office he exhibited a sworn statement of his assets and liabilities with a long list of references, and produced his bank-books showing the deposit of small amounts of money, at short intervals, over a long term of years, now aggregating some thousands of dollars, and every cent in his own name. Then he said:

"I don't need a rating for mine peesness. I pays cash and gets the discount. But dis iss it. I haf two girls oop at mine house. Dey are growing oop, and ought to get married. I vants 'em to. De young fellers meets on de corner py mine house and say, 'Nice girls in dat house.' 'Yes, vat's back of 'em?' Dey looks in your book—'Ach, nefer again!'"

If those girls ever reached the altar it was over a path paved with real gold, as the agencies refused to commit themselves to any alliance.

Many times when the sixth sense is sparking right the agencies work wisely and intelligently, and hold up the credit of the careless man who is really solvent, or save the credit and lucre of one who is suffering from a malicious attack by professional "wrecker" or envious competitor.

Jobson was a pretty fair lawyer, commercially speaking. He advertised that he

Own your own Cigar Store

50 Sargent Perfectos or Panetelas, regular price $3.50

One of these Chests, regular price $3.50

$3.50 for both

This glass lined Cigar Chest sent to any customer with his first order. We guarantee that it will keep cigars in perfect condition. The purpose of this offer is to introduce our brands of cigars direct to smokers.

Since we first made this offer, three Chests have been returned to us out of many thousands we have shipped. They were broken in transit.

About Cigars

Do you know that a pure Havana Cigar cannot be sold under 10c direct to smoker, or under 15c at a retail store? If you are an old smoker you can be sure you have smoked thousands of cigars supposedly "all Havana" that never saw Cuba. That worn out deception does not figure in this business. By telling facts we are making steady customers who believe in us—men who know that a choicely blended domestic cigar needs no apology.

Sargent Cigars are made of blended domestic tobaccos of the finest selection, with a flavoring of choice Havana. They have brought us compliments without number, but not one complaint.

About the Chest

It is our invention and the only practical Cigar Chest we know of. It holds 100 cigars and keeps them in perfect condition to the very last smoke. No blotter pads or sponges to trouble with. We give it to you with your first order because we want you to smoke Sargent Cigars in proper condition and to convince you that we can save you one-half your smoking bill. The Chest is handsomely finished in wood, is glass lined, has heavy, insulated walls, and is strictly sanitary.

Our Proposition Send us $3.50 and we will send you 50 Sargent Perfectos or Panetelas and the Cigar Chest. If you order 100 Cigars and Chest, price $7.00, we will prepay express East of the Mississippi River. West of the Mississippi add $1. If you prefer Mahogany Chest send $2 extra; if Circassian Walnut $3 extra. State preference for mild, medium or strong cigars.

Guarantee If Chest or Cigars are not up to your expectations, send them back at our expense and we will return your money.

If you want to know who we are, ask The First Bridgeport National, Pequonnock National or City National Bank of Bridgeport.

Sargent Cigar Company

636 Water Street

BRIDGEPORT CONN.

Handsome wood. Size for 100, 50 and 1000 cigars. Send for catalogue

Have you tried

The 1909 Issue

OF

SCHULTZE

OR

NEW E.C.?

Their special qualities are

STABILITY
PERFECT PATTERNS
EXCELLENT VELOCITY
EASY ON THE SHOULDER

Shells loaded with either of these powders can be purchased through any dealer.

Send 12 cents in stamps for a set of six pictures illustrating "A Day's Hunt." Address Dept. V

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.

Wilmington, Del., U. S. A.

Brighton

trim, sleek ankles — perfect sock support

The man's garter that gives the greatest *leg comfort*—neatest metal parts, finest silk webs, lightest weight, best work, fairest price, every pair warranted, any color, 25c.—at all dealers, or we send sample pair on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS

All lengths and weights, artistic webs in original designs, fine gilt metal parts, calfskin ends, silk sewing, our guaranty band on every pair—at dealers, 50c, or we send them direct.

Pioneer Suspender Company

718 Market Street, Philadelphia

"collected claims in cold blood." On occasion he could let the blood, and he did not always wait for it to cool. He made his living by the collection of bad debts, and he did what he could in his weak way to increase the harvest.

Timmons had been conducting a general store twenty miles away, for some years, with fair success. He was worth forty thousand dollars, which was ample for the volume of his business, but he was careless of credit and manner, as he was, indeed, of dress, and he was in rather poor standing with the trade. The agencies gave him credit for what he was worth, but showed up his methods faithfully and rated him in rather poor credit. He was generally considered "good but slow," and could buy from any house except the few that insisted upon having accounts met promptly.

One day Jobson, promoting business in his own persistent way, went to a friendly house and persuaded him to force payment of his account against Timmons. He was finally given the claim for collection and immediately laid plans to wreck Timmons. In furtherance of his plans he immediately visited Timmons and demanded payment—in full—at once—in cold cash. It was after banking hours and his demands could not be met, as he well knew. After an hour or more of firm insistence he became strangely lenient, and even friendly, and appeared to disregard the instructions of his client and to look only to the interests of the debtor. He finally became very confidential, and told Timmons that if he would permit him to examine his books he felt sure he could advise his client to take no further action. The books were produced and Jobson examined them with a judicial air, meantime taking down a complete list of creditors, which was his only reason for making the request. He then retired, with great protestations of friendship, and immediately wrote all of the creditors that he had a claim for collection which he would force at once. He said that the case was desperate and their only safety lay in giving him their claims with full power to act.

Many of them complied with his request, but others laid the matter before the agencies, and at least one of them sent a man with more than five senses to make a careful investigation. Timmons was not only angry, but ignorant, and declined to give the reporter any assistance. He was plied with questions, however, as long as he remained in the store, and was even followed to his home with fresh argument and further questions. The reporter then asked many questions of other tradesmen and townspeople, and went to the county-seat to examine the title to his property. He scented the cause of all the trouble and arrived at the truth in regard to Timmons' credit. His report was complete and as favorable as the case would warrant. Upon receipt of it many houses refused to press their claims, and others recalled their accounts from Jobson's hands. But in spite of the report Jobson managed to hold a certain number of claims, mainly among those who were familiar with his record and who believed that he intended to wreck Timmons before he quit.

How Timmons Was Saved

These creditors, acting upon the advice of Jobson, commenced attachment suits and the store was closed by the sheriff. A meeting of creditors was called and Timmons made a complete statement of his condition, which was verified, and showed that he was perfectly solvent, but short of money. Friendly houses, influenced by the agency reports, offered him all the money he needed to meet pressing claims and he offered to pay at once. But he asserted that he was wrongfully attached, to his great loss, and he proposed to commence a suit for damages against all those who had brought suit. The attaching creditors then offered a compromise and he paid them two-thirds of their various claims, accepting, at their suggestion, the other third in settlement of his claim for damages. Creditors who did not attach were paid in full, in due time, and retained a customer whose trade they valued.

Timmons' debt to the agencies is this, that but for their prompt and favorable reports Jobson would have controlled every account against him and left him without a friend to turn to in his hour of need.

Does Timmons appreciate the favor? He does not.

Digman conducted one of the best grocery stores in the city. He had a high-class trade, carried a fine stock, and got good prices. But he had to carry a large amount on his books and this kept him short of ready money. The agencies gave him a good rating, the trade considered him an exceptionally capable man, and he could buy whatever he needed in any market. Of course, he was slow pay, but he was considered "good."

One day a reporter of the multiple senses made a careful examination and concluded that Digman was too loose in granting credit, had too much of his capital on his books, and, further, that he carried a much larger stock than was necessary in a city where he could have any kind of merchandise delivered in an hour.

When his report was issued to the trade it was accepted as true, and the credit men insisted that Digman should collect his outstandings and reduce his debts. Salesmen were instructed to restrict his orders to actual daily needs and not to overstock him as some of them had done.

In a few months he had reduced his stock and outstanding accounts, and had accumulated sufficient money to enable him to discount his bills. But he did all this much against his will, and only as he was forced by the creditors acting upon the report made by the agency.

When an Agency Slipped Up

The amount of damage that may accrue to a house through an error on the part of the agencies will show something of their power for weal or woe.

G. B. Bradley & Brothers, a corporation, manufactured a line of furniture, and G. B. Bradley was personally interested in the Acme Company, a competing concern in rather poor credit. To correct a defective title to a piece of real estate belonging to the Acme Company the stockholders decided to institute a friendly suit, between themselves, in order to get a ruling of the court. It happened that Bradley was selected as one of the defendants, and, unfortunately, that he was named first in the papers. The case was, therefore, entered on the court records as being against G. B. Bradley *et al*

Now the agencies keep men at each county-seat throughout the land to report just such items, and the suit was hardly filed before it was reported. But the court reporter wrote the title out in English, showing the suit to be against "G. B. Bradley and others," and a clerk in one of the agency offices, on account of the euphony, wrote the item up as being against "G. B. Bradley & Brothers."

The corporation owed nothing at that time, and was buying nothing, so it felt no ill effect from the publication of the error, but several weeks later Mr. Bradley went East to buy a large stock of stuffs for his upholstery department. His welcome was studiously polite, and he was shown samples as in the olden time, but he noted that prices were invariably quoted at something more than the market, and he refused to place any orders. After some days of such experience he went to a house that had always been very friendly, and stated his trouble to the senior partner, asking him at the same time why prices were so high.

"I believe the suit will explain it," he was told

"What suit?" he inquired.

"Why the recent suit against your company," replied the merchant.

This brought forth a full explanation, but such damage had been done to the standing of the company that it was necessary to pay something better than the inside prices it had enjoyed for years, and in some quarters the dealers declined to book orders on any terms. Altogether it cost the company some hundreds of dollars in cash and a loss of prestige that could not be measured.

It is very difficult to find specific cases in which the agency has carried a firm to success with a rating unjustifiably high, because, if the financial weakness be concealed until it ceases to exist, the merchant is not likely to mention it afterward. On the other hand, in case he fails it is difficult to say when the rating should have been withdrawn, and harder yet to determine what part it played in keeping him afloat on the stormy sea of commerce.

The full measure of the power of the agency in modern business will never be known, but the instances cited will give a slight hint of it.

THE L SYSTEM

Copyright, 1909

YOU want clothes made to suit you. Every Young Man has a desire to dress better—look better—spend no more. If you will look into a good local store, you'll find The L System Clothes. Let your own eyes judge.

¶ These clothes are fashioned with your ideals in mind—we have studiously cultivated the desires of Young Men.

¶ If you pay more you'll get no more—nor as much. For, The L System is undeniably the way to better clothes.

Send 2c for The L System Magazine, or 24c for set of 4 original college posters in colors.

H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS

Style Originators

Chicago
New York

Hundreds of other Handsome Winter Styles are pictured in the FREE "NATIONAL" Style Book. Why not write for this greatest fashion guide, see all the new styles and also read—

How Your "National" Suit Will Be Made

Do you wish to know the secrets of the perfection of "NATIONAL" Suits? Will you read with us here the how and why of their making?

Do you know why a "NATIONAL" suit is always so grace-giving, so becoming and stylish? Because the highest priced designers in America have planned it. Because these designers go over the special pattern made for you before the scissors touch the cloth, giving just a line of grace here, adding just so much to this curve, the final touches of the artist that only a designer can give.

Do you know why a "NATIONAL" Coat has and holds its perfect shaping? Because by the "NATIONAL" method, shape is in-built—not pressed in. The thoroughly shrunk canvas fronts and hair-cloth forms in "NATIONAL" suits are the same as used in men's suits, permanently shape-holding—the best grade of findings that can be bought Even the tape that always preserves the collars and edges of "NATIONAL" Coats costs us five times as much as that used in ordinary coats. And another detail—every seam is sewn with tested pure silk thread.

But the "NATIONAL" Style Book tells this interesting story in full—lays bare for you every secret in the perfection of your "NATIONAL" Suit. We want you to write for this Fall and Winter Style Book. We want you to see the delightful variety of

"National" Made-To-Measure Suits

New York Styles

$10.00 to $40.00

Express Charges Prepaid
Fall Style Book and Samples Free

And now as to material. There are here over 450 new materials from which you may choose. Can you conceive of such a wonderful selection? Think of what such an unlimited choice of material means to YOU.

In all America such a wonderful choice is possible only at the "NATIONAL," and your choice may be made entirely without risk—because we take all the risk of pleasing you perfectly. Each "NATIONAL" Suit—your suit—will be made according to

THE "NATIONAL" POLICY

Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee tag—our signed Guarantee—attached. This Tag says that you may return any "NATIONAL" garment not satisfactory to you and we will refund your money and pay express charges both ways. The "NATIONAL" prepays expressage and postage to all parts of the world.

And that is why we say you should write for the "NATIONAL" Style Book. That is why we have reserved one Style Book for you Because we know that Every American Woman—we know that YOU will be interested in seeing this wonderfully complete "NATIONAL" Style Book, in learning the new styles, in choosing your suit from all the new suits, your material from all the new materials.

And yet this Style Book pictured here is yours FREE. It is waiting for you to write for it and we will send it gladly. We only ask you to say it is welcome. We think it is worth asking for, because you will appreciate it as the most interesting and instructive and complete Fashion Publication ever issued.

In writing for your "NATIONAL" Style Book, be sure to state whether you wish samples for a Made-To-Measure Suit and give the colors you prefer. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for

This is your FREE copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book sent on request

NATIONAL CLOAK

Largest Ladies' Outfitting

214 West 24th Str

Mail Orders Only

Styles are very radically changed. We scarcely ever remember a season when there were so many different and beautiful new fashions. And that is why we ask

Do You Wish To See All The New Styles?

Do you wish to see all the novel plaited flounce Skirts, the most graceful designs in years, and the new Coats with plaited sections to match the skirts, all very novelly trimmed—do you wish to see them all?

And the new dresses, priced from $9.98 up, returning this year to the classic Grecian Styles, the fashions of the 12th Century, beautiful in their long height-giving, graceful lines. And the Hats—decidedly new—in Gainsborough and Duchess effects, and there are new waists and splendid new ideas in Misses' and Girls' Suits and Coats and Dresses.

In fact the styles are so very beautiful and becoming, and there are so many new features, that we have found it necessary to issue a much larger "NATIONAL" Style Book than ever before in order to do justice to the Fall and Winter fashions

We have spent over $250,000 in gathering all these new styles, in creating new designs and publishing the "NATIONAL" Style Book. And now one copy of this book has been reserved for YOU and will be sent you entirely FREE, Postage Prepaid, if you will write for it *to-day*

In addition to the wonderful "NATIONAL" Made-To-Measure suits described on the opposite page, this Style Book shows a full line of

"National" Ready-Made Garments

Skirts	**Furs**	**Hosiery**
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YOUR SAVINGS

Safeguarding Public-Service Bonds

WHILE most securities are subject to the ordinary hazard of trade and kindred influences, some are invested with more dangers than others. This is particularly true of certain public-service bonds. Although the best bonds of this type possess qualities that commend them to the average investor with savings, others demand more caution and investigation than any other kind of bond save the industrial. The menace to the public-utility bond is so peculiar that this week's article will be given up to an explanation of it.

The danger seems rather unnecessary when you realize that the earnings of the prosperous public-service company are very stable and less affected by business depression, crop failure and other causes that contribute to the downfall of security values than are those of other corporations. No matter how bad business is people must keep on riding on the street cars and using gas or electricity in their homes.

One danger comes from what might be called superseding. Take the case of gas which is supplied to citizens by private companies. It is not so long since nearly every house used gas exclusively. Only the rich had electric lights in their homes. Along came electricity and superseded it in the home for many uses. If a use had not been found for gas as fuel for cooking many gas plants might have suffered a decrease in their business. Now you find gas stoves and ranges in nearly every new house that is built and the gas companies get a good revenue from them.

Take the street-car lines. At first the cars were hauled by mules or horses. Then electricity superseded them. Some other power like the gasoline motor may succeed electricity. Of course, good management will always safeguard itself against superseding, but you must be sure to get this management. Thus it is evident that in public-utility securities there is often the risk of some change resulting from new discoveries, and it behooves the investor to be careful to buy the bond of a company that is amply equipped by experience, resources and money to take swift advantage of any improvement that may develop.

It may be interesting to add here that an especially great danger hovers over the bond secured by a mechanical invention, because an invention may be hit upon that will revolutionize the industry and put the old method out of business. This is why the industrial bond is so speculative.

How Franchises are Guarded

Since a public-service corporation gets its right to operate in the shape of a franchise that it obtains from the people, it follows that its first service should be to the people. Consequently, there is great danger from adverse public opinion. A refusal to give certain transfers or to make concessions may so arouse public indignation that a renewal of the franchise upon its expiration may either be impossible or be made so expensive or burdensome as seriously to affect the bonds issued by the corporation.

Hence the average public-service bond should mature before the franchise of the company expires. This is in cases where the franchise is limited. Many franchises are unlimited. In such instances the investor must look for other kinds of dangers, and in many companies that have unlimited franchises the officials are apt to be careless about serving the public.

The best safeguard for the franchise is in the watchfulness of public commissions such as have been created in New York and Wisconsin. These commissions are censors of franchises and also overseers of capitalization. A bond in a company operating under a franchise which one of these commissions has bestowed is very apt to be a good one, because it is safeguarded in every way.

The subject of the franchise naturally suggests politics, for it used to be the fashion, especially with traction companies, to get franchises through political "pull." This, in turn, imposes various undesirable obligations on the company which are not only harmful to the service but also costly to the bondholders. It is only necessary to look at the wreck of the traction lines in New York City to see the tragic results of such an alliance. For years these lines were plundered by political blackmailers who exacted ransom from the companies in exchange for alleged service performed by putting through legislation or handing out valuable franchises. Despite the fact that the companies had the greatest opportunity for street-car business in the country, this burden, together with an excessive overcapitalization, brought them down to bankruptcy. Beware of corporations that are involved in politics. They are always costly in some way.

Equally menacing to bondholders, but more so to stockholders, is an error of judgment on the part of the management in bringing on a strike. Nothing so demoralizes a street-car line or plays such havoc with its earnings as a tie-up, or interrupted traffic, due to labor troubles. The latest example of this was in Philadelphia, where the lines were closely involved with city politics. A dispute arose with the public over fares, and the employees took advantage of the occasion to call a strike. Rioting and confusion followed, during which the stock of the company declined sharply.

Dangers to Street Railways

Another danger to the security holder's interests is a local agitation such as one for municipal ownership. A craze for this recently swept over the country, plunging whole communities into disorder. In no city did it break out more virulently than in Cleveland, Ohio, which may serve as an example. For years Cleveland had one of the finest street-car systems in the country; the transfer arrangement was admirable and the earnings were satisfactory. Tom L. Johnson, who had been a traction magnate, espoused municipal ownership and a three-cent fare. On this platform he waged a campaign for mayor. His doctrine had wide popular favor and he was elected. No sooner did he try to carry out his promises than the whole machinery of city transportation became clogged. Violent factions arose; transfers were restricted; the introduction of the three-cent fare within certain limits became cumbersome, and the passengers were confused and annoyed. In short, what had been a magnificent service was well nigh demoralized, and the controversy became so acute that one of the leading lines was forced into the hands of a receiver. Naturally the securities of all the Cleveland street-car companies slumped in value on account of the bitter fight. The end has not yet been reached.

We now come to a danger which is just as menacing as those that have been specified. This is overcapitalization. Just as soon as water is injected into the capital of a public-service corporation or any other concern trouble begins. The most glaring example is, of course, afforded by the New York City lines, which came to grief, as you have seen.

The capitalization should represent actual investment, and the bonds should be issued only against tangible property. The property value in the case of one conservatively capitalized company is twice as great as the amount of the original bond issue. Additional bonds can only be issued up to eighty per cent of the cost of the improvements. This leaves a safe additional margin that adds to the value and security of the first or original issue of bonds. Here is an almost ideal condition.

The investor should be careful to see that no more bonds are issued by the company until the net annual earnings for the preceding year shall be equal to at least twice the amount of interest for one year on all the bonds outstanding and on the new bonds which it is proposed to bring out.

A street-railway company, or a heating and lighting company, may be doing a big business, but bad management or extravagance may eat up all the profits. Hence the importance of earnings and operating expenses. It is impossible to fix any average with public-service corporations,

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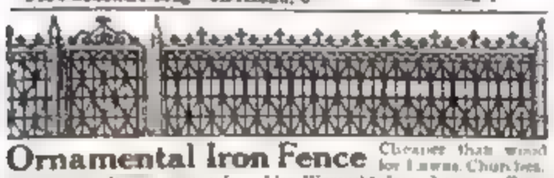

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because it costs less properly to maintain a gas property than a street railway, and it takes more to run a street railway than an electric-lighting plant. It is estimated, however, that the operating expenses should be between sixty-five and seventy per cent of the gross earnings.

It is just as important for the company to take care of its property as it is to operate it, because the wear and tear on machinery and rolling stock is a big and costly item. If cars, for example, become shaky and cause breakdowns and delays in the service, the traveling public gets impatient and will use other means of transportation if possible. This, in turn, has an effect on earnings. The company should have a depreciation fund for the maintenance of its properties. Some public-service corporations of the highest type set aside ten per cent of the gross earnings, in monthly installments, for this purpose. In this way a substantial fund is built up. While awaiting employment the money is invested in bonds which produce an income. Then, if a new improvement in street cars develops, the company can take it up at once. At the same time it can keep its stock in such condition as to produce the largest possible revenue. Such a fund is an additional safeguard of the investor's interest, and when a company does not have one the lack of it lowers the strength of the investment.

When we turn to gas companies we find that the greatest risk is in natural-gas companies. In many instances the supply of gas has given out, leaving not only towns in darkness but also the bondholders holding the bag. The company that serves natural gas should also have facilities to make artificial gas.

Thus it is clear that, however you regard public-service bonds, you find conditions to be considered carefully. It is only in the best and highest types that safety lies. One more point needs emphasizing, and that is the kind of bond house you do business with. Many firms make a specialty of public-service securities. These firms must have not only character and integrity but also must have had experience. The best intentions in the world may go wrong without proper knowledge.

Mushroom Marvels

A VERY remarkable natural curiosity is one that is seemingly an insect in autumn and a plant in spring. It is, to start with, the grub or larva of a beetle. When it buries itself in the ground in the fall—doubtless with the expectation of emerging a few months later in the form of a beetle—it is attacked by a fungus which sprouts from its head and soon transforms the whole body of the insect into a sort of mushroom.

In Tibet these mushrooms are found only in the neighborhood of a certain kind of myrtle tree. Beetles of the species in question feed on the leaves of the myrtles. Later, when their larvæ have buried themselves in the ground, they undergo the transformation above described and in the following spring appear as mushrooms. Sprouting in long shoots, they fructify like any other kind of mushroom, forming spores (equivalent to seeds) and scattering them around under the myrtles.

Obviously, some of the grubs must escape attack by the fungus germs, else there would be no beetles to continue the species. But in most instances, apparently when they have buried themselves, they come into contact with the mushroom spores, and by that accident are doomed. In turn, as mushrooms, they fructify and produce a fresh crop of germs to attack the next generation of grubs.

For some unknown reason, the point of attack is always the jaws of the insect, from which sprouts the long shoot aforesaid. As the mushroom grows, the body of the grub (reduced to the function of a mere seed) becomes filled with mycelium, its flesh being literally converted into vegetable tissue. After a while it almost entirely disappears, its substance being absorbed by the stalk.

The natives of Tibet gather these mushrooms in spring and, making them up into bundles tied with red thread, sell them for medicine. They are much esteemed for throat and lung troubles. In appearance they resemble miniature bulrushes, each one having for its root the mummy of a grub. A related species, with a sprout eight or ten inches long, is found in New Zealand, where it is commonly eaten, being relished as a rather particular delicacy.

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MILITIA?

(Continued from Page 5)

season they know nothing else, and what they know is not of the slightest importance. It does not instill even discipline, for coming once a week it cannot become ingrained. In fact, it is worse than useless, for, so far as it goes, it instills a habit of mind which is the opposite of helpful. In the old days of solid formations it had distinct usefulness; but the American Indian and the modern projectile have revolutionized methods of attack. In old times soldiers marched up to breastworks elbow to elbow, or with little fingers locked. At Bunker Hill the command was to withhold fire until the whites of the eyes were visible. The whites of the eyes are visible at about thirty yards. Nowadays, a good shot will hardly miss a man at seven hundred yards.

Nowadays, companies are deployed into squads of eight at a distance of over a mile from the enemy. At half a mile from the enemy they are advancing in a single line, each man two paces, or five feet, from his neighbor. They advance in short dashes and drop flat behind some cover, if possible, to fire, each man taking careful aim as if in a shooting gallery and fighting almost entirely as an individual.

This method of battle is taught to an extent in the armories, and to a far greater extent than formerly, but it plays a small part in the total program. Being practiced on the flat and limited floor of a building it lacks reality and variety, and conforming to formulas of normal attack it is very misleading. Some effort is made in camp to imitate real conditions, but camps occur only every other year, and a large part of the camp week is spent in teaching sentinels their A, B, C's and in giving majors and colonels a chance to drill their elements. Most of the movements given are simply drill-floor evolutions on a larger scale.

I believe that the National Guard should be drilled along the lines of utility instead of futility. It should not be compelled to begin where the regular army begins. It should be treated as the tourist is treated, taught the necessary phrases, the things to expect and to do in that foreign country called war. The subjunctives and the perfections of accent should be left to those who expect to live there permanently.

The Lesson of Majuba Hill

I believe that the whole method of armory drill as now practiced is wrong; that the things learned in camp and in manœuvers could be taught at home far better—and more things besides—so that when manœuvers came the soldiers would be readier to face the hardships and ready to learn the higher phases of tactics and strategy. I believe that there is not nearly enough rifle practice and that most of what is taught is wrong.

To quote Colonel Evans again: "Strings of bullseyes are not the object of the training. There is nothing more unlike a man in battle than a bullseye target."

In range practice today the soldier is told the distance of the object, the proper elevation of his sight and the shift of his wind gauge—the very things he ought to find out for himself. The estimation of the distance of an enemy is nine-tenths of the make-up of a sharpshooter in battle, and with modern rifles the right elevation of the sight is everything.

At Majuba Hill the British, as Mark Twain says, climbed a hill commanding the Boer camp and began to shell it. "The Boers, realizing that the camp was untenable, retreated up the hill."

When the Boers examined the rifles dropped by the panic-stricken British they found most of the sights still set at a thousand yards. The better head the soldier drew the less chance he had of hitting. No wonder he ran.

Our American militia has often run for such a reason—its fire was ineffective. It was doing the enemy no harm. That upsets the most veteran hero, and, indeed, a man is rather a fool to sit still and let the enemy kill him when he has no hope of killing the enemy. But he was a bigger fool in the first place to come out to fight without knowing the tricks of the game. The poor militiamen have been brought into battle ever since our first wars with an amount of useless knowledge acquired with difficulty when much less training of a different sort might have given them the day.

The once-a-week evenings of drill can never make West Pointers out of business men, but they could be employed to infinitely greater advantage than now.

The average soldier, even though he be a sharpshooter or expert, has an appalling ignorance of the construction and care of his rifle. Whelen says that he has seen thousands of rifles rendered absolutely useless for accurate work from having been cleaned from the muzzle, and this by the regulars. An evening spent in dismounting, assembling and cleaning rifles till the men who carry them understand them would be of immense profit.

Few National Guardsmen know anything about their ammunition. They have no idea of adjusting their own sights or estimating windage. The coaches "do everything for the man at the firing point except to pull the trigger for him." They know nothing of the effect of light and weather on the aiming of a piece, the difference between shooting downhill and uphill, the effect of shooting from a rest, as of breastworks or a sandbag, though it calls for a deduction of one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards in the range.

Things a Soldier Should Know

The art of taking cover to shoot from is vital to soldiers. Trench-digging is one of the most important features of war. In all my time in the Guard I never saw or heard of a trench being dug. Even in the Massachusetts manœuvers the men were forbidden to entrench for fear of disturbing the potatoes. A space filled with loose earth could be used for trench exercise in every armory cellar. The quick scooping of hollow shelters and the disposition of the trenches may mean the salvation of an army.

Drills in wall-scaling are important, too. Tent pitching, trenching and striking should be practiced. The militia could be better trained in a baseball park or on a golf links than in an armory. A vacant lot would be ideal.

The most ludicrous and tragic phase of soldiering is the ration. Strange things happen in National Guard camps. Most of the officers lean hard on some old sergeant in drawing their grub, and they make pathetic blunders. Every soldier should know how to build a fire and make a little oven and cook a few things. In hard campaigns the company kitchens go sadly astray. In Massachusetts, as in the big Southern manœuvers a few years ago, the men went without food or water for appalling periods.

Instruction in military hygiene is absolutely essential. Yet few of the soldiers who went to the manœuvers knew how to take care of themselves or their fellows in case of accident. Few of them knew the trick of the tourniquet or the triangular bandage or how to doctor their own raw feet. The ability to make a sketch map or to read one and the ability to write a brief report of what one has seen in reconnoitering are abilities that every private should acquire.

The estimation of distances is an art of the utmost importance and not a little difficulty. The rifleman approaching the enemy or seeing him approach has lost half the value of his weapon if he cannot guess the distance.

These things are without question the most important things a soldier can study. But they are pushed aside and deferred while season after season is wasted in a hopeless effort to teach the men to march in line like cadets and swing the guns with the snap of regulars. What difference does it make how well the soldiers align their guns in parade when they can't align their sights on a moving target? What difference does it make if the uniform has not caught up with the latest hint from the mad military tailors at Washington, when the money for the change might be spent buying intrenching tools or extra rounds of ammunition?

The National Guard should throw away three-fourths of the drill regulations, retaining only the few movements necessary to keep the squad, company, battalion or

Ralston WEEKLY CATALOGUE

ANOTHER ONE NEXT WEEK

To get this handsome, perfect-fitting shoe, ask any Ralston dealer for

Stock No. 129, "Smile" Last

Gun Metal Button, ½ Double Sole; Sizes 5 to 11

It is a model that careful dressers in the great style centres are wearing *now*.

It conforms to the latest ideas in shoe fashions, and has besides those exclusive Ralston touches of grace in outline and easy "footprint fit" that comes from careful making over the famous Ralston "anatomical last."

Ralstons need no "breaking in"—one reason why they wear so well and hold their shape.

$4

Ralston Health Shoemakers
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Send for Ralston Book AUTHORITY STYLES Fall and Winter, FREE

Agents in over 3000 towns

Where we have no agent we ship direct and guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. Only 25 cents extra for delivery.

U.S. ON MAPS

ANOTHER ONE NEXT WEEK

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THE clothes you buy this fall should be shapely and stylish after a season's continuous wear.

This is the true test of good clothes.

This is the test we ask you to apply to

Michaels-Stern CLOTHING

Back of clothes that can stand this test of service must be the staunchest and purest of woolens, the most skillful and intelligent tailoring and advanced yet conservative style.

OUR STYLE PORTFOLIO is full of good pictures and interesting suggestions for men who value personal appearance as a business and social asset. It will be sent to you on request.

Michaels, Stern & Co.
Dept. S, Rochester, N.Y.

How to Avoid Burning Off Paint

BE CAREFUL not to use imitation paints containing substitutes for Pure White Lead—barytes, silica, clay, etc. They will surely crack, scale and check, and cost more to burn off than to apply real paint.

When you paint your buildings use Pure White Lead, colored at the time of painting—it's the only economical—the only right way to paint.

CARTER

Strictly Pure

White Lead

is the best of all white leads—the purest, the most carefully, most scientifically made. The modern Carter process eliminates every particle of discoloration and impurity. Carter is several degrees *whiter* than ordinary leads—makes brighter, truer, more durable colors.

Carter is as fine as the finest flour—it is always uniform. This fineness makes Carter spread farther—just as a cup of flour will spread farther than a cup of wheat.

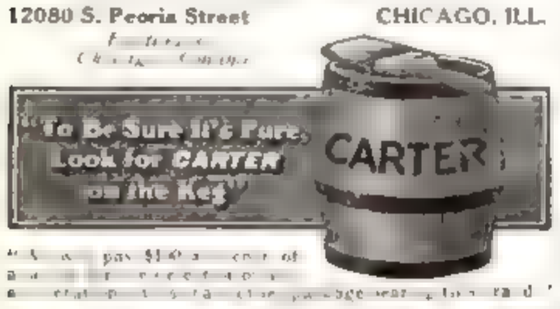
Carter never cracks or scales. It forms a tough, durable and elastic film. Wears down gradually—only years of wear will remove it.

By the pound Carter costs slightly more than other leads. Figured by surface covered and years of wear, it is the most economical paint made. Sold by all reliable dealers—used by *good* painters.

Send for our valuable free book which tells how to test paint for purity. How to choose a harmonious color scheme. With the book we send a set of modern color plates from *real* houses that will give ideas for painting *your* home.

CARTER WHITE LEAD CO.

12080 S. Peoria Street CHICAGO, ILL.



regiment in hand and to get it to its destination. Even if the officers ignore all practical phases of soldiery and confine all of the few drills to cultivating exactness in the execution of the manual, the marchings and turnings and the rest of the pomp and ceremony, still they are eternally debarred from rivaling the regulars, and when war comes and these pretty tricks are taken from them they are naked indeed. Better a sloven at parade and a sharpshooter in the field than a marvelous machine on the drill floor and a rag-baby in battle.

The condition, then, of the National Guard, as I see it, is that it is a fine body of men wasting a lot of time. It is impossible for them to find more time. They ought then to remodel their ways of employing it. They ought to recognize that, while they are a part of the regular army, they differ from it radically in every condition of life and should differ radically in training.

The National Guard should get down to business and learn what's what with the doggedness of a day laborer learning a new trade at night school.

They come to the armory with a far better average of mental, physical and moral equipment than that of the regular establishment, but when they get into the field a negro trooper will make them look like infants lost in Central Park. Properly directed they could become a body of soldiers to be feared by the enemy. But it is a case of reform it altogether.

INITIATING OLE

(Concluded from Page 7)

Your trials are over. In the dark recesses of this secret chamber above you we have discussed your bearing in the trials that have beset you. It has pleased us. You have been found worthy to continue toward the high goal. Ole Skjarsen, we are now ready to receive you into full membership."

"Come rite on!" snorted Ole. "Aye receeve yu into membership all rite. Yust come on down."

"It won't work, Petey," Bangs groaned. Petey kicked his shins as a sign to shut up.

"Ole Skjarsen, son of Skjar Olson, stand up!" he said, sinking his voice another story.

Ole got up. It was plain to be seen that he was getting interested.

"The president of this powerful order will now administer the oath," said Petey, shoving Bangs forward.

So there, at five A. M., with the whole chapter treed in a garret and the officers, the leading lights of Siwash, crouching around a scuttle and shivering their teeth loose, we initiated Ole Skjarsen. It was impressive, I can tell you. When it came to the part where the neophyte swears to protect a brother, even if he has to wade in blood up to his necktie, Bangs bore down beautifully and added a lot of extra frills. The last words were spoken. Ole was an Eta Bita Pie. Still, we weren't very sanguine. You might interest a man-eater by initiating him, but would you destroy his appetite? There was no grand rush for the ladder.

As Ole stood waiting, however, Petey swung himself down and landed beside him. He cut the ropes that bound his wrists, jerked off the pillowslip and cut off the blindfold. Then he grabbed Ole's mastodonic paw.

"Shake, brother!" he said.

Nobody breathed for a few seconds. It was darned terrifying, I can tell you. Ole rubbed his eyes with his free hand and looked down at the morsel hanging on to the other.

"Shake, Ole!" insisted Petey. "You went through it better than I did when I got it."

I saw the rudiments of a smile begin to break out on Ole's face. It grew wider. It got to be a grin; then a chasm with a sunrise on either side.

He looked up at us again, then down at Petey. Then he pumped Petey's arm until the latter danced like a cork bobber.

"By ying, aye du et!" he shouted. "Ve han gude fallers, ve Baked Pies, if ve did broke my nose."

"What's the matter with Ole?" some one shouted.

"He's all right!" we yelled. Then we came down out of the garret and made a rush for the furnace.

Strop Your Razor in the Dark

With the new Pullman Automatic Safety [illegible] in the dark, or blindfolded. [illegible]

The Pullman Stropper sharpens any safety razor [illegible]—angle of double-edge—gives it the same keen cutting edge the maker put on the new blade. And it sharpens all the edges without you having to [illegible]

[illegible] that the Pullman Stropper was [illegible] enough to [illegible] It makes old blades seem new—puts a stop to the endless expense of new blades.

Costs But $1

[illegible] order for the Pullman Stropper. Or if you don't [illegible] $1, state the kind of safety razor you have and your dealer's name, and we'll see to it you're promptly supplied. If you're not [illegible] after a two weeks' [illegible] we'll promptly refund [illegible] Stropper today, and [illegible] shave. Address Dept. I

PULLMAN MFG. COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

Makers of Sash Balances, Garment Hangers, Etc.

THE name Clark [illegible] like the [illegible] has meant [illegible]

Clark

CUT GLASS

is renowned for beauty of pattern, depth of cutting, high polish and color. A new and [illegible] design [illegible]

T. B. CLARK & CO., Inc., Honesdale, Pa.

Korrect Shape Shoes

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Comfort—they conform to every curve of the foot. Note trade mark.

Style—they are the best combinations of shapes and leathers America's best designers can produce. One look at them will convince you.

$4.00 The Price BENCH MADE **$5.00**

Guarantee—read it—you cannot ask for more.

Quality—read guarantee again.

Wear a pair—you can probably get them of a dealer in your town. If you cannot, ask any first class dealer to send for catalogue and we will fit you out. Be sure you get KORRECT SHAPE Shoes and no substitute.

BURT & PACKARD COMPANY

33 Field Street, Brockton, Mass.

The Price **$4.00** BENCH MADE **$5.00**

Our Guarantee
[illegible] of the upper
[illegible] breaks through
[illegible] the first [illegible] wear through
we will replace with a new pair.
THE BURT & PACKARD CO.
MAKERS BROCKTON MASS

Hawes, von Gal HATS

THE rather small shapes with flat set brims are the preferred styles in derbies this fall, while in soft hats fancy has the widest latitude for choice. Colors seem to be the go everywhere—olives, maroons, blues, wine colors and modes—anything is in good taste if becoming to the individual. As to quality, of course, the famous **Hawes, von Gal Hats** will be the choice of discerning men. Ask your dealer about the guaranteed **Hawes, von Gal Hat.** $3, $4 and $5.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3.00 Hat

If not at your local dealer's, write for our new Fall Style Book "E." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED

Factories:
DANBURY, Connecticut

1178 Broadway, New York

Wholesale Offices:
Chicago, Boston

The Ultimate Car Is The Stearns

The Stearns is the dream of the real motor car lover, no matter what car he may own.

He may be content for a while with a lesser car. But his desire for the best, if he can afford it, will bring him in time to the Stearns.

For the Stearns is the autocrat of motordom. It leads so far, and has led so long, that none dispute its place.

Improvements are possible some time. We spend $40,000 per year to find them—in our experimental department.

But to build anything better, with man's present knowledge, is utterly out of the question.

Good for 60,000 Miles

The Stearns car, if properly cared for, grows better with use. It is better the second year than the first.

We win most of our races with cars which have run ten thousand miles or over.

The life of a Stearns, if not misused, is more than 60,000 miles. That is the result of perfection.

Cars that seem to be cheaper are not nearly so cheap, if you figure the cost by the year.

No New Yearly Models

Whenever our engineers work out and demonstrate an improvement, it is added at once to the car. So any buyer, at any time, gets a car of our latest construction.

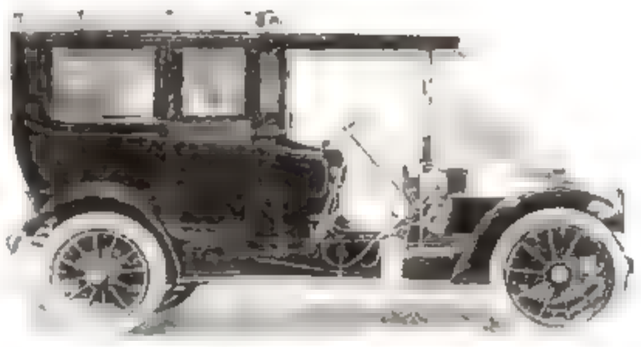
Then keep it and care for it. Use it until it wears out. There will never be a car materially better, for invention in this line has about reached the limit.

Get the economy that comes from long service. Secure the full value of our costly construction. Then you will know why a car like the Stearns is worth more than inferior cars.

Where the Stearns Leads

The steel used in Stearns cars costs 25 cents per pound. It is made from imported ores.

Every important part of the car is made in our own factory—made without regard to cost.



30-60 H. P. Chassis with Limousine Body

The result, for one thing, is the safest car in the world. There is twice the strength needed where strength means additional safety.

The Stearns is a powerful car, conservatively rated. Its engine is famous for a seemingly exhaustless reserve power.

The car has a double carburetor. A change from low to high motor speed brings an automatic change of the carburetor. This is the secret of the car's flexibility.

This is the Envied Car

The Stearns is a stunning car, low and rakish. There is no other car so attractive.

It is a car to be proud of—a car that excites admiration. Every man envies the owner of a Stearns.

Yet the owner knows that, in the long run, inferior cars will cost more than he paid.

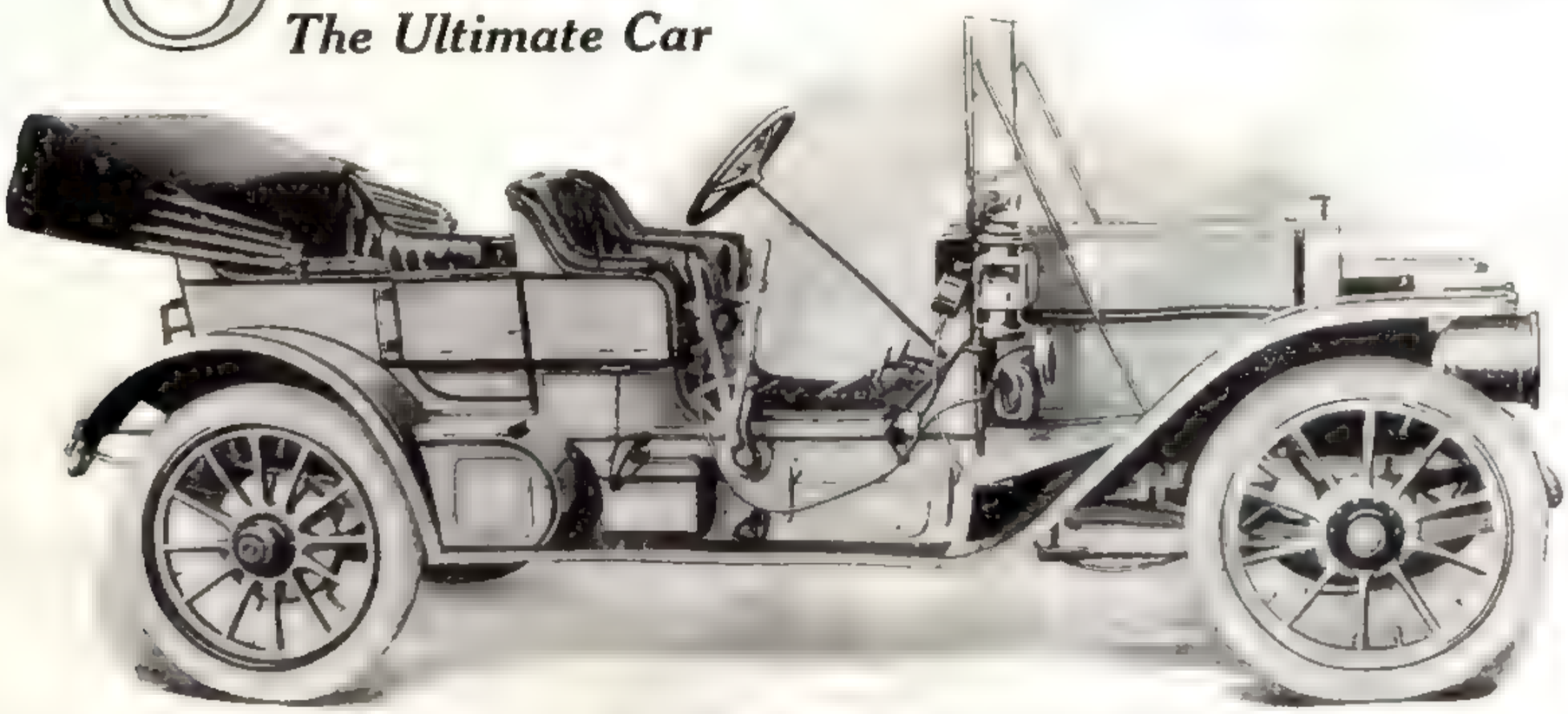
If you think you would like such a car as this, please send for our latest catalog.

A Reminder

The F. B. STEARNS CO., Cleveland, O.

Please mail me the Catalog No. 21

The Stearns *The Ultimate Car*



A Popular Model

15-30 H. P. or 30-60 H. P. Chassis with Toy Tonneau Body

"The White Line Radiator Belongs to the Stearns"

Shabby laces make shabby shoes

What's the use of spoiling the appearance of your shoes by wearing shabby, frayed-out laces?

You can get shoe laces so strong and durable that they will not only wear well but look well for at least 6 months.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

are tubular laces pressed flat—no edges to fray—and strong enough to stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking. We have so much faith in them that every pair is

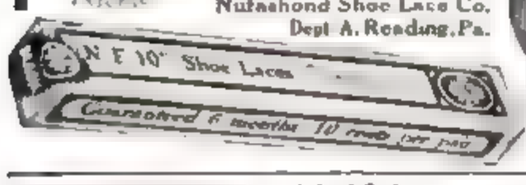
guaranteed 6 months

"N F 10" have the best tips, too—fast color, and won't come off.

10 cents per pair—black and tan, in four lengths. At all shoe and dry goods stores, and haberdashers. Every pair of the genuine *"N F 10"* is in a sealed box and has "N F 10" stamped on the patented tips—your protection against imitations.

If your dealer hasn't "N F 10" we'll send [illegible] receipt of price. We [illegible] anywhere in the United [illegible] which shows our complete line of shoe laces, including our patented Adjustable [illegible]

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. A, Reading, Pa.



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Half the money spent for chimneys would be saved if everybody bought Macbeth "Pearl Glass" lamp-chimneys.

Because Macbeth lamp-chimneys *never break from heat*—they *will melt first.*

Then they're handsome—clear—crystalline—and give a lamp a well-bred look.

Unless my name is on a lamp-chimney it is *not* a Macbeth.

I have a book which tells which chimney to get for any burner made. It is free. Address

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"Visible" Typewriters factory rebuilt [illegible] makes sold or rented anywhere [illegible] prices. [illegible]

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Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

ADVENTURES OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC

(Concluded from Page 11)

another guess comin', ain't ye? Lay still, now, until I cover you."

There I was, encased in mud. I knew exactly how those old chaps in Pompeii felt when Vesuvius belched on them that morning centuries ago. I expected to stay there and expire, and have them pour plaster into my mould after the dust, of what was once I, had blown away, and then stick it up somewhere in a museum as a cast of a person who tempted Fate once too often.

"Jake," I asked feebly, "are you going to brick me in?"

"Wah!" snorted Jake. "Keep quiet and sweat."

I felt as if somebody had heated the Congressional Library to a fine red heat and laid it on top of me. Certainly a red-hot tower of the Metropolitan Life Building was on my chest.

"Jake," I gasped, "there's an identification card in my pocketbook. You'll wire my folks, won't you?—there's a good chap. Tell them to send a large sponge for the remains. It will be much easier to sop me up than to put me in a pail. And if they bury me at the root of a weeping willow tree I'll furnish weeping material for it for many months."

"Blah!" commented Jake

I rolled my eyes around and saw him sitting at the edge of the cot with a watch in his hand. "Keep still!" he said. "It's only ten minutes."

Only ten minutes! It was longer than the time that elapsed between the Archæan Period and the Wright Brothers. It was cycles, æons.

Just as I had concluded that a medicine-dropper instead of a sponge would do to gather me up, Jake rose, clawed at the oil-cloth and removed the mud, or some of it, with great sweeps of his big hands. Then he put his hand beneath my neck—I was surprised to find I had a neck, for I thought it had melted through, leaving my head outside—and said: "Get up."

He led me to a shower-bath and stood me beneath it. Then he turned the water on and the mud washed away. As I came out of the penumbra I knew why all the men I saw on the cots were pink. I was pink, too. I was pinker than any shrimp that ever was canned, than any lobster that ever was boiled. I looked like a bolt of pink lawn, a bale of pink hay, a pink sunset over Lake Champlain.

Suddenly—biff!—somebody hit me in the small of the back with a crowbar. I thought it was that at first, but then decided that they had staked me out somewhere and were using me as a target for thirteen-inch gun practice.

I turned to remonstrate, and got it between the eyes. Jake was playing the hose on me.

"Nuff," said Jake before I could scramble over and assassinate him. He jumped at me with a big, rough towel, rubbed me briskly, threw a sheet over me and led me to a cot.

"When do you want your alcohol rub?" he asked me.

"Never, Jake," I murmured "never! Go away and don't bother me. I shall stay here on this cot for a thousand years."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last article on the Adventures of a Hypochondriac

HER ARM

(Continued from Page 13)

think a bit,' says he, waving his full glass an' tryin' to remember. 'Oh, yes,' says he. 'An' look in the mirror an' hypnotize yerself,' he says; 'an' say, over an' over "I won't drink' I won't drink! I won't drink!'

"He hadn't half finished what he was sayin' before the door had opened, an'—I'm tellin' it to yer straight—there come Clementine Grogan.

"She was kinder lookin' around through the smoke an' wore a little smile on her red mouth that looked as lovin' to everybody as women-folks ever look. I've thought many a time that there weren't a man alive half good enough fer a woman to look at that way. An' she had an old skirt on, an old shawl around her broad shoulders an' a man's soft felt hat pulled over her hair. An' Brine, the barkeep, said afterward

The Call of Business

Not only natural ability, but special training is the need of business today. A great Correspondence School of Business Founded to meet this call.

FOUNDERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

For thirteen years the American School of Correspondence has been pre-eminent as a correspondence school of Engineering. Its efficiency is recognized by professional men of the highest type. Its courses and its consulting department are made use of by college graduates seeking special training, by successful engineers desiring to polish up on particular lines, as well as by thousands of young men who have obtained from this school their entire training for their life work.

To take the able man in business life today, and train him—train him in the bigger phases of his own work, or in the work of the other departments with which he must be familiar before he can occupy an administrative position, to offer any man, no matter what his position, the opportunity to become a thoroughly rounded-out business man, is the object of the American School of Correspondence in creating the new courses in COMMERCE, ACCOUNTANCY and BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION.

These business courses are the result, not only of the American School's years of experience in teaching by mail, but of the closest study and analysis of business needs.

The courses are built up, not with a view to what students will buy and study, but what business today demands from employees.

Training Precedes Promotion

Time was when men *happened* to become accomplished, able business men. Opportunity came their way and they went along with it.

Business today requires more than the "bright eye and alert bearing of the story book." It wants not only natural ability, but special training.

If a man wants promotion, he must not only do his work well, but he must show that he knows other things about the business—show fitness for the better job.

Analyze the big need of business today and it will be found due, not so much to the lack of able men, as the Captains of Industry cry, but in reality to the need of *training* for the able man.

It is the lack of opportunity for training that keeps many a young man from developing bigger executive and administrative abilities.

HIGH CLASS TRAINING OFFERED TO ALL

The fact that these courses are offered by the American School of Correspondence [illegible] those who [illegible] mark of reliability and 100 per cent efficiency.

The present Correspondence School, with its corps of well-known instructors, its staff of consulting experts, and its complete mastery of the science of teaching by mail, offers to the aspirant to success in business life, the greatest correspondence teaching facilities in the world, to make him master of the great American game of Business.

The School offers the student either a full course in Commerce, Accountancy and Business Administration, taking him from the bottom to the top in business procedure and execution—or shorter elective courses made up from the particular branch in which he may wish special training.

Accountancy and Business Administration

The complete course covers Commercial Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Accounting, Business English, Business Correspondence, Commercial Law, Auditing, Business Administration, Factory Accounting, Merchandising, Scientific Management, Cost Analysis, etc.

Students completing this course will not only be qualified to pass the State C. P. A. examinations, or occupy the position of expert auditor, accountant, correspondent, etc., but will have a knowledge of business administration that will fit them for managerial and executive work. The cost of this complete course is $100, payable $5.00 down—balance monthly. Students who have already covered parts of this course, or wish to specialize along certain lines, may elect a special course in any of these branches:

Accounting and Auditing, tuition		$90.00
Practical Bookkeeping	"	45.00
Bookkeeping and Accounting	"	70.00
Auditing	"	50.00
Cost Accounting	"	30.00
Commercial Law	"	30.00
Business Administration	"	60.00
Shorthand, Typewriting, and Bookkeeping	"	50.00
Shorthand and Typewriting	"	30.00

"The opportunity for the inexperienced man to qualify himself, for the experienced man to tighten his grip, for the competent man to become an expert.

Free Information Coupon

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me your bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for position marked "X." Subject [illegible]

——Bookkeeper	——Draftsman
——Stenographer	——Architect
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Name _____

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Full information about any of these courses will be cheerfully supplied you if you send this coupon. No matter what your position is today, no matter what your mental equipment, you are likely to develop better thinking powers, keener working ability and more practical knowledge from a study of some one of these courses. Success is but a satellite of *Training.* An able man can find a market for his ability, but a *trained* man has a market searching to find *him.* No more *practical* training was ever put so easily within your reach than these great Correspondence Courses in Business. Investigate them today. Complete bulletin and [illegible] information sent on receipt of coupon.

Three of the strongest points in a hunting boot are perfect fit, comfort, long service. Seldom you find the three combined in one boot, but you will in the

Menz "Ease"

Designed and made especially to insure perfect fit —foot ease. Solid and honest. Impossible to make a better boot. The Menz "Ease" reputation of years standing is that there's no boot "just as good." Every Menz "Ease" style is duplicated for boys — stamped on sole and on yellow label

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Send for sample Menz "Ease" Elk Tannage, the upper stock used exclusively by us. No other leather is as tough, strong, soft and pliable. Neither water nor heat will destroy its strength and softness.

Menz "Ease" illustrated, 12 inch height, tan and black, double sole, Goodyear Welt **$7.50**

Same boot Standard Screw, black and tan $6.

"American Boy" 8 inch boot, Standard Screw, black and tan, made same as this 12 inch boot, sizes 1 to 5½ **$3.50**

Catalog C

illustrates all styles Menz "Ease" and "American Boy" 6 to 16 inch heights $2.50 to $9.50. If your dealer hasn't them and will not order for you, don't accept a substitute order direct from us.

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Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

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Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to

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that he thought she was the Statue of Liberty in disguise, an' that he believes when she hit him in the mouth she had a piece of lead pipe.

"Fer I couldn't tell yer what happened exactly except that, if yer took the mainspring of a watch that was as big across the dial as that turbine wheel we've got, an' turned it loose in a room twenty by fourteen an' let it snap open from being wound up tight, you'd get a picture of what came off that night.

"I can remember seeing her reach out from behind an' get her hand into Perry's smooth black hair. An' I think the other hand caught him under the arm. She still had that tender, lovin' smile when she swung him backward against the ball-rack an' broke a picture of a girl actress ridin' on a beer-bottle.

"An' a little later, when the dust had clouded the air some more, I have a picture of Perry shootin' across the pool-table an' landin' like a sack of grass-seed among the chairs. Fer it was then that Brine interfered, an' we heard 'Bam!' when she hit him on the mouth.

"'Stop her!' says Perry with a yell.

"'Yer jokin', man!' shouts a feller behind a weighin' machine. An' I caught another look at the girl's good-natured face as she picked Perry out of the kindlin'-wood of one of the chairs an' opened the door an' threw him up the steps. The smoke in the room was whirlin' around in circles like somebody'd stirred it with a spoon.

"The fellers all started to the door, but there she stood askin' 'em not to come out. An' her voice was soft an' tender as a mother's, but the black sleeve of her waist had split from cuff to shoulder an' her arm was all bare and white against the black—a pretty arm it was—as pretty a woman's arm as I ever see—pretty like the body muscles of one of them lionesses—an' strong an' ripplin' with curves—both hard an' soft curves—pretty like a woman's an' pretty like a prize-fighter's. An' Perry lay behind on the steps, fergettin' everything except to look up at that girl's white arm.

"An' what's more, none of 'em dared to come out that door. I was the first to leave an' I most overtook the girl an' Perry. It had come on to snow hard an' they was climbin' the hill. You know how, when there ain't any wind in a snowstorm, your voice echoes like you was shut into an empty hall? Well, I could hear their voices fer a minute before they knew I was goin' to pass 'em.

"'An' will you fergive me, Perry, dear,' says she under the shadow of that cedar half-way up the hill. 'It most broke my heart, but if I'm goin' to marry you ——' she says.

"'I know,' says he, 'you're goin' to ask me to chew my food so's to stop drinkin',' he says with his lip all swollen out.

"'No, dear,' she says, 'I've given up modern methods,' she says. 'I hate to do this,' she says, 'but you have broke your promise to me,' she says. 'Oh, Perry, dear!' she says. An' with that she caught him by the shoulders an' turned him around facin' her an' walloped him a crack under the jaw that sent him sailin' out into the snow in Mrs. Jordan's grassplot, dead ter the world.

. . . . . .

"I guess it was a week later come that next day an' it was a Sunday when they come to see us. I can remember it well. The both of them sat together on the sofa fer not wantin' to be too far apart.

"'It must have been a busy week fer ye,' says my Annie, 'what with tellin' everybody that ye was to be married. Ye've had little time to yerselves, which is what ye want, I don't doubt.'

"'Oh, well,' says Perry, 'we managed pretty well,' he says. 'Monday evening we drove ter the Lake,' he says, 'an' Tuesday we walked up to the Briarwood Farm before breakfast, an' after dinner, too,' he says; 'an' Wednesday we walked out on the turnpike though it was stormy, an' so it went,' he says. 'The week was all gone too quick,' he says.

"'Well,' says I, ''tis customary fer to have a health drunk on a troth,' I says, 'an' Annie will get a bit out of the medicine chest fer you an' me, Perry,' I says.

"He turns to Clementine, the big one sittin' beside him, an' he looks up at her solemn an' he says: 'What would you do if I had just one, little girl?' he says.

She looks down at him an' catches up his hand affectionate, an' says she: 'Perry, dear, I'd knock yer block off,' she says."

IF mothers would only remember this about feeding the child who is studying hard and possibly playing harder,—the food your child eats at home is as important to his learning as the lessons given him at school. If the first isn't right the other never can be.

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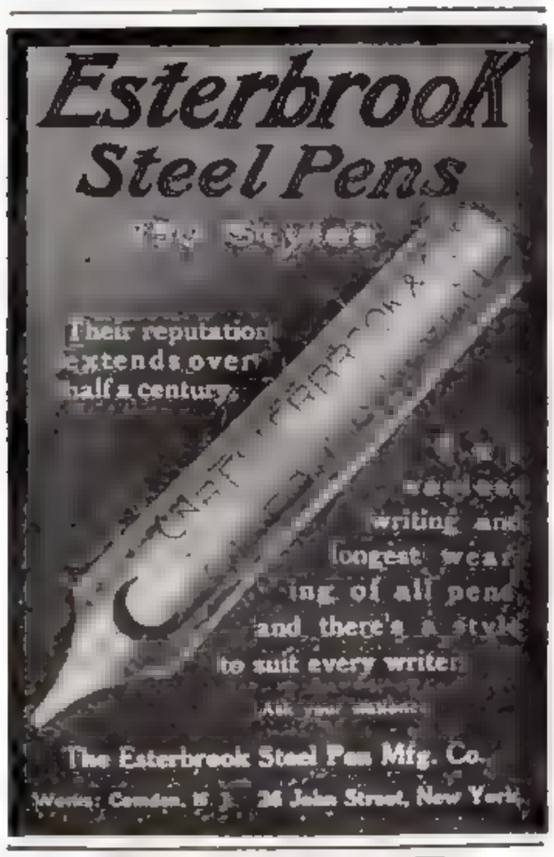
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THE END OF GOTHAM

(Continued from Page 18)

gunny-sacks, and made for it a sling by which he could carry it on his back. He poured into it the water of the tank to the last drop. The water almost half filled it. "It will be all right," he murmured, reassured. "If I keep my head and the road, it will be all right. I'll make Salt Springs tonight and get to Furnace tomorrow night. That Kate," he went on whimsically, "taking my mule and leaving me to walk!"

But, standing there, his pack on his back, all ready, he had a moment of hesitation. The Valley stretched below him, its sedimentary bottom, streaked as that of a pot emptied of unclean waters, undulating already beneath the heat-waves; across he could see the mountains at the foot of which lay Furnace Creek. They lay there, veiled and colored, with an inscrutable expression which was part invitation, part threat. And he feared, feared the Valley he knew so well, with its sky like an inverted caldron of brass, its sun which sucked the water from canteens, the marrow from one's bones, which felled you sometimes, and left you a crisp bit of parchment upon the sands. But another fear drove him on—the fear of the silence at his back. When he started it was almost at a run.

He slipped down between walls that were red, upon a crunching trail, submerging himself successively in plane after plane of increasing heat, and, gradually, to the exercise of his legs, the swing of his arms, composure returned to him. He moderated his pace and loosened all his muscles to a gait that would last long. His head was clear now; the dry oxygen which he was pumping into his lungs was dissipating the last vapors of his debauch; in spite of the heat the tremendous evaporation kept his skin fairly cool, and he could hear upon his back the assuring music of his liquid burden. He smiled to himself as he tramped, the shamed smile of a child who has scared himself in the dark. "It's a pasear, that's all," he murmured; "a pasear to the Creek. You'll come out all right!"

Soon, moreover, a diversion was afforded him. He discovered that the population of Gotham had gone out the same way that he was going. He was following on their tracks. First, he came upon a knife which he recognized as the one which Havens, the elder, wore always at his belt, then upon a pipe which he knew belonged to the ex-barkeeper of Gotham. The thought that he was on their trail delighted him. "By Jerry!" he said. "I'll catch them yet—catch them yet!"

The threat was jocular; he knew that they had hours the start of him and that in all probability they had left the road somewhere farther on—going toward some mysterious whither which his limited store of water would not allow him to seek. But he amused himself with the idea. "I'll come upon them," he said, "a-squatting there upon their new claims, and I'll bob up and yell 'Divvy!'"

By the time he had reached the Valley bottom, the evidence that they had gone by there became absolute. Before him, as far as he could see, between the ruts worn by his own wagon in the last months, their tracks stretched out clear and deep in the fine sand. "There's Olsen," he mumbled to himself, reading the tracks as he tramped indefatigably. "There's Olsen in the lead—he walks with his toes in. And here's Father-'n'-Son coming next, side by side. And next comes College Boy, with his dude boots. And here's Pete, with his small feet. He's trotting, Pete, too—gee! what a pace that man Olsen is leading! Must be trying to leave them all behind. And here's my old mule—with Kate on top, I guess. And, by Jerry! she's trotting, too!"

He stopped a moment, astonished. For the tracks showed that for two hundred yards Pete, the College Boy and the mule had broken out into a trot to keep up. They returned to a walk. But, half a mile farther, again they broke into a run; this time not only Pete, the College Boy and the mule, but also Father-and-Son, all of them on the run behind Olsen's long, steady and inexorable stride.

"Olsen is a wolf," grumbled the old man—"a wolf. He'll kill them all. By Jerry! here's Kate's shoe."

Beneath his feet lay a slipper of past and now sordid daintiness, a pink affair

Trade the toil of the factory for a farm of your own

Register for 160 acres in Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Indian Reservations October 4 to 23

The United States Land Office has announced the Opening of the Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Indian Reservations, in South Dakota and North Dakota. Places of registration are **Aberdeen, Mobridge** and **Lemmon,** South Dakota, on the

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The Drawing of these Lands will be held at Aberdeen, October 26

The Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Indian Reservations are located in the north central portion of South Dakota and southern central North Dakota. They are bounded on the east by the Missouri River and contain approximately 2,800,000 acres, giving **over 17,000 farms of 160 acres each** to be opened for settlement.

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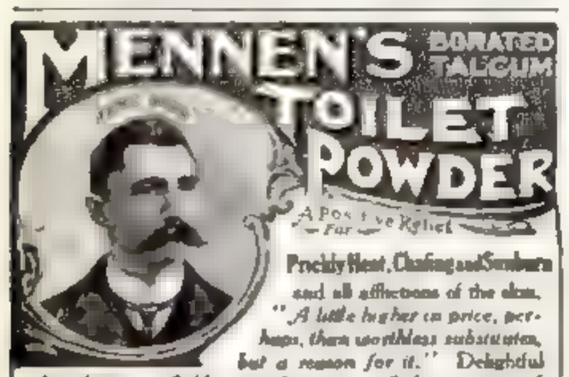

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with black beads, with a long, slender heel all twisted to one side. "Kate's lost her slipper," growled the old man. "They're losing everything; they'll be dropping their heads next. By Jerry! here goes Olsen a-running now."

It was true. Here Olsen had, also, begun to run. And for a quarter of a mile, some briskly, some desperately, the whole caravan had streaked it across the desert. When the tracks showed them again at a walk, old man Delaney pulled his old bandanna out of his pocket and wiped his brow, as though he himself had undergone the exertion he had read in the sand.

"They're crazy," he said solemnly; "plumb loco. 'Twas still night when they passed here—and they going that way. What's pricking them—what's leading them on? They're loco—or else they've got something awfully good ahead. Something *awfully* good."

All morning he followed them thus in the terrible heat, husbanding his water. And all morning the tracks told the same story. Nearly all the time, one or the other was on the run after Olsen's inexorable stride, the mule itself on the trot; and, at intervals which seemed regular, Olsen himself broke out in a run, and then the entire troop plowed the sand deep in desperate race. Some time after the noon hour old man Delaney came upon his mule.

He saw it long, a black mass inchoate behind the cracked crystal of the heat, before he recognized it. It lay on its right flank across the road, laden with blankets and with provisions; its head was raised stiffly, and its opaque eyes regarded him with a sort of solemnity. A tenderness angularly acute came into the old man's heart; he had not known how lonely he was. "Heigh, you black mule!" he shouted at the animal. "Heigh, there! They've left you behind, eh, old girl, just like me? Heigh! get up and come along! Thirsty, old girl?"

But the mule answered him with no movement. She lay there, neck outstretched, and looked at him fixedly. And then he saw that her left leg was broken clean at the knee. A twisted cactus a few yards behind told the story of the stumble. Old man Delaney drew his old six-shooter, the one bought by him forty years ago at Salt River, and, placing the muzzle between the mournful eyes, dispatched the beast. Then, turning on his heel, he plodded on, without another glance.

"'Twas almost morning when that happened," he reflected. "And now they're going faster than ever. The heat will bust them. What *are* they doing?"

He was still examining the tracks as he went. "Yep," he said finally, "she's walking. Kate's walking—trotting, rather. They're waiting for nobody. There they go, running again. Poor old Kate! Look at her! And only one shoe! Poor old Kate!"

His walk by now was a mechanical movement which demanded no effort of mind; at intervals, which he made as far apart as possible, he slipped the can of water from his back, took a sober sip from it, and then measured jealously the store left him. So far, he was doing well with the water. But he knew that soon he would no longer be able to keep such rigid hold of himself. The sun dropped upon him like molten lead, and the arid air was pumping the water from his flesh. To his right and his left, before and behind, the Valley floor spread shimmering; at times, from end to end, a wind devil passed slowly like some huge, gyratory ghost. And still before him, along the white trail, there stretched the mad tracks of the inhabitants of Gotham, in pursuit of their mysterious lure.

At three, he pulled out his watch and calculated that he had made fifteen miles. Fifteen more, and night would find him at Salt Springs. Eight hours' sleep there among the desolate rushes, and he would be ready for the final dash toward Furnace Creek.

He stopped abruptly with an exclamation of surprise. His glance, returning mechanically to the road, had missed something—the tracks which for hours he had been following. They were no longer beneath him, at his feet, and, as far as he could scan ahead, they were not on the road. He whirled about. And then he saw them. A hundred feet back, without hesitation, with decision, they left the road at right angles and went off

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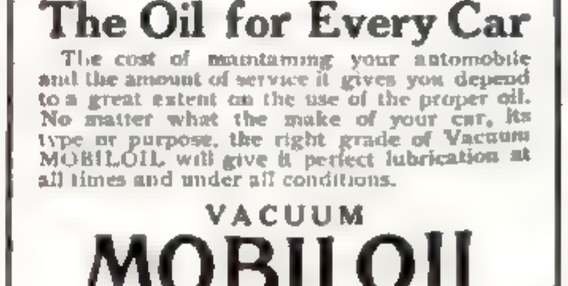

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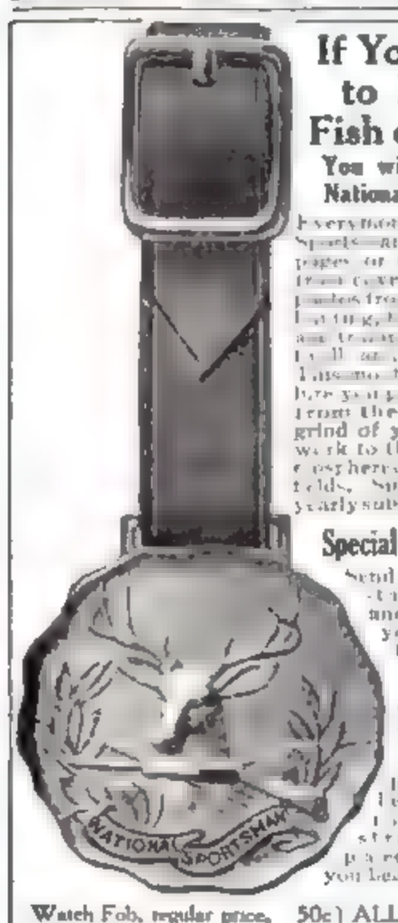

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straight across the virgin desert toward the Funeral Range, vaguely massed on the southern horizon.

Old man Delaney sat down and began to sweat. Figuratively, as well as in fact, he squatted there upon two cross-roads. A monstrous temptation was at work upon him. Two ways lay before him. He could follow his plan and the road, make Salt Springs that night, and the next day arrive at Furnace Creek, starved, half dead with thirst, penniless but with his life. Or, he could follow the tracks, follow them where they led, to fortune or to death. He had enough water to make thirty miles—forty, perhaps. And they who had made the tracks might be camped within forty miles, upon the gold, the promise of which was tugging them on. In this case, the thin trail across the desert was the road to riches. But, also, they might go on more than forty; fifty, sixty, more. In that case, taking to the tracks meant one thing only—his body found by some lonely prospector months hence, years hence, a shriveled mummy upon the baking sands.

"Oh, hell!" muttered the old man, to whom mental combats were torture. "Oh, hell!"

He was now in the lower sink of the Valley, in the alkali flats, and before him, across the glistening expanse, a thin, black and resolute line like an arrow pointing the way, the tracks of his companions streaked toward the mystery of the Funeral Range. Above them, leaving them unmarred, without stirring a grain of the pulverized dust, the impalpable billows of the heat passed in stupendous and silent undulations toward the same goal. And at the end, veiled, painted, smiling and inscrutable, deep-bosomed with the lure of gold and the ambush of death, the Funeral Range seemed to wait.

Old man Delaney got up at last. "I won't do it," he said aloud. "I won't do it." And then, in the same tone of decision, he added immediately: "I'll go as far as the mound; as far as the mound, but no farther."

The mound was a little hillock some three hundred yards away, and touched by the straight line of footsteps. Old man Delaney walked toward it. "To the mound and no farther," he kept repeating to himself. And then, when he had reached the hillock, he was suddenly startled by a groan seeming to come from beneath his feet.

Old man Delaney felt the hair rising upon his head. The next moment, though, he was running for the hillock. He reached it, circled about it, and on the other side found Kate.

She was lying there in the sand, beneath the sun, her face in her arms, and she was moaning softly to herself. Old man Delaney, standing petrified above her, caught the words of her plaint. "They've left me behind. They've left me behind," she was repeating over and over again, endlessly. "They've left me behind!" Old man Delaney stooped and touched her on the shoulder. She turned her face up to him without much surprise. "Hello, John," she drawled in her soft, high voice. "Hello! Have you any water, John? I've drunk up my canteen since morning."

He threw his can to the ground, and she, rising on her knees, drank long and deep. He watched her jealously, measuring the water, and impatient with a question. But when at length she stopped it was she who spoke first. "They left me behind, John," she said, speaking from her knees with a sort of resigned plaintiveness. "I couldn't keep up. They walked so fast; so fast, John!"

"What was it?" broke in old man Delaney. "It's a strike, isn't it? Who tipped them off? Who tipped off the camp?"

"It was Lundstrom," said Kate. "He came back ——"

"Lundstrom!"

She nodded her head. "It was Lundstrom, John. He came back last night when we were in the tent—just after you'd fallen asleep. I saw him. He came and just stood there a second at the flaps. I saw his white face. I didn't let on I had seen. I just waited and watched Olsen. And pretty soon, sure enough, Olsen gets up, and stretches his arms, and says something about turning in—and goes out, trying to look easy. Then I *knew* something was on. I knew that Lundstrom had come back with something good and

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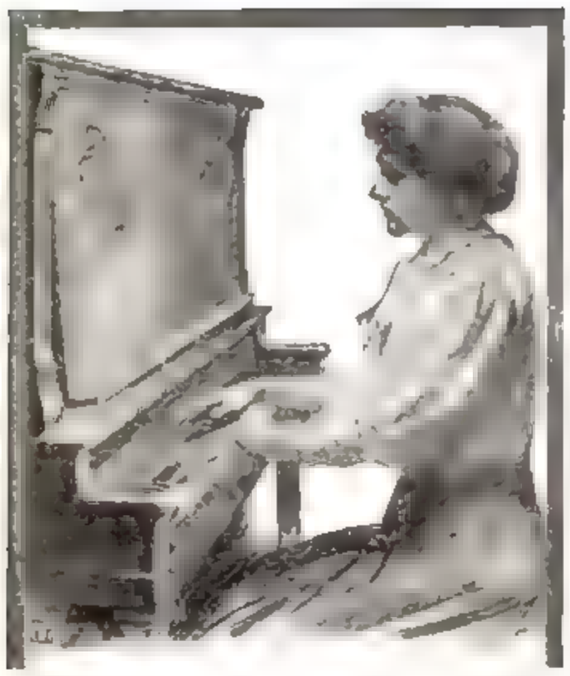

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had tipped the signal to Olsen. So I go out, trying to look unconcerned-like. But the others must have got on to it; because here they all come out, tumbling over each other ——"

"And me lying there asleep," broke in old man Delaney; "lying there asleep!"

"And we out there packing up like mad!" went on Kate. "The whole bunch of us racing at it like mad—Olsen, Pete, Father-and-Son, the College Boy and me—packing up all the water we could carry, and food and blankets, everybody watching Olsen to see he wouldn't sneak off alone. And Lundstrom standing there waiting at the head of the trail—I could just see him in the failing moonlight, out of the corner of my eye—just standing there stiff and waiting. And I tried to get you, John; I tried to wake you up ——"

"I know," he said. "I know."

"I just couldn't, John. I couldn't stir you. And I could hear them going off, going off down the trail. I took your mule, John. Do you care?"

"I don't care. Go on," said old man Delaney.

"It was awful going. Going down the hill we lost the moonlight right away. And how Lundstrom walked! I could just guess him, ahead there in the dark, just gliding over the ground. And Olsen striding after him, just a-striding like mad; and the others after, walking and running and dropping things, and the mule slipping and stumbling on the rock —— Are you mad at me, John?"

"Go on; go on!" urged old man Delaney.

"And when we struck the flat the moon was out for good, and we went on like crazy. Lundstrom seemed to go faster and faster. No one could catch up with him, not even Olsen. I could just see his face once in a while, because it was so white. And Olsen pounded after him, and the others walked and ran, and every once in a while the mule would have to break out in a trot, and I'd almost fall off—it was awful, John."

"Go on!"

"And then, the mule—you saw the mule, John?"

"I saw it," said old man Delaney. "Go on, go on!"

"That's about all, John. After the mule was gone I had a terrible time. I couldn't keep up, and they wouldn't stop. And when they left the road over there—'twas almost daylight then—I fell. And when I got up again they were on the other side of this mound, and when I got to this mound they were so far I could hardly see them, going on there like mad across the desert. I couldn't get any farther ——"

"But who was it that didn't go?" asked old man Delaney. "Or who was it that dropped out before you got to the bottom of the Valley?"

She looked at him as though she did not understand. "Everybody went," she said at length; "nobody dropped out but me."

"But, Kate," he insisted, "*somebody* dropped out before you got to the bottom, or somebody didn't go at all. Who was it?"

"I don't know what you mean, John," she said, puzzled. "We all started—Lundstrom, Olsen, Father-and-Son, Pete, the College Boy and me. And no one dropped out. I was behind all the time and no one dropped out—though they had a hard, hard time keeping up. And they were all there last I saw of them ——"

"Look here, Kate," he said severely. He pointed to the trail of footsteps streaking the shimmering flat. "Look here, now, Kate: there're only six tracks."

She looked at him with wide eyes, and counted on her fingers, murmuring the seven names. "Six?" she repeated, as though appalled.

"There're only six tracks!" he repeated, moved by an anger which he did not understand.

She broke out weeping. "I don't know, I don't know, John," she murmured. "I've told you the truth, told you the truth, John!"

He stood stiff above her while she wept at his feet, and his glance, after a while, traveling the desert stretching about them limitless as the sun-brazened sky above, brought him back suddenly to the reality of their situation, to the absurdity of this scene. At the same time he saw her foot projecting from her skirt, the foot which was without shoe—and pity moved him. Kneeling down he washed the wound and bound it up carefully.

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He used more of the precious water to make a wet compress upon the back of her neck, her worn and wrinkled neck, and then, taking her up in his arms, raised her. "Come, Kate," he said, "we've got to hike."

And side by side, he supporting her, they made for the road toward Furnace Spring.

. . . . . .

Kate and old man Delaney reached Salt Springs that night; and that night they slept in a shallow pool of poisonous water, amid the squirming of thousands of noisome little blind fish which, spawning there constantly by the thousand, seemed eternally dying there by the thousand after a few moments of existence in their little, terrible world. They lay there in the water, grateful for the humidity, for the liquid mantle which insulated them from the desert's pumping dryness; but when they rose in the morning, coated with slime, weary to death, the thought of the effort ahead came to them with a feeling of nausea during which they almost decided to die right there, without another spasm of resistance. Finally, however, old man Delaney, with a smile in his old blue eyes, said: "Come on, Kate." And Kate, with her colorless submission, answered: "All right, John. Go on; I'm game."

They went on. They had four mouthfuls of water, which they spaced off as long as possible; but at noon, with fifteen mules yet to go, the last drops hissed down their parched throats. The rest of the way they never quite remembered. Time and time again, one or the other dropped to his or her knees and, like a dog, began to claw at the sand—sign of the end in these desert tragedies. But, by some strange luck or strange Providence, it happened that the delirium never seized them together. While one was down the other remained erect, urging, begging, beating sometimes. And, finally, they made it. They reached Furnace Creek.

It was Joe Humphrey, barkeeper at Furnace, who saw them first. By that time old man Delaney was carrying Kate. He was carrying her back to back; so that what Joe Humphrey first saw entering his saloon was a double being, with two faces looking, one to the front, one to the back; two very horrible faces with hanging tongues. The man burst through the swinging doors, walked straight across the room to the back of the bar, dropped there his burden, and without hesitation plunged his whole head into the basin of "chasers."

Joe Humphrey knew right away what was the matter. He was a man of discretion and of executive ability. With his hands he jerked old man Delaney away and threw him to the floor on his back; with his foot he turned Kate over on her back. And then, soaking in the tank the cloth with which he cleaned glasses, his feet meanwhile anchoring his patients, he began to drip slowly, with wise repression, little drops of water upon the black tongues beneath him. At the same time he was calling Doc Miller; and Doc Miller, never far from a saloon, sauntered in and took the command to which his title gave him the privilege.

So that for an hour the two victims of the desert were subjected to a primitive but very efficacious treatment. Water, drop by drop, was allowed to drip tantalizingly into their mouths, then a little milk, then soup by the teaspoonful. They lay just as Joe Humphrey had placed them and, at intervals, in their recumbent positions they received whole buckets of water, which their skin, their flesh, their very bones, sucked in greedily.

At the end of the hour old man Delaney was beginning to talk. In fact, he seemed seized with a perfectly frenzied desire to talk—to tell Doc Miller, Joe Humphrey and the little group of Furnacites who had gathered in the saloon at the news and now stood about in a ring looking at the strange scarecrows which had come to them out of the desert, the story of Gotham. He told them how, while he foolishly slept, Lundstrom had returned from his prospecting trip with the news of a find and had taken off with him the whole population of Gotham—and the rest of the story. He told it defiantly, as though challenging contradiction, with precision of detail, and told it three times.

But Joe Humphrey and Doc Miller only looked at each other blankly, then

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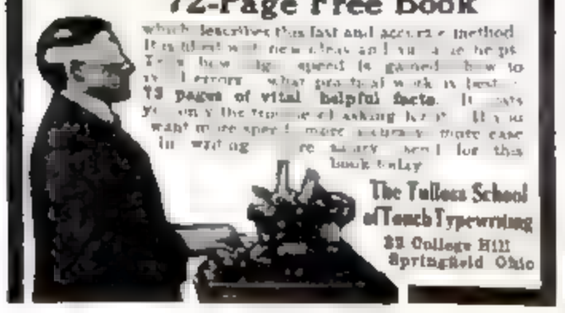

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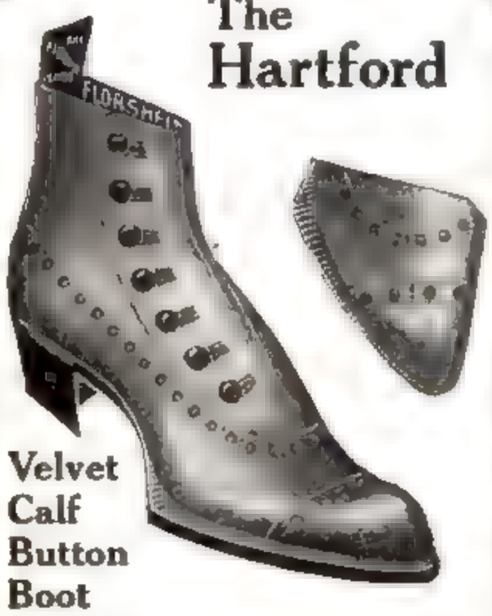

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with understanding, with a shake of the head, while a murmur of astonishment ran about the little circle. "Lie back, John," said Doc Miller soothingly. "Rest up; you ain't right yet."

But old man Delaney started again telling his tale. And when he had told it for the fourth time—how Lundstrom, in the night, had come out of the desert and had taken the population of Gotham off with him, back into the desert—Joe Humphrey said gently: "'Twasn't Lundstrom, John; 'twasn't Lundstrom. If 'twas any one, 'twas some one else—not Lundstrom."

"But it was!" cried old man Delaney. "Kate saw him poking his head in the tent and tipping Olsen. And the boys followed him and she followed him—followed him till she dropped, he walked so fast!" Kate was not speaking yet, so that old man Delaney had no backing.

"'Twasn't Lundstrom," said Doc Miller cheerfully. "Couldn't have been Lundstrom, that's sure!"

"By Jerry," jeered old man Delaney, "I've struck a camp of lunatics—a camp of lunatics, by Jerry!"

"'Twasn't Lundstrom," went on Doc Miller with the same cheerfulness. "Because," he said conclusively, "we've got him planted. Planted back there on the hill, with a nice, clean board at his head. I found him at Salt Spring, day before yesterday. I was going to Emigrant Camp with my buckboard, but I brought him back here. He had good rock in his pockets, too—wasn't it good rock, boys?"

A roar of assent came from the circle in the saloon. "Two thousand a ton!" yelled some one.

"Good rock in his pockets, but a hole in his canteen," went on Doc Miller. "And so he died. He was making for Gotham, making for his partner, I guess."

Old man Delaney was not telling tales now; he wanted to hear one. He made Doc Miller repeat his several tunes, insistent on details. And, finally, he seemed convinced. Slowly, with great calm, with a fine assumption of unconcern, he said: "Guess it wasn't, then. It was some one else, not Lundstrom ——"

But Kate now took a part in the discussion. Suddenly sitting upright, disheveled, wet, be-slimed, she began to scream, with eyes out of their sockets. "He didn't make no tracks," she cackled madly. "He didn't make no tracks; he didn't make no tracks; he didn't make no tracks; he didn't make no tracks . . . . !"

"Give me some whisky," said old man Delaney; "give me some whisky. And"—his voice rose to a shout—"shut that woman up! Shut her up! Shut her up!"

. . . . . .

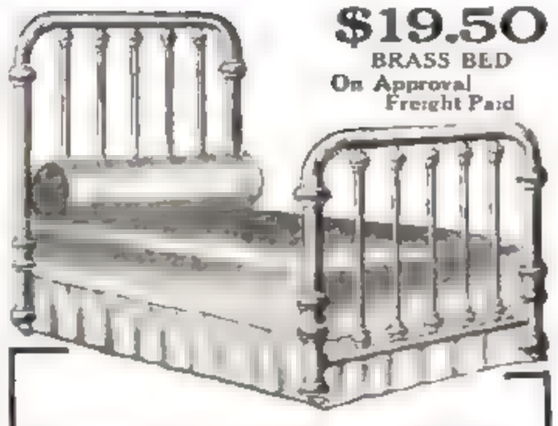
Old man Delaney did not go to Los Angeles that time—for obvious reasons. He did manage, however, to raise enough money to get his wagon and three of his black mules back, and to buy a new one. And now he teams water to Poison Spring, the new camp which, mushroom-like, has sprung up a few miles from the débris of Gotham.

It is much the same work as it used to be, and he follows the same road. Every ten days he leaves Furnace Creek with his full barrels; for three days, swaying on his high seat, beneath the torrential sun, he inches along the face of the desert, a dot in the white whirl shuffled by his four black mules, till on the third evening, after making two dry camps, he climbs the basalt into Poison Spring, and pulls up there in the dusk, between the tents.

But each time, as I have noted, on the morning of the third day, each time at the same place, he whoas his mules, sets the brake, and fills and lights his pipe.

Before him spreads the plain, in an immense and blinding sweep; in the distance the Funeral Range lies, painted and veiled. His eyes travel slowly across the plain, slowly, and yet with assurance, as if following a trail, a track, some invisible or obliterated tracery. They rest finally upon the Range and ask it a question.

For it is here that two years ago his old blue eyes wistfully saw streaking away from him, across the desert, the footsteps of his friends of Gotham. And it is toward the Range of the black name, so beautiful in the distance, that following whom?—following what?—the toiling footsteps made. And from the Range they never returned: Olsen, Pete, Father-and-Son, and College Boy have never returned.



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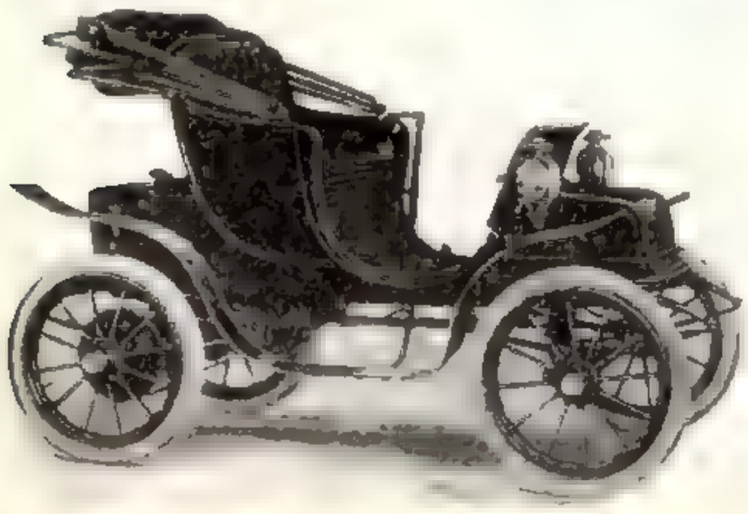

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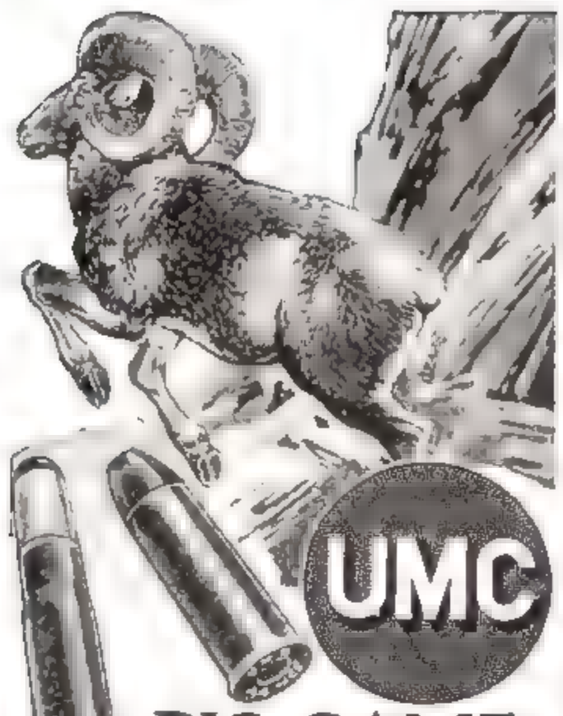

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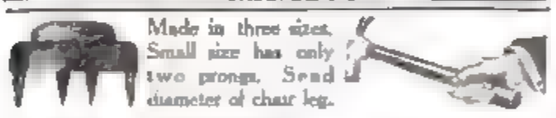

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THE PRESUMPTION OF INNOCENCE

(Concluded from Page 15)

he recognized when they meet again on Broadway or the darker side streets of the city. Each prisoner is described, and his character and past performances are rehearsed by the inspector or head of the bureau. He is then measured, "mugged" and, if lucky, turned loose. What does his liberty amount to or his much-vaunted legal rights if the city is to be made safe? Yet why does not some apostle of liberty raise his voice and cry aloud concerning the wrong that has been done? Are not the rights of a beggar as sacred as those of a bishop? Yea, verily, and the statutes say plainly, and have said plainly for years, that no one shall be arrested unless a crime has been committed.

One of the most sacred rights guaranteed to those of us who can afford to pay for it under the law is that of not being compelled to give evidence against ourselves or to testify to anything which might degrade or incriminate us. "I'se not compelled to discriminate against myself!" as the old darky, who knew his rights very well, said. Now, this is all very fine for the chap who has his lawyer at his elbow, or who has had some similar previous experience. He may wisely shut up like a clam and set at defiance the tortures of the third degree. But how about the poor fellow arrested on suspicion of having committed a murder, who has never heard of the legal provision in question, or, if he has, is cajoled or threatened into "answering one or two questions"? Few police officers take the trouble to warn those whom they arrest that what they say may be used against them. What is the use? Of course, when they testify later at the trial they inevitably begin their testimony with the stereotyped phrase: "I first warned the defendant that anything which he said would be used against him." If they did warn him they probably whispered it or mumbled it so that he didn't hear what they said, or in any event, whether they said it or not, half a dozen of them probably took him into a back room and, having set him with his back against the wall, threatened and swore at him until he told them what he knew or thought he knew and, perhaps, confessed his crime. When the case comes to trial the police give the impression that the accused quietly summoned them to his cell to make a voluntary statement. The defendant denies this, of course, but the evidence goes in, and the harm has been done. No doubt the methods of the Inquisition are in vogue the world over under similar conditions. Everybody knows that a statement by the accused immediately upon his arrest is usually the most important evidence that can be secured in any case. It is a police officer's duty to secure one if he can do so by legitimate means. It is his custom to secure one by any means in his power. As his oath that such a statement was voluntary makes it *ipso facto* admissible as evidence, the statutes providing that a defendant cannot be compelled to give evidence against himself are practically nullified.

Methods of the Inquisition

The beneficent provisions to be found in most codes of criminal procedure, and particularly in that of the State of New York, while highly valuable under some circumstances, are of no avail to a defendant who has never heard of them. These are to the effect that the police must convey a message free of charge to the family or lawyer of every person arrested, that each prisoner is entitled, as matter of law, to a reasonable delay before being compelled to submit to a hearing, that he has the right to the services of counsel, and the further right to have a stenographic report of the evidence taken before the magistrate. The ordinary petty criminal is arrested without a warrant, often illegally, hustled to the nearest police court, put through a species of examination composed largely of invective and assertion on the part of the officer, found guilty and "sent away" to the Island, without lawyer, adjournment or notice to his family. "Off with his head!"—just like that. He isn't presumed to be innocent at all. The cop tells him to "shut his mouth or he will knock his block off." "I caught this feller doin' so and so! He's a lazy loafer, Judge," he says to the magistrate. The latter takes a look at the defendant, concludes that the officer is right, and off goes the prisoner to the workhouse.

When it comes to the more important cases the accused is usually put through some sort of an inquisitorial process by the captain at the station-house. If he is not very successful at getting anything out of the prisoner the latter is turned over to the sergeant and a couple of officers who can use methods of a more urgent character. If the prisoner is arrested by headquarters detectives various efficient devices to compel him to "give up what he knows" may be used—such as depriving him of food and sleep.

Rough Ways for Rough Work

This is the darker side of the picture of practical government. It is needless to say that the police do not usually suggest the various safeguards and privileges which the law accords to defendants when arrested, but the writer is free to confess that, save in exceptional cases, he believes the rigors of the so-called third degree to be greatly exaggerated. Frequently, in dealing with rough men, rough methods are used; but, considering the multitude of offenders and the thousands of police officers, none of whom has been trained in a school of gentleness, it is surprising that severer treatment is not met with on the part of those who run foul of the criminal law. The ordinary "cop" tries to do his duty as effectively as he can. Policemen cannot have the manners of dancing-masters. The writer is not quarreling with the conduct of police officers. On the contrary, the point he is trying to make is that, in the task of policing a big city, the rights of the individual must indubitably suffer to a certain extent if the rights of the multitude are to be protected.

Thus we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that all human institutions have their limitations, and that, however theoretically perfect a government of laws may be, it cannot escape the inevitable fact of having to be administered by men whose chief regard will be not the idealization of a theory of liberty so much as an immediate solution of some concrete problem. And, of course, we have known this all along, but, instead of doing away with impossible laws, we have preferred to have prohibition on Main Street and free liquor at the hotel side doors, closed Sundays on the statute-books and a wide-open town in practice.

Not that the matter, after all, is particularly important to most of us, but laws which exist only to be broken create a disrespect and disregard for law which may ultimately be dangerous. It would be perfectly simple for the legislature to say that a citizen might be arrested under circumstances tending to create a reasonable suspicion even if he had not committed a crime; it would be quite easy to pass a statute providing that the commissioner of police might "mug" and measure all criminals immediately after conviction. As it is, the prison authorities won't let him; so he has to do it while he has the opportunity. It must be admitted that this is rather hard on the innocent, but they now have to suffer with the guilty for the sins of an indolent and an uninterested legislature. Moreover, if such a right of arrest were proposed some wiseacre or politician would probably rise up and denounce the suggestion as the first step in the direction of a military dictatorship. Thus we shall undoubtedly fare happily on in the blissful belief that our personal liberties are the subject of the most solicitous and zealous care on the part of the authorities, guaranteed to us under a government which is not of men, but of laws, until one of us happens to be arrested—by mistake, of course—and learns by sad experience the real, practical methods of the police in dealing with criminals, and the agreeable but deceptive character of the pleasant fiction of the presumption of innocence.

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Sense and Nonsense

What Colors Typify

IN ANCIENT times green signified for men joyousness, transitory hope and the decline of friendship, and for women unfounded ambition, childish delight and change. The early verdure of spring might be regarded as at once a symbol of hope and of eventual disappointment, for it must soon pass away. Mercury and Wednesday, the day of Mercury, were both typified by green, the sly fox being selected as the animal in sympathy with the wily god. The typical green stone is the emerald, youth is the age of man represented by the color, and five the magic number expressing it

Green was used in the case of those who died in the flower of youth, an emerald being sometimes placed on the index finger of the corpse as a sign that the light of hope was spent; for the lower part of the torches used in religious ceremonies was marked with green. Fulvius Pellegrinus relates that in the tomb of Tullia, the dearly-beloved daughter of Cicero, there was found an emerald, the most beautiful that had ever been seen. This passed into the hands of the Marchesana di Mantova, Isabella Gonzaga d'Este. In Italy the graves of young virgins and of children were covered with green branches. When the Codex Justinianus was rediscovered and added to the other Pandects, it was bound in green to signify that these laws were rejuvenated.

Black for men means gravity, good sense, constancy and fortitude; for young women, fickleness and foolishness, but for married women constant love and perseverance. The planet Saturn and Saturday are denoted by black. Strange to say, the diamond, the white gem *par excellence*, was selected to represent this somber hue. Perhaps to offset this the animal chosen was the hog. As black was a mourning color, we need not be surprised that it typified decrepitude. The number eight, the double square, was supposed to have some affinity with black.

Black was a symbol of envy, for the thoughts which aim at another's injury cloud the soul and afflict the body. The book of laws treating of dispositions made in view of death was bound in black. The sinister significance of black is well illustrated by what is told of the ruthless Tartar, Tamburlaine. When he attacked a city he caused a white tent to be pitched for himself on the first day of the siege, as a sign that mercy would be shown to the inhabitants if they immediately surrendered; on the second day a red tent was substituted, signifying that if the city yielded all the leaders would be put to death; on the third day, however, a black tent was raised, an ominous signal that no mercy would be shown and that all the inhabitants would be slaughtered.

Violet for a man denoted sober judgment, industry and gravity; for a woman, high thoughts and religious love. It was the color of the planet Jupiter and of Thursday. As with blue, the sapphire was conceived to present violet most attractively. That the bull should be selected as the animal represented by this color probably arose from some mythological connection with Jupiter, possibly the myth of Europa and the bull. Violet was the color of old age and was associated with the number three.

Two-Scent-Imental

He sought to court two girls at once,
But fleeting was his hope;
For one used violet powder and
The other heliotrope.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

Not an "Also Ran"

WHILE on a street-car in Lincoln, Nebraska, one day last winter I noticed a young woman running toward us waving an umbrella violently. When the conductor at last saw her and she had scrambled on board she fell panting and gasping into a seat next me. When she had partially recovered her breath she turned with a smile and exclaimed: "Well, there's *one* member of our family can get what she runs for!"

It was the next day that she was pointed out to me as Mr. Bryan's daughter Ruth.

Dawn in the Country

The quiet, sleeping world now softly sighs;
The South Wind comes and breathes across
my bed
A flower-scented breath, too quickly fled;
The morning star grows silver-pale and dies.
The ghost-gray pallor in the eastern skies
Buds a faint pink fast blossoming to red,
And in the rustling boughs above my head
The birds arouse each other with their cries.

The cocks, in chorus, clarion reveille,
A robin, from his nest upon the limb,
Whistles his pleasure at departing Night;
The martin chirrups shrill, "The Day, the
Day!"
The mocking-bird trills high his matin hymn,
And earth awakes to music and to light.

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

One Kind of a Native Son

MR. JUSTICE HARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, is a loyal Kentuckian.

When he was celebrating his birthday recently, and had all of his strapping boys around him, a guest said to James S. Harlan, the Interstate Commerce Commissioner: "I suppose all you Harlan boys were born in Kentucky?"

"No, madam," replied Harlan, "I regret to say that my brother Dick and myself were not born in our native state. We were born in Evansville, Indiana."

The Caretakers

Ho, Laundryman, come here with haste!
Why came you not before?
I've linen scattered from the roof down to the
cellar door.
I've some two hundred collars which I've
purchased day by day,
Why did you never think to come and take my
duds away?
I've socks of every kind and hue, a hundred
pairs, I guess,
And scores of shirts and cuffs and things—
ten bushels, more or less.
So put four horses on your van and get the
things today,
My wife is coming home next week—she's
been six weeks away.

Ho, Yardman, get the mower out and run it
on the lawn,
The grass has grown some three feet high, or
more, since she's been gone.
Go, bring an axe and cut the weeds and see if
you can find
The flowers, the pretty flowers, she charged me
to be sure and mind.
Go train the climbing roses up she watered
with such care,
Perhaps you'll find them in that patch of
dandelions there.
And make the place look spick and span, it
must be done today,
My wife is coming home next week—she's
been six weeks away.

Come, Housemaid, air the closets out, the
clothes hang on the line;
The moths have had a splendid feast upon
these things of mine;
Darn up those holes for goodness' sake, in
every shirt and waist—
We'll try to cover up our sins, but there is
need of haste
I swore by all the household gods to give them
light and air,
Those ruined togs you see that hang in shreds
and tatters there;
So get thee all thy needles out, it must be done
today,
My wife is coming home next week—she's
been six weeks away.

Come, Household Aides of every sort, the
rugs have not been swept
For six long weeks! Hang out the bed and
bedding where I slept!
There's inch-thick dust about the house; go get
some cloths and brooms,
And hoes and lye and scouring-soap, and
charge through all the rooms;
Let's put some water on the ferns, although I
fear they'll die,
For, like the gold fish, they have been some
four or five weeks dry;
I promised her to care for things. I wonder
what she'll say
When she comes back and views the wreck—
she's been six weeks away!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

When the cool weather demands heavier clothing, you should demand

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS

and secure comfort and durability.

The manner of making the webbing, combined with

MORE AND BETTER RUBBER

make Bull Dog Suspenders perspiration proof. In addition they have genuine calfskin ends, and strong, non-rusting buckles. These features explain why they

OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS

If your trousers require, or you prefer, extra long suspenders, just ask your dealer for "Extra Long Bull Dog's." Same price. Light or heavy weights.

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14 St. Helen Street, Montreal 61 New Oxford Street, London

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THE Stein-Bloch clothes are ready. This is an announcement which every Fall and every Spring has unusual interest for many men. It is the date on the clothes calendar which has a red mark around it.

Since last Fall's announcement Stein-Bloch clothes have had a triumph in England. One of the most fashionable of London merchants began offering them exclusively to his patrons in England last Spring, and they have been accepted as correct for English wear.

The present success of Stein-Bloch clothes abroad is a justification of your judgment. We have always told you that these styles and fabrics represent the best that both America and England produced.

Yet these clothes are not expensive. They will make no demands you cannot afford upon your purse.

They are ready for you at the leading clothiers in your own community—and "Smartness," presenting these styles, will be mailed to you on receipt of a postal request. Try on these clothes.

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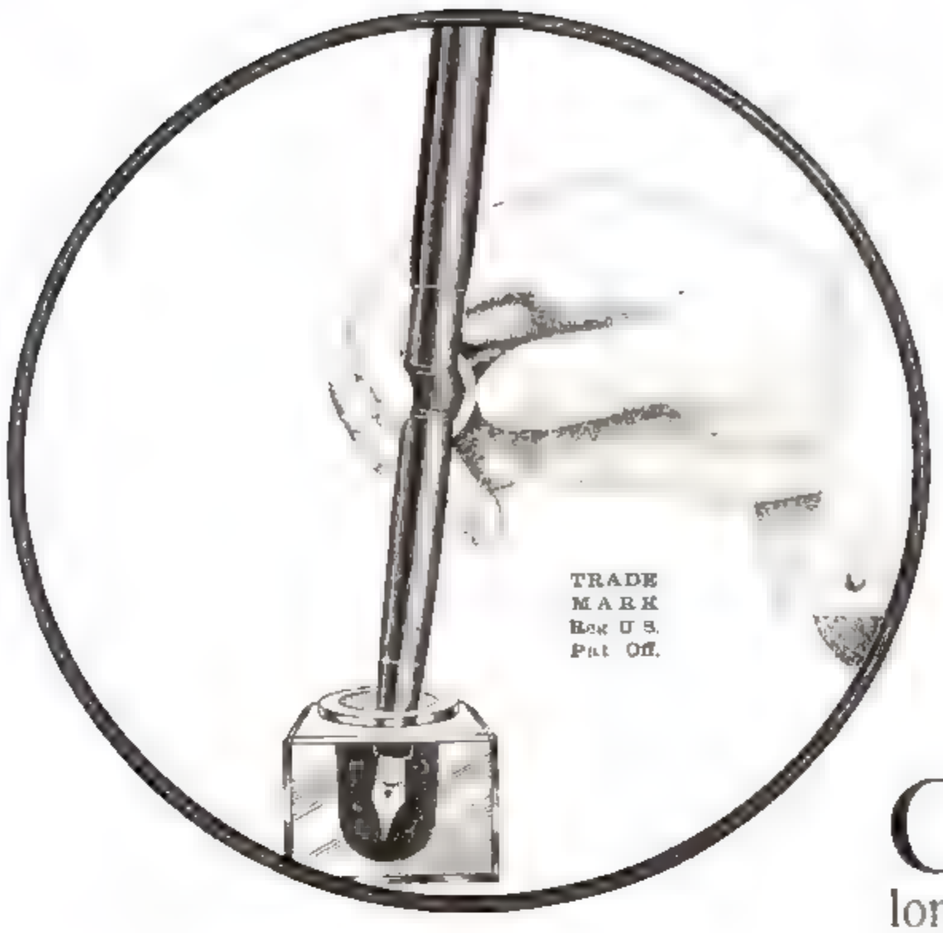


The Pen that *Never* Goes On Strike

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen never goes on strike. It is always and instantly ready for the hardest and longest writing. It never "lays off" for want of a drink. It meets every writing requirement with a precision that is remarkable—*and it sees the work through.*

Filling

Whenever the Conklin Pen runs dry, all that is necessary to fill it is to dip it in *any* ink-well containing *any* ink, and press the Crescent-Filler. This done, the pen instantly fills itself by drawing up a "barrel" of ink, and you are ready to go on writing. No dropper is required. There are no parts to unscrew or get lost. There are no rods to manipulate. You get no ink on your hands or your clothing. Filling takes so little time that you do not even lose your train of thought—much less your temper.

Writing

This is another distinct advantage of the Conklin Pen. *It writes right all the time.* The perfect feed construction insures a steady, uniform flow of ink from the first touch of pen to paper. Whether you write fast or slow, heavy or light, backward or forward, the Conklin feeds just the right quantity of ink—no more—no less—and without a single blot, skip, stop or scratch.

Carrying

The Conklin does not sweat when carried in the pocket. This means you do not get your fingers all covered with ink when you go to write.

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen

Cleaning

To clean the Conklin Pen simply repeat the filling operation, using water instead of ink. Two or three slight thumb pressures on the Crescent-Filler will flush out the reservoir instantly. Filling or cleaning, the point of the Conklin is always *held away from you*—so there is never the slightest chance of accident—even if one *could* happen.

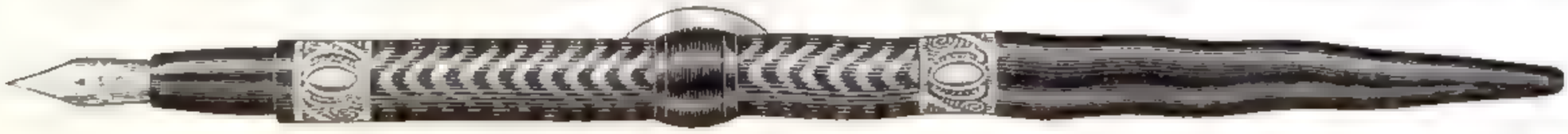
The Guarantee

That the Self-Filling and Self-Cleaning feature of the Conklin Pen is right in practice as well as principle is indicated by the *five year guarantee* which accompanies the inside ink reservoir of fine Para rubber. By actual test Conklin ink reservoirs last from seven to ten years.

Pens of the finest 14-K gold with hard iridium points in a large variety to suit any hand. Also special nibs for manifolding.

Dealers everywhere sell the Conklin. Prices $3.00, $4.00, $5 00 to $15.00. If your dealer does not carry the Conklin write us and we will tell you where you can secure one, and will send you our free illustrated catalogue to aid in selection.

The Conklin Pen Manufacturing Co., 203 Manhattan Building, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.



THE DANGER MARK

(Continued from Page 21)

tells me that what he did was against the advice of Mr. Tappan.

"Poor Scott! He certainly knows nothing about business matters. I know he had no desire to increase his private fortune; he tells me that what interested him in the Cascade Development and Securities Company was the chance that cheap radium might stimulate scientific research the world over. Poor Scott!

"Dear, you are not to think for one instant that any trouble which may involve Scott is due to you or yours. And if it were, Duane, it could make no difference to him or to me. Money and what it buys is such a pitiful detail in what goes to make up happiness. Who but I should understand that!

"Loss of social prestige and position are serious matters, I suppose; I may show my ignorance and inexperience when I tell you how much more serious to me are other things—like the loss of faith in one's self or in others—or the loss of the gentler virtues, which means the loss of what one once was.

"The loss of honor is, as you say, a pitiful thing; yet, I think that when that happens love and compassion were never more truly needed.

"Honor, as I understand it, is not to take advantage of others or of one's better self. This is a young girl's definition. I cannot see—if one has yielded once to temptation and truly repents—why honor cannot be regained.

"The honor of men and nations that seems to require arrogance, aggression, violence for its defense I do not understand. How can the misdeeds of others impair one's true honor? How can punishment for such misdeeds restore it? No; it lies within one, quite intangible save to one's self.

"Why should I not know, dear?—I who have lost my own and found it, have held it desperately for a while, then lost it, then regained it, holding it again as I do now—alas!—against no other enemy than I who write this record for your eyes!

"Dear, I know of nothing lost which may not be regained, except life. I know of nothing which cannot be rendered tolerable through loyalty.

"That material happiness, which means so much to some, means now so very little to me, perhaps because I have never lacked it.

"Yet I know that, once mistress of myself, nothing else could matter unless your love failed."

Again she wrote him toward the end of November:

"Why will you not let me help you, dear? My fortune is practically intact so far, except that, of course, I met those obligations which Scott could not meet. Poor Scott!

"You know, it's rather bewildering to me where millions go to. I don't quite comprehend how they can so utterly vanish in such a short time, even in such a frightful fiasco as the Cascade Development Company.

"So many people have been here—Mr. Landon and Mr. Gayfield, Mr. Stainer, of Elting & Stainer, that man Klawber, another named Amos Flack and, dear, grim, pig-headed Mr. Tappan—old Remsen Tappan, of all men!

"And think, Duane! He never uttered one sarcasm, one reproach for Scott's foolishness; he sat grim and rusty as the iron that he once dealt in, listening to what Scott had to tell him.

"We did not know what he had come for; but we know now. He is so good—so good, Duane! And I, who hated him as a child, as a girl—I am almost too ashamed to let him take command and untangle for us, with those knotted, steel-sinewed fingers of his, the wretched, tangled mess that has coiled around Scott and me.

"And now, dear, about Scott. It will amuse you, and perhaps horrify you, if I tell you that he has not turned a hair.

"Not that he doesn't care; not that he is not more or less mortified. But he blames nobody except himself; and he's laying plans quite cheerfully for a career on a small income that really does not require the frugality he imagines.

"One thing is certain; the town house is to be sold. My income is not sufficient to maintain it and Roya-Neh, and live as we do and have anything left. I don't yet know how far my fortune is involved, but I have a very unpleasant premonition that there is going to be much less left than anybody believes, and that ultimately we ought to sell Roya-Neh.

"However, it is far too early to speculate; besides, this family has done enough speculating for one generation.

"Dear, you ask about myself. I am not one bit worried, sad, or apprehensive. I am *better*, Duane. Do you understand? All this has developed steadier nerves in me than I have had since I was a child.

"Duane, I am quite unaccountably happy today. Nothing seems to threaten. But don't stop loving me."

Followed three letters less confident, and another very pitiful a frightened letter asking him to come if he could. But his father's condition forbade it and he dared not.

Then another letter came, desperate, almost incoherent, yet still bearing the red cross faintly traced. And on the heels of it a telegram:

"Could you stand by me until this is over? I am afraid of tonight. Am on my way to town with my maid, very ill. I know you cannot leave your father except at night. I will telephone you from the house. G. S."

On the train a dispatch was handed her:

"I will be at your house as soon as my father is asleep. Don't worry. DUANE."

Hour after hour she sat motionless beside the car window, quiet, pale, dark eyes remote; trees, houses, trains, telegraph poles streamed past in one gray, unending blur; rain, which at first had only streaked the grimy window-glass with cinders, became sleet, then snow, clotting the dripping panes.

At last, far away under a heavy sky, the vast, misshapen landmarks of New York loomed up gray through the falling snow; the train roared over the Harlem, halted at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, rolled on into the black tunnel, faster, faster, slower, then more slowly, and stopped. All sounds ceased at the same moment; silence surrounded her, dreary as the ominous silence within.

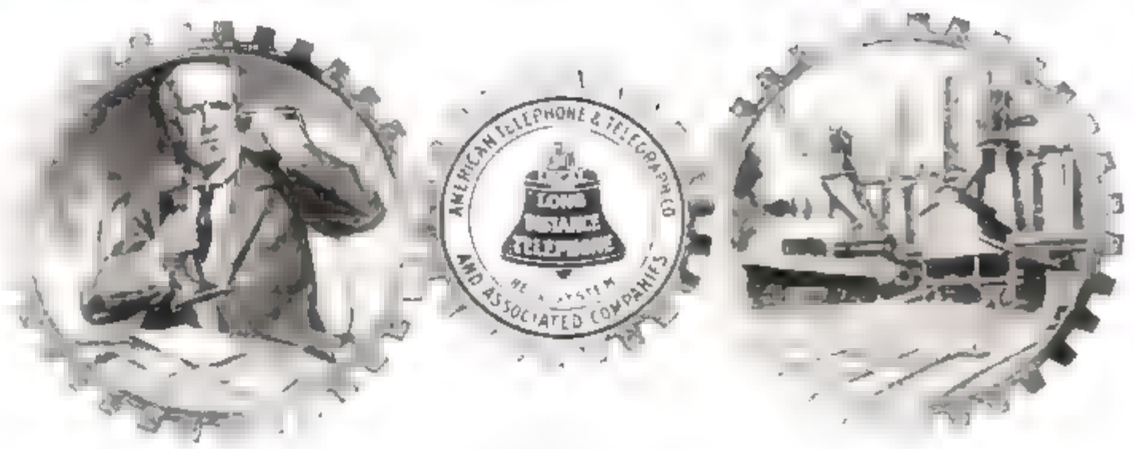
Dunn met her with a brougham; Fifth Avenue was slippery with filthy, melting slush; yet, somehow, into her mind came the memory of her return from her first opera—the white avenue at midnight, the carriage, lamps lighted, speeding through the driving snow. Yesterday, the quiet, untainted whiteness of childhood; today, trouble and stress—so far behind her lay peace on the long road she had traveled! So far had she already journeyed—toward what?

She pressed her lips more tightly together and buried her chin in her sable muff. Beside her, her maid sat shivering and stifling yawn after yawn, and thinking of dinner and creature comforts and of Dunn, the footman, whom she did ardently admire.

The big, red-brick house among its naked trees seemed sad and deserted as the brougham flashed into the drive and stopped, the horses stamping and pawing the frozen gravel. Geraldine had never before been away from home so long, and now as she descended from the carriage and looked vaguely about her it seemed as though she had, somehow, become very, very young again—that it was her child-self that entered under the porte-cochère after the prescribed drive that always ended outdoor exercise in the early winter evenings; and she half expected to see old Howker in the hall, and Margaret trotting up to undo her furs and leggings—half expected to hear Kathleen's gay greeting, to see her on the stairs, so young, so sweetly radiant, her arms outstretched in welcome to her children who had been away scarcely a full hour.

"I'd like to have a fire in my bedroom and in the upper library," she said to Hilda, who had smilingly opened the door for her. "I'll dine in the upper library, too. When Mr. Mallett arrives you need not come up to announce him. Ask him to find me in the library."

Bathed, her hair brushed and dressed, she suffered her maid to hook her into a



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The multiplication of *power* in a business man—if he has the ability within him—depends upon the *increased number* of people whom he can, *by personal contact*, interest in his purposes.

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To-day it has 4,400,000—one for every twenty persons in this country—and is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

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Has the increased ability of the American business man to bring people to him from every locality, far and near, *over the Bell Telephone System*, been the cause of the multiplication of his power and his principality?

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gown—one of those gowns that excite masculine admiration by reason of its apparent inexpensiveness and extreme simplicity.

When the last hook was looped she dismissed her maid for the night; Hilda served her at dinner, but she ate little, and the waitress bore away the last of the almost untouched food, leaving her young mistress seated before the fire and looking steadily into it.

The fire was a good one; the fuel oak and ash and beech. The flames made a silky, rustling sound; now and then a coal fell with a softly agreeable crash and a swarm of golden sparks whirled up the chimney, snapping, scintillating, like day fireworks.

Geraldine sat very still, her mouth resting on her white wrist, and when she lifted her head the marks of her teeth showed on the skin. Then the other hand, clutching the arm of her chair, fell to her side, cramped and quivering; she stood up, looked at the fire, pressed both palms across her eyes, turned and began to pace the room. Then she heard the grille clash, steps on the stair, and she was caught in two strong arms, drawn into them.

"Duane," she whispered.

"Darling!"

"Don't be afraid; I'm holding firm, so far. But I am very, very ill. Could you help me a little?"

"Yes, child!—yes, little Geraldine—my little little girl ——"

"Can you stay near me?"

"Yes!"

"How long?"

"As long as you want me."

"Then I can get through with this. I think tonight decides. . . . If you will remain with me—for a while ——"

"Yes, dear."

He drew a chair to the fire; she sank into it; he seated himself beside her and she clung to his hand with both of hers.

His eyes fell upon her wrist where the marks of her teeth were imprinted; he felt her body trembling, saw the tragedy in her eyes, rose, lifted her as though she were a child, and, seating himself, drew her close against his breast.

After a while she slept profoundly—but it was not the stupor that had chained her limbs that other time.

And, for the second time in his life, lifting her, he bore her to her room, laid her among the pillows, and, bending above her, listened.

Then he went into the library and waited for an hour. Then, very quietly, he descended the stairs and let himself out into the bitter darkness.

About noon next day the Seagraves' brougham drew up before the Mallett house and Geraldine, in furs, stepped out and crossed the sidewalk with that swift, lithe grace of hers. The servant opened the grille; she entered and stood by the great marble-topped hall-table until Duane came down. Then she gave him her gloved hands, looking him straight in the eyes.

She was still pale but self-possessed, and wonderfully pretty in her fur jacket and toque; and as she stood there, both hands dropped into his, that nameless and winning grace which had always fascinated him held him now—something about her that recalled the child in the garden with clustering hair and slim, straight limbs.

"You look about fifteen," he said, "you beautiful, slender thing! Did you come to see my father?"

"Yes—and your father's son."

"Me?"

"Is there another like you, Duane—in all the world?"

"Plenty ——"

"Hush! . . . When did you go last night?"

"When you left me for the land of dreams, little lady."

"So you—carried me"

He smiled, and a bright flush covered her cheeks.

"That makes twice," she said steadily.

"Yes, dear."

"There will be no third time."

"Not unless I have a sleepy wife who nods before the fire like a drowsy child."

"Do you want that kind?"

"I want the kind that lay close in my arms before the fire last night."

"Do you? I think I should like the sort of husband who is strong enough to cradle that sort of a child. . . . Could your mother and Naida receive me? Could I see your father?"

"Yes. When are you going back to Roya-Neh?"

"Tonight"

He said quietly: "Is it safe?"

"For me to go? Yes—yes, my darling"—her hands tightened over his—"yes, it is safe—because you made it so. If you knew—if you knew what is in my heart to—to give you!—what I will be to you some day, dearest of men ——"

He said unsteadily: "Come upstairs . . . My father is very feeble, but quite cheerful. Do you understand that—that his mind—his memory, rather, is a little impaired?"

She lifted his hands and laid her soft lips against them:

"Will you take me to him, Duane?"

Colonel Mallett lay in the pale November sunlight very still, his hands folded on his breast. And at first she did not know him in this ghost of the tall, well-built, gray-haired man with ruddy color and firm, clear skin.

As she bent over he opened his eyes, smiled, pronounced her name, still smiling and keeping his sunken eyes on her. They were filmy and bluish, like the eyes of the very old; and the hand she lifted and held was the stricken hand of age—inert, lifeless, without weight.

She said that she was so happy to know he was recovering; she told him how proud everybody was of Duane, what exceptional talent he possessed, how wonderfully he had painted Miller's children. She spoke to him of Roya-Neh, and how interesting it had become to them all, told him about the wild boar and her own mishaps with the guileful pig.

He smiled, watching her at times; but his wistful gaze always reverted to his son, who sat at the foot of the couch, his chin balanced between his long, lean hands

"You won't go, will you?" he whispered.

"Where, Father?"

"Away."

"No, of course not."

"I mean with—Geraldine," he said feebly.

"If I did, Father, we'd take you with us," he laughed.

"It is too far, my son. . . . You and Geraldine are going too far for me to follow. . . . Wait a little while."

Geraldine, blushing, bent down swiftly, her lips brushing the sick man's wasted face:

"I would not care for him if I could take him from you."

"Your father and I were old friends. Your grandfather was a very fine gentleman. . . . I am glad. . . . I am a little tired—a little confused. Duane, you are not going, are you? I am a little tired. I think I could sleep if you would lower the shade and ask your mother to sit by me. . . . But you won't go until I am asleep, will you?"

"No," he said gently, as his mother and Naida entered; and Geraldine rose to greet them, shocked at the change in Mrs. Mallett.

She and Naida went away together; later Duane joined them in the library, saying that his father was asleep, holding fast to his wife's hand.

Geraldine, her arm around Naida's waist, had been looking at one of Duane's pictures—the only one of his in the house—merely a stretch of silvery marsh and a gray, wet sky beyond.

"Father liked it," he said; "that's why it's here, Geraldine."

"You never made one brush-stroke that was commonplace in all your life," said Geraldine abruptly. "Even I can see that."

"Such praise from a lady!" he exclaimed, laughing. Geraldine smiled, too, and Naida's pallid face lightened for a moment. But grief had set its seal on the house of Mallett; that was plain everywhere, and when Geraldine kissed Naida good-by and walked to the door beside her lover, a passion of tenderness for him and his overwhelmed her, and when he put her into her brougham she leaned from the lowered window, clinging to his hand, careless of who might see them.

"*Can* I help in any way?" she whispered. "I told you that my fortune is still my own—most of it ——"

"Dear, wait!"

There was a strange look in his eyes; she said no more with her lips, but her eyes told him all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ball-Players

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Grape-Nuts

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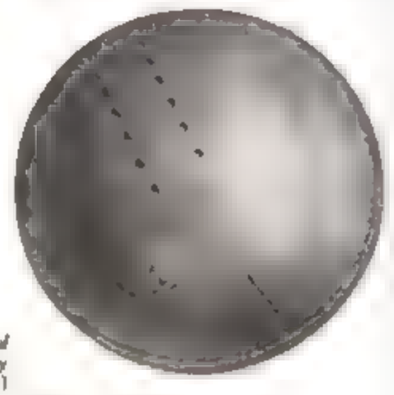

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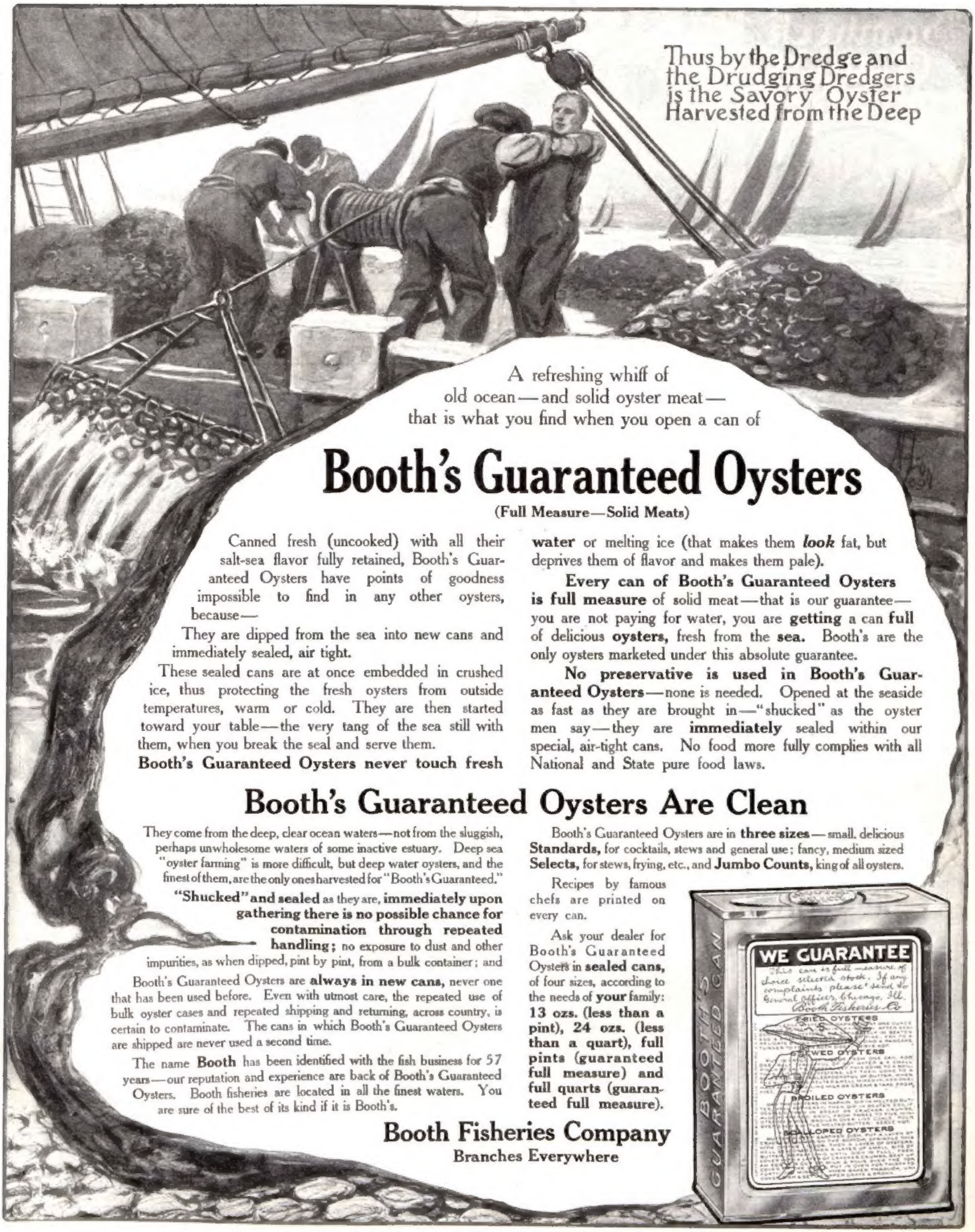
Write for FREE copy of Reach Fall and Winter Sports.

A. J. REACH CO., 1705 Tulip Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



A refreshing whiff of
old ocean — and solid oyster meat —
that is what you find when you open a can of

Booth's Guaranteed Oysters

(Full Measure—Solid Meats)

Canned fresh (uncooked) with all their salt-sea flavor fully retained, Booth's Guaranteed Oysters have points of goodness impossible to find in any other oysters, because—

They are dipped from the sea into new cans and immediately sealed, air tight.

These sealed cans are at once embedded in crushed ice, thus protecting the fresh oysters from outside temperatures, warm or cold. They are then started toward your table—the very tang of the sea still with them, when you break the seal and serve them.

Booth's Guaranteed Oysters never touch fresh water or melting ice (that makes them ***look*** fat, but deprives them of flavor and makes them pale).

Every can of Booth's Guaranteed Oysters is full measure of solid meat—that is our guarantee—you are not paying for water, you are **getting** a can **full** of delicious **oysters,** fresh from the **sea.** Booth's are the only oysters marketed under this absolute guarantee.

No preservative is used in Booth's Guaranteed Oysters—none is needed. Opened at the seaside as fast as they are brought in—"shucked" as the oyster men say—they are **immediately** sealed within our special, air-tight cans. No food more fully complies with all National and State pure food laws.

Booth's Guaranteed Oysters Are Clean

They come from the deep, clear ocean waters—not from the sluggish, perhaps unwholesome waters of some inactive estuary. Deep sea "oyster farming" is more difficult, but deep water oysters, and the finest of them, are the only ones harvested for "Booth's Guaranteed."

"Shucked" and sealed as they are, **immediately upon gathering there is no possible chance for contamination through repeated handling;** no exposure to dust and other impurities, as when dipped, pint by pint, from a bulk container; and

Booth's Guaranteed Oysters are **always in new cans,** never one that has been used before. Even with utmost care, the repeated use of bulk oyster cases and repeated shipping and returning, across country, is certain to contaminate. The cans in which Booth's Guaranteed Oysters are shipped are never used a second time.

The name **Booth** has been identified with the fish business for 57 years—our reputation and experience are back of Booth's Guaranteed Oysters. Booth fisheries are located in all the finest waters. You are sure of the best of its kind if it is Booth's.

Booth's Guaranteed Oysters are in **three sizes**—small, delicious **Standards,** for cocktails, stews and general use; fancy, medium sized **Selects,** for stews, frying, etc., and **Jumbo Counts,** king of all oysters.

Recipes by famous chefs are printed on every can.

Ask your dealer for Booth's Guaranteed Oysters in **sealed cans,** of four sizes, according to the needs of **your** family: **13 ozs. (less than a pint), 24 ozs. (less than a quart), full pints (guaranteed full measure) and full quarts (guaranteed full measure).**

Booth Fisheries Company

Branches Everywhere

"Sampeck Clothes"
The Standard of America

FIFTY-NINE *separate* processes enter into the manufacture of ***"Sampeck Clothes,"*** from the time a coat leaves the designer until it reaches the last examiner. Fifty-nine separate *pairs* of *hands* contribute their share to lend grace and good form, style and symmetry, shape and permanence to each *finished* garment.

One tailor *moulds* the shoulders. Another *shapes* the front. A third *inserts* the sleeves. A fourth is *pocket* expert. And, thus, it goes through fifty-nine processes. No individual tailor could possibly "turn out" garments level with ***"Sampeck Clothes"*** for young men.

The pictures, reproduced above, show ***"Sampeck Clothes"*** as they *are*, not as they *ought to be*. Any clothier who serves young men can show them *to* you or get them *for* you. Ask *yours* for ***"Sampeck Clothes"*** and take no garment *without* our familiar ***"Sampeck"*** label; which is attached to the inside pocket of every coat.

"THE COLLEGE ALMANAC" A of College Sports and College Styles *you can have for the mere writing.*

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
NEW YORK

Paul Rieger's
CALIFORNIA
Flower Drops
Trade Mark Registered

EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE

50 times the strength

of ordinary perfume. Real flower perfumes in the most possible concentrated form. Free from alcohol. In a hexagonal bottle with elongated stopper from which to drop the perfume.

The finest perfume science ever produced. One drop enough to diffuse the odor of thousands of blossoms. A drop upon the handkerchief or lingerie will last for weeks. Packed in polished turned wood box. Can be carried in hand bag.

3 odors — Rose, Violet, Lily of the Valley. $1.50 a bottle at druggists or by mail. Money returned if this is not the finest perfume you ever used.

PAUL RIEGER, 118 First St., San Francisco
Sample free if you mention your druggist.

A FLOOD OF LIGHT FROM KEROSENE (Coal Oil)

Burning common kerosene the ALADDIN MANTLE LAMP generates gas that gives a light more brilliant than city gas, gasoline or electricity. Simple, odorless, clean, safe and durable; is revolutionizing lighting everywhere. Biggest **Money Maker for Agents.** Needed in every home. Every lamp guaranteed. Sells itself. Ask our nearest office how **you can get a lamp free** or apply for agency proposition. **THE MANTLE LAMP CO. of America, Desk 24,** Chicago, Portland, Ore., Waterbury, Conn., Winnipeg, Can.

MAGAZINE MEN

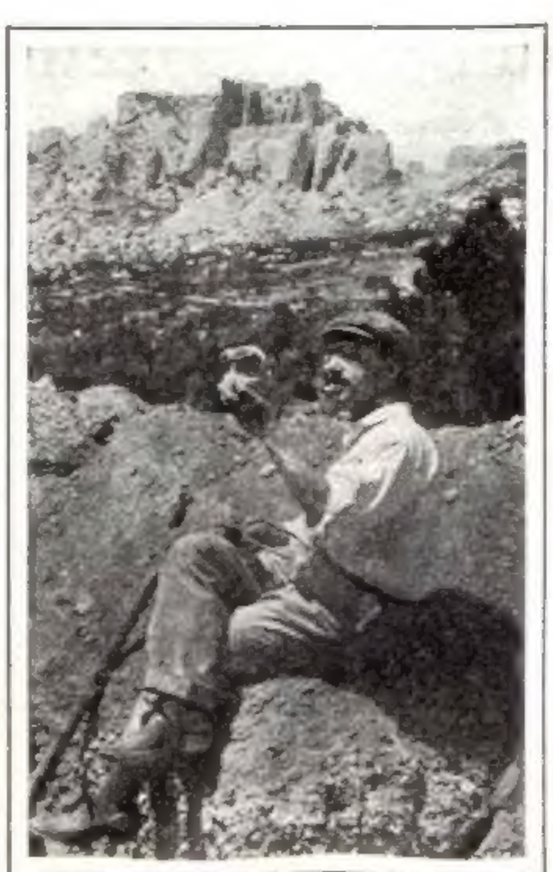
Rupert Hughes, Captain Company D, 69th N. G. N. Y., in the state camp at Peekskill, July, 1907.

George Randolph Chester, the father of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, at his home at College Hill, near Cincinnati.

Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, snapped in an hour off from play-writing.

Charles Battell Loomis listening to words of good-luck from the Salamandergundi, a creation of his own.

Robert Barr and one of the Pyramids. The Pyramid is in the background.



Gelett Burgess in his other clothes excavating Roman graves on his land in Provence.

Silk Socks 50c

THE greatest achievement in textile history. Genuine cocoon-silk half-hose now sell for the first time at the popular fifty cent price. Not mercerized, but **every thread guaranteed absolutely pure silk.** These socks are expertly knitted; seamless, shape retaining; fast color; and wonderfully good wearers. And American manufacturing skill enables you to get these remarkable half-hose at **fifty cents.**

Phoenix Silk Socks

Being made of pure silk, they are non-conductors of heat and cold and moisture; cool in summer, warm in winter; a relief for hot, aching feet.

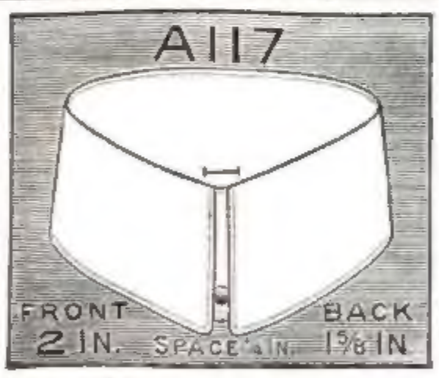
Are made in ten richly beautiful fast colors:

black, navy, tan, burgundy, maroon, emerald, pearl, grey, taupe, helio.

SILK hosiery is now within reach of all — we've experimented for years to perfect these socks — we know they are the most remarkable hose ever produced. Don't wear cotton or lisle socks when you can get **better wearing, pure silk ones** for the same money.

Ask your dealer for Phoenix Silk Socks. If he hasn't them, show him this ad, or send us fifty cents for each sample pair you wish. Half a dozen in an attractive box for $3.00 postpaid.

Phoenix Knitting Works
216 Broadway MILWAUKEE
Also producers of the celebrated Phoenix Muffler



Let me show **you** how to save money on collars, neckwear and handkerchiefs, as I am doing for thousands of satisfied customers.

My styles are up-to-date and I sell only direct to the consumer, making but one profit. Giving you better value at a lower cost on my goods than you can obtain in the customary manner.

My Booklet, showing actual samples of materials used, is illustrated, and contains prices which prove all I say. Let me mail you a copy today. It is free.

My guarantee to return your money or replace all goods that are found unsatisfactory always stands.

Above collar looks like the cut after the tie is on and pulled up. If you do not like the space collar, we have a new style "A 119" without space.

Right for $1.00 sent postage prepaid to any place in the U. S. upon receipt of price. Mention size.

My collars are hand made.

C. G. CLEMINSHAW
291 River Street Troy, N. Y.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 736 Old South Bldg., Boston; 205 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., **only 10c.** 100 diff. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., **5c. Agts. wtd. 50%. Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free! We Buy Stamps. C. E. Hussman Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo.**

This $1000.00 Cup for an ear of Corn

Made by Tiffany.
Nearly three feet high.
In solid gold and silver.

To be awarded to the man, woman or child producing the best ear of corn grown this year in the United States.

Open to everybody — Nothing to buy or sell.

The purpose of the donor of this trophy — W. K. Kellogg — is to improve the quality of the millions of bushels of corn used in making Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

Many people think the perfection of corn flavor has been reached in Toasted Corn Flakes. Perhaps it has. If you don't know how good Kellogg's—the genuine Toasted Corn Flakes—is, try it. Then you'll see how hard a task we are giving ourselves to improve it, and the only way we can improve it is by the betterment of the corn itself.

This award is going to encourage more and better corn in the United States.

We are spending nearly $100,000 in an educational way to reach those who grow the corn.

And this means encouraging prosperity all over the country.

For the corn crop is the backbone of prosperous times.

We raised 2,642,687,000 bushels last year.

We're raising 3 billion this year.

The millions of bushels used in making Toasted Corn Flakes has tended to make the farmer more prosperous—and as the farmer prospers, so does the Nation.

So this beautiful Tiffany Cup is interesting to everyone—the dweller in the city as well as the producer in the field.

It will be awarded at the National Corn Exposition, to be held in Omaha Dec. 6 to 18. If you desire further particulars, write to the secretary of the Exposition at Omaha.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is sold by almost every grocer in the United States. It can be distinguished from its many imitations by this signature on the package.

W. K. Kellogg

Made by the
Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Canadian Trade Supplied by the
Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

Something New

THE POWDER THAT SHORTENS THE SHAVE

COLGATE'S ANTISEPTIC RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

TRADE MARK

Softening, Soothing, Sanitary

The greatest improvement in modern shaving! Only two motions: just sprinkle the wet brush and lather your face. You cannot appreciate how well this powder is named, until you have tried it.

HYGIENIC. No soap that touches brush or skin is used again; fresh soap with every shave. No dust-collecting mug necessary. Chemists' analyses prove that it is not only aseptic, but also germicidal.

ECONOMICAL. A little powder makes ample lather; there is no waste and the last grains are as good as the first. 150 to 200 shaves in every can if used properly; if you have difficulty in securing this number, write us.

RAPID. Saves two shaving operations: 1. Wetting the beard. 2. Rubbing soap over the face, or making lather in a cup.

SIMPLIFIED SHAVING

This is the quickest and cleanest way of making a lather as lasting and delightful as that made by our famous Shaving Stick, the "Magic Wand of Shaving."

Trial size sent for four cents

COLGATE & CO. (Est. 1806) DEPT. P 55 JOHN STREET NEW YORK

Makers of the Famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap